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SEMI-MONTHLY

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TO
VOLUME VII



May 15 to November 1

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NOTES



THE *Literary World* of Boston is temperamentally optimistic. It cannot resist the magic of print, and it is in a perpetual posture of adoration before the contemporary writer. Without a tabulation of its criticisms it is im-

possible to believe how admirable it finds this spring's books to be. Curiosity has prompted a statistical examination of this rose-hued view of letters, and the results are astonishing. In the last issue of *The Literary World* there are about twenty books about which it seems to have no opinion. But there is a very large number about which *The Literary World*

has opinions. It discovers *five* books which it thinks are not worth while, two it vaguely condemns, five more it mentions with such elusive phrasing as conceals its judgment, fifty-five it finds worthy of praise qualified only by inability to find enough superlatives to describe their surpassing merit. In this figure are not included reprints and new editions; it is fifty-five new books to which, within a fortnight, it gives the accolade. To even the most benign and indulgent reader this state of affairs must prove that *The Literary World* has a very morbid and diseased taste.

An idea is not an idea nowadays till Mr. Stead has handled it; and then it usually turns out to be a chimera. What the editor of the *Review of Reviews* wants to do now is to give us an authorized version of the English language. He has been a good deal alarmed of late by reflecting on the dangers of corruption and degradation attending the increasing use of our tongue. One hundred and fifty millions of people cannot speak English and adapt to their local needs without some tampering with its purity. Half that number have succeeded, in America, in turning the language into what is almost a dialect. The speech of the average American is a thing to make the purist gasp and stare. He says "it do n't," "he do n't," "she do n't"; he talks about "back of," when he means behind; he has been known, especially in the West, to whisper something about "between you and I"; his wife calls a thing "cunning" when she means pretty, and "homely" when she means ugly, and is very apt to "enthuse." No language can live at that pace. Some soothing tonic is needed to check this linguistic activity. What Mr. Stead proposes is the appointment of a Select Committee of Philologists. With these are to be associated "half a dozen editors of international magazines," the leading men of letters who write for London and Chicago, Melbourne and Boston, and — this is where America steps in — the starring actors and lecturers who address English-speaking audiences in many parts of the globe. It is fondly hoped that in this remarkable gathering will be the germ of an academy capable of laying down the law and seeing that it is obeyed.

What appeals to us most in the project is the attempt to establish a Comédie Française among English-speaking people, to give the actors and actresses a position of authority in speech and pronunciation. "How do you pronounce vase?" asks

the eager student. "I do n't know," is the answer; "ask John Drew." "Does Roland Reed say 'astonished' or 'surprised?'" will be a question, full of fate to the English language. Mr. Sothorn, of course, will be a dictionary in himself for half the women in New York, and exercise a most vital influence over the conversation of society. It will seem odd just at first to have a reputation as a grammarian tacked on to May Irwin's many powerful charms; but no doubt we shall get used to looking upon our vaudeville performers as lexicographers in embryo. If presidents of republics are not excluded from this Pan-Anglican synod, it is satisfactory to think that we shall be able to send a capable representative in Mr. McKinley. Unlike most presidents, he knows how to use his own language with considerable accuracy. His speech at General Grant's tomb, for instance, was a really admirable composition, and his allusion to the General's "homely" virtues showed that he understood the proper meaning of one of the most beautiful words in our language. Considering that about ninety per cent of the women of America have apparently leagued themselves together in an effort to destroy the real significance of that word, and to give it an interpretation that is directly opposed to its natural meaning, the President's bold stand is all the more encouraging. For the next four years any one who talks the President's English will not go far wrong.

Mr. Joseph I. C. Clarke's plea for the establishment of an American National Theater, which is to be found in *Harper's Weekly* for May 8th, also urges the inevitable fallacy that we should hasten to emulate the French. They have their *Comédie Française*; therefore we ought to have our National Theater. Mr. Clarke's theater is to be endowed, and from the start "free of the ordinary financial drawbacks of management." It is, in a word, to be an "institution." The first question which it occurs to us to ask apropos of this rosy project is, how Mr. Clarke will go about establishing the "dramatic center of the United States." It seems simple till one tries to do it, then he is perplexed to choose from an embarrassment of centers. The heated discussion over the site of the World's Fair proved that. The second question is, Is Mr. Clarke's statement true that "the writer for the American theater has no incentive to the higher forms of art"? Perhaps the query might be simplified by asking, what are the higher forms of art so passionately beloved of the unsuccessful dramatist, and so slighted by the managers? Time was when we had, in several eastern cities, a "Theater of Arts and Letters," of which great things were expected, but it is not now a matter of record that the only great thing that ever came of it was a great deficit. All the geniuses had their innings under the most élite literary patronage, and duller evenings were not to be spent than the ones passed in listening to their lucubrations. To all

practical intents and purposes, the Theater of Arts and Letters was an endowed playhouse; it was "free of the ordinary financial drawbacks of management." Candidly, is it reasonable to look for anything different than its fate from a National Theater? Organized to circumvent the prevailing managerial greed and vulgarity, experienced managers will necessarily be excluded from a voice in its direction; there will be no one to look after it, therefore, except the literary men: and the lettered class looked after the Theater of Arts and Letters.

But when all is said, the chief objection to Mr. Clarke's plan is, that it is based on the assumption that America has produced no dramatists and actors worthy of comparison with the French. Of course it is a matter of individual taste whether one prefers Mounet-Sully to Edwin Booth, or Coquelin to Mr. Joseph Jefferson; but with the knowledge of the remarkable achievements of these actors before us, it is impossible to accept Mr. Clarke's hypothesis in its entirety. Nor is he correct in intimating that the United States is entirely devoid of dramatists. Mr. Bronson Howard is an American, and barring certain moral differences which will continue to exist until the American character has been reformed, Mr. Howard has produced technical work worthy of comparison with that of the younger Dumas. The sum and substance of the matter is that the *Théâtre Comédie Française* has become an ideal to the average American mind. It has had as many unmerited virtues laid to its score as the late Mr. Travers had unuttered jokes. It is also worth noting that the influence of the *Comédie* is not what it used to be. Coquelin found it intolerable; Jane Hading cannot enter its august portals; Sarcey, of the critics, alone remains loyal; Lemaître and the rest appear to be more interested in the ventures of the non-subsidized playhouses, which are thus coming to be recognized as the real nurseries of the rising young dramatists.

The polyglot editor of *The Bookman* is for the instant in a violent state of eruption, the cause being the conspicuous rôle assigned to him in the *Triumph of Death* case, in the course of which it was stated by the press that the Italian novel was translated and published on the recommendation to Professor Peck. It now appears that the sponsorship is resented, despite the fact that d'Annunzio had been the theme of not a few *Bookman* paragraphs, which, if not explicitly commendatory, might readily be mistaken for such. His portrait, if our memory serves us, was printed in its latterly prudish pages, and we have a vivid recollection of reading an article signed by one of our best-known literary women, in which a parallel was drawn between d'Annunzio and Tolstoi. If these facts, taken *en bloc*, do not spell commendation, they spell nothing. And if *The Bookman* commends, and if, as every one knows, Professor Peck is *The Bookman*, what more natural and complimentary than that it should be

stated and believed that the translation of the *Triumph of Death* was undertaken upon Professor Peck's recommendation? This is the situation as it appears to an impartial observer. Now note the ingenuity with which the rash editor meets the crisis. On page 2 of the *May Bookman* the matter is taken up. "We feel called upon to remark, that while full justice to d'Annunzio's literary power has been freely rendered in our pages, we have never, either editorially or personally, expressed any opinion, one way or the other, as to the propriety of publishing and circulating a popular edition of the book. This is a question which stands entirely apart from any literary phase of the subject." The deliverance is interesting, partly for its logic, but chiefly for the light it throws on the editorial methods followed in compiling *The Bookman*. *The Bookman* would presumably call itself a popular magazine, yet it indulges in elaborate commendation of works which it cannot trust its readers to peruse, unless by chance they know Italian.

What Professor Peck defines as "the old, old question of how far the technical and artistic merit of a literary work may be urged to justify its publication, when the subject and treatment are at variance with the generally accepted standards of morality and decorum" is "briefly dealt with" in the current issue of the *Cosmopolitan* by *The Bookman's* editor. The article is entitled *A Question of Morals*, and, as we learn from its second paragraph, is to be considered as "preliminary to a fuller and more exhaustive discussion of the subject at some future time." Professor Peck's modesty is only surpassed by his generosity; the polysyllables pour from the point of his fountain-pen with the impetuous continuity of an inexhaustible river. In the present case, however, "a fuller and more exhaustive" discussion of the subject raised by the publication of the *Triumph of Death* seems to be quite unnecessary, in view of the "few fundamental thoughts" so lavishly bestowed upon the *Cosmopolitan*. Although rhetorically designated as "a few," the Professor has actually contributed only two "fundamental thoughts" to the question of morals. The first of these is, that "the interests of literary art are subserved" only on the condition that "the translation is, in its way, as fine a piece of work as the original"; and the second, that a work of art which is not in key with the generally accepted standards of morality and decorum "should not be issued in a popular edition, sold at a low price, and attainable at every bookshop." There is no lack of directness in the statement of the twin fundamentals, but a little reflection discloses the fact that in one case precision is employed to define an impossibility, while in the other it is used to evade the issue.

Who is to decide whether a translation of "a naturalistic work" (the condition seems to be

arbitrarily limited to them) is "in its way as fine a piece of work as the original"? Who can decide? It is suggested that if Mr. Henry James were to English De Maupassant's *Boule de Suif*, his translation would have "all the literary graces of the original." We agree that it would; but when Mr. James translated Daudet's *Port Tarascon*, a choir of critics denounced his version as tawdry and inaccurate, as everything, in fact, except "a piece of work as fine as the original." George Saintsbury did not consider Miss Worsley's translations of Balzac as fine as the originals, so he ordered a set of new versions which satisfy him. Mr. Jeremiah Curtin's inelegant translation of *Quo Vadis* sins persistently on the side of vulgarity, and ought therefore, in accordance with Professor Peck's statute, to be suppressed, for the descriptions of the revels in Nero's palace certainly entitle it to be included in the category of realistic works. The list might be prolonged indefinitely. But there is no necessity. The evasion contained in the second "fundamental thought" is self-evident. For when an effort is made to suppress a book by process of law, the question is not as to the number of copies in actual circulation which may be placed there. In other words, when Mr. Richmond was dragged into court, it was not because he had published a popular edition of the *Triumph of Death*, but because, as was alleged and—disproved, he had published a novel whose immorality menaced the public morals. "This book is lude, obscene, etc.," shrieked the salaried mouthpiece of the Society for the Suppression of Vice. And the court answered with the dignity peculiar to our judiciary, "You are talking through your hat." And the matter was settled, for the time being at least, and common sense once more came to the rescue of literature. Now, suppose that Professor Peck, instead of being a witness at the trial, had occupied a chair on the bench, he would have been forced, in the interests of consistency, to have answered Anthony's blast in words about like these: "The question of the lubricity of the novel is entirely apart from the issue. The only points which can reasonably be considered by the court are: (1) Have sufficient copies of the books been issued to constitute the publication a popular edition, according to my definition? and (2) has Mr. Arthur Hornblow fulfilled the superhuman condition insisted upon by me in my *Cosmopolitan* article?" The judge would then have taken the briefs and a copy of d'Annunzio's story, and have retired to compose his decision in time for its appearance in the next number of *The Bookman*.

Fartbest North has roused the wrath of the English nonconformist. Nothing more extraordinary and unexpected in the way of criticism has happened for some time. Dr. Nansen, it appears, has not availed himself of the chance offered by this book of

travel and adventure to expound his theology and announce a belief in a divine power. The Rev. Philip Reynolds in *The Freeman*, and the editor of *The Christian Commonwealth*, are eloquent in denouncing "the godless character of the book," and the "failure of Nansen's life towards the divine side." We quote:

"In all the hundreds of pages of *Farthest North*, God is shut out! Dr. Nansen is full of admiration of nature, and some of his descriptions of the scenery of the polar realm are majestic in their diction and poetic in their style. Only once is God alluded to. That is something, of course, better than absolute atheism, but no Christian can read the book without a consciousness that the writer seems to be utterly regardless of a Creator as well as of a creation. Indeed, there are evidences that he does not really believe in a personal Deity, or in any spiritual immortality, for he calls eternity the great Nirvana! This is just how a Theosophist or a Buddhist would write."

It seems to us that such criticism is an extreme impudence. Dr. Nansen had a right to choose to what extent his intimate personal feelings shall enter into a volume of this sort. Its character demanded such revelations only a little more than a treatise on the binomial theorem would, and Dr. Nansen probably shrinks from "indecent exposure of soul." He may or may not be a pious and devout Christian. He has done nothing which justifies this trial in a public ecclesiastical court.

We have already expressed our opinion that the present active recruiting to the vaudeville stage from the ranks of so-called "legitimate" players is no great evil, and that when a condition of equilibrium shall have been attained, people will be found to be, on the whole, very nearly where they belong. This impression is strengthened by a transfer of one's attention to the vaudeville and comic opera people who are rising to something better, as an offset to those who are sinking to their proper level. Mr. Thomas Q. Seabrooke, from an extraordinarily inane past of extravaganzas and comic opera, has come to a reputable attempt at character-playing. The latest acquisition to comedy (which seems likely to fare best by this instability of equilibrium) is Mr. Digby Bell. In a play by Mr. Augustus Thomas, intended by both author and actor as a companion piece to Mr. Goodwin's *In Mizzoura*, Mr. Bell has almost entirely divested himself of comic-opera tricks, and given an unassuming and refined impersonation of a lovable if ineffectual *Hoozier Doctor*. As he very modestly and prettily expresses it, he has no desire to drive Mr. Jefferson and Mr. Goodwin from the picture of homely sentiment, but would humbly creep within the frame. The attempt is likely to prove successful. In *The Hoozier Doctor*, not only Mr. Bell, but the greater part of his company, exhibited poise and lack of

sentimentality. Whenever the effect was forced or the thing verged towards bathos, it was almost invariably Mr. Thomas who was responsible. In this play are displayed the admirable humor and pathos which make the author of *Alabama* and *In Mizzoura* almost our first playwright, but along with them a positively irritating lack of any sense of form. Of their kind, the first two acts are well-nigh perfect, if it were not for the moments when one feels the last act impending. In this last act Mr. Thomas violates probability, changes the tone in which the whole piece was set, and slumps to a dispiriting end, only enlivened by the threadbare expedient of allowing a young child to appear in its night-clothes. If Mr. Thomas does this sort of thing willfully, he deserves sharp rebuke; if he is suffering from a congenital delight in shapelessness, he should have pity.

The sense of form indeed seems to be the rarest quality in playwrights, or the audiences to which they appeal. Faulty construction is the most evident fault of modern plays, and the thing least often remarked upon when the public discusses the drama. The average theater-goer simply does not understand what the word "construction" means, and this is perhaps not strange in a country where we are trained to regard Shakespeare as the one example of human infallibility. We are inclined to accept the light coherence of the jellyfish structure as being amply sufficient for all our needs, and the "continuous show" has furnished a model which pleases those people who take the stage lightly, and "go only to be amused." Mr. Sothern's *Enemy to the King* had some popular interludes of low comedy and "knock-about" acts, and Mr. Drew, after the curtain has fallen on *Rosemary*, gives a charming little "sketch" of an old man, which he calls, somewhat inappropriately, Act IV.

This spring a well-known publishing house was preparing to issue a volume of short stories which seemed to them to demand an illuminated cover. This they prepared at some trouble and expense, securing the design from a well-known artist, and printing it in various colors and gold. The book was then offered to the trade for advance sale. The design included what was considered an attractive nude female figure, and this caused all the trouble. The New York booksellers, it is alleged, refused to give any orders on the book unless the cover was changed. The publishers have, in consequence, been forced to provide a new cover, and suppress the old, which thus becomes an interesting literary relic.

It is not our purpose to discuss the wisdom of this action of the booksellers. Intelligent argument would require the reproduction of the design in question to convict. But the assurance of this deli-

cate spirit among booksellers does suggest the possibility of some greatly to be desired reforms. If newsdealers would tear out from the periodicals they sell the "living-picture" advertisements which aid to disseminate underwear and soap, they would be doing a brave work for refinement, if not decency. The artistic value of the nude, when properly treated, is perhaps beyond question. But the compromise effected by the use of some "union garment" or other does not seem to us to have been proven matter for artistic portrayal. Month by month our advertisements verge more closely on indelicacy, and no protest is raised.

Mr. Paul Leicester Ford's book, *The Honorable Peter Stirling*, is enjoying a delightful "Indian summer" of success. The booksellers say that, beginning about six months ago, the demand for it (which had naturally fallen off somewhat since its first success) has been steadily increasing, until it is now perhaps greater than it has ever before been. This happens occasionally with a book, but the stimulus is usually some external circumstance, as when the dramatization of the books made sales livelier for *The Prisoner of Zenda* and *Tess of the D'Urbervilles*. In the case of *The Honorable Peter Stirling* the cause is apparently the discovery in it of real merit by the public.

It will be well for the newspaper critic to say a few more kind words for romance before she begins to curse it. Literary fashions are very short-lived nowadays, and there are signs already that within a year or two the pretty flock of reviewers will be running away from romance, crying "unnatural," as they ran away from realism a few years ago, crying "unclean." For some time now the public has endeavored to persuade itself that it was happy in being carried out of real life (this was the favorite phrase) into a region of elementary psychology and slashed doublets. Anything irrelevant and impertinent to actual existence produced the flush of pleasure which is now seen to become hectic and unsteady. Everywhere the author who had "reduced writing to a business basis" set his pot boiling merrily, and the reader swam gaily in a swirl of adventurous novels. That natation in this flood was wearying even the "fiction fiends" has for a time been evident to some observers, but the fact has not been publicly admitted in any popular medium of expression. *The Ladies Home Journal* is not especially open to the influence of the *Zeitgeist*, so that it is deeply significant when "Droch" voices such an opinion in its pages. To be sure, Mr. Bridges is an extraordinarily sane person, but even he might have been expected to say this to the limited constituency of some literary paper, rather than at the hearth of the great populace.

ROMANS IN DORSET

(To A. B.)

STUPOR was on the heath,
And wrath along the sky;
Space everywhere; beneath,
A flat and treeless wold for us, with darkest noon on high.

A sullen peace below,
But storm in upper air!
The wind from long ago,
In moldy chambers of the cloud, had ripped an arras there,

And singed the triple gloom,
And led through, in a flame,
Crowned faces of old Rome:
Regnant o'er Rome's abandoned ground, processional they came.

Uprisen like any sun,
Thro' vistas hollow gray,
Aloft, and one by one,
In brazen casques, the Emperors loomed large, and sank away.

In ovals of wan light,
Each warrior eye and mouth:
A pageant brutal bright,
As if, once over, loudly passed Jove's laughter in the south;

And dimmer, these among,
Some cameo'd head aloof,
With ringlets heavy-hung,
As golden stone-crop comely grows around the castle roof.

An instant; gusts again,
Then heaven's impacted wall,
The hot insistent rain,
The thunder-shock: and of the Past mirage no more at all.

No more the alien dream
Pursuing, as we went,
With glory's cursed gleam;
Nor sins of Cæsar's ruined line engulfed us, innocent.

The vision, great and dread,
Corroded; sole in view
Was empty Egdon spread,
Her crimson summer weeds ashake in tempest: but we knew

What Tacitus had borne
In that wrecked world, we saw;
And what, thine heart upturn,
My Juvenal! distraught with love of violated Law.

LOUISE IMOGEN GUINEY.

THE LITERARY PILGRIMAGE AND THE YOUTH'S PROGRESS

IN taking count of to-day it is quite possible sometimes to overestimate the documentary value of yesterday; the clue to the man is by no means always furnished by his father, the child. But in the study of contemporary French letters, the only method that will apply is that of a literary embryology. The French mind of to-day is elusive, yet it has so regularly evolved, that the youth very accurately makes the man. Too often the man ceases to make himself. The literary life is based on a few wonderful years of early manhood, in whose rich harvest lies the secret of the aftergrowth that so often escapes us just because we do not study these years. The way to know where the French man of letters has arrived, is to begin by finding out how he arrived. In his country there is a fairly regular literary pilgrimage, and it is not difficult to trace the Youth's Progress. The man is often a failure; the youth cannot be, while he has his staff and scrip. Besides, the great man's privilege of dozing has been so much extended since Homer's time that it often is only fair to suppose that the successful men of letters were more interesting with their travel-stains, in the stress, and while the storm blew.

Indeed, a certain strenuousness is the charm of the literary pilgrimage. The Youth makes a tremendous start, and begins at the heroic stage. He is refreshingly intolerant and an exquisite zealot. The Philistine grows amusingly indignant with him, and the experienced and kindly are delightedly amused. For it is generous not to exclaim, "A pose!" The Youth's impulse may work out into affectations, but it springs genuinely, and is so largely made up of the element of devotion that it must command some sympathies. It is the ungrudged expression of welcome influences, the reflection of a light that illumines the Youth's first steps. Only precise cavillers mind if the rays return distorted. The men and the causes the Youth burns to die for, half the world cares too little about to attack. Yet the Youth's ill-adapted generosity is worth more than a sneer. To the right-minded it is a delight to see him enthusiastically drag the tail of his coat, and only mean spirits will tread on it ill-tenderly.

The period of flamboyant simplicity and simple-minded pose dates from the Youth's initiation. He hears for the first time what is the modern heroic cry in letters, and exults in echoing it. His pilgrimage begins with revelations which he burns to share with the world. The wonderful garden of letters is new: let all come and wonder with the novice at the fruits and the flowers in his hands. A primeval appetite has prompted him to pluck those whose grand colour and rich perfume appealed most to his instinct. There is the splendid melancholy of

Alfred de Vigny; Baudelaire's strength; the dazzling art of Edgar Allan Poe; Villiers de l'Isle Adam, whose insight goes deep, and whose thought soars to superb heights; Barbey d'Aurévilly, heady and magnificent. He crushes them all into his cup, with a boy's carelessness of mixing. Add Hugo's sturdy spirit, imbued almost into the child, a fainter remembrance of Lamartine, a mere dash of Musset's *Nuits*, and the charm is made whole. No wonder heads of nineteen are turned and views of life are kaleidoscopic, if you consider how such a wine must work on quivering brains. This is the magic of letters which makes thought a wanton. It flies to the ends of art and harks back to metaphysics, dallies with subtle artificialities and reverts to primitive passions, steeped in tragedy, plays with satire, and is in dead earnest all the while. In which lies its gain. Not the facts of a case or a philosophy, but its emotion and a mood, are the fruits of the Youth's first experience; a mind not yet provided with an aim, but already tempered to pursue one. *Axel*, *Les Fleurs du Mal*, the *Diaboliques*, the *Contes Cruels*, Poe's *Tales*, Vigny's poems, are among what the Youth first plucked in the garden. What he breathes in with their scent is the heroic and passionate spirit of letters.

The Youth has now a will. It remains but to find the way. A few more discoveries in this wonder-world of his lead him to it. He has still a giant or two to cope with, having hewn his path through the virgin forests of his own country. Faust entangles him a while, but he passes on to Carlyle, where he finds more to gather. Congenial Hero-Worship he grasps and devours; it is all, however, except a choice flower or two of irony from the Pamphlets, yet it is enough, since Heroes are his religion. But his course is now shaping itself, for Carlyle soon has too plain a taste. Shelley and Emerson, an intoxicating find, lie before him, and he is beginning to understand that his thirst is for the transcendental. He drinks long and deep at Epipsychidion and the Oversoul. Having drunk, he sees his way, stretching above him to perilous heights. But the heroic lesson of *Axel* bears up his strength. Besides, from Emerson onward, the turning-point, his way at least lies clear, however steep. The Youth's pilgrimage is now the scaling of idealism.

Maeterlinck in reality took up the thread of Emerson's philosophy. So the "Belgian Shakespeare" is one of the Youth's revelations. It comes first by way of the *Princesse Maleine*, and the *Seven Princesses*, or *Pelléas et Mélisande*, but makes sure its hold with the preface to the *Ornement des Noces Spirituelles de Ruysbroeck le Vénérable*. The *Trésor des Humbles*, more clearly Emersonian, would have proved as potent had it been brought out in time, instead of last year. As it was, the seed of mysticism had been sown already, or rather the mystic instinct had been awakened. At this stage the Youth is a very absolute pilgrim, and climbs the

glaciers of things in themselves. Plotinus and the Neo-Platonists are bidden to strengthen the impulse the modern mystic gave. The heroic appetite the Youth began with is less for the art of letters now than for the literature of metaphysics, but every whit as keen. Along with the Alexandrian Greeks, Novalis is set upon and devoured, but other Germans prove too tough; Schelling, who would gasp if he knew, too matter of fact. The logic of sublime sound is more to the Youth's taste. *Parsifal*, more, however, from a literary than a musical standpoint, is discovered, and many a pilgrim must emulate *Der reine Thor*. It would be an unkindness to inquire how deep this spirit springs from below the surface, and it is only fair to keep to the evidence of personal appearances and of print. There is plenty of it. If there be aught in a name, the editors of such magazines as *Le Saint Graal*, *Psyche*, *Le Lotus*, *L'Annonciation*, *Le Rêve et l'Idée*, are mystics, or were till the leaflets withered. The assumption is borne out by the fact that several, one Saint-Georges de Bouhélier for instance, advertised their periodicals as *pages d'amour et de rêve entièrement rédigées* by themselves, or found a variety of other ways of expressing the same mystic one-man one-magazine principle. Further, were the Youth at this stage to have feigned realism, which he did not, his looks, even more, would have given him the lie. He may be said to have worn his soul upon his sleeve. I dried, pressed, and kept carefully an impression gathered once at Bailly's, who publishes occult letters in the lively broad daylight of the *Chausée d'Antin*, of a wan and pink-haired spirit that floated in, prayed in faded accents for a copy of *Le bouquet de Pécyé*, and melted away. There can be no doubt that this was a vision of the Pilgrim Youth.

It is very certain the Neo-Platonists' "ecstasis" can be but a poor straw to catch at in this latter day, with so many realities to grasp and hold or go under. The Youth felt this obscurely. Among the clouds he grew homesick for the earth. The suspicion came that ideals were meant to be realized. Two impulses stirred dimly in his mind. There was Baudelaire's bitter outcry echoed against "a world where Doing is no kin to Dreaming." There was also a lurking desire to enter into the organized systems of human forces which time has long since sanctioned and set in working order. The outcome was the Catholic revival, which, however, as far as the Youth is concerned, revived but to die a more thorough death. In point of historical fact, Neo-Catholicism began at a banquet seven years ago, when the Vicomte de Vogüé, who also evidenced his mysticism by founding the "Bock idéal" society, toasted the alliance of church and young France, and was cheered by the *Association des Étudiants* his host, and echoed by M. Henri Bérenger, the chairman. The new spirit of the Roman Church, as shown in Papal encyclicals, fed the alliance; the

influence of the American Catholic clergy, and the enlightened doctrine of Cardinal Gibbons and Archbishop Ireland, were hailed with enthusiasm. Free-thinking at heart, young France applauded the Parliament of Religions. How short-lived the alliance was, however, is shown by M. Henri Bérenger's statement a month or so ago that French youth is henceforth uncompromisingly "anti-clerical." These are particulars of a case. The generalized conclusion is that the Pilgrim Youth's literary way lies for a space through austere cloisters, and follows the ancient and established road that leads to Rome. He enters on holy war armed with a magazine of his own which he may call *La Lutte, revue d'art catholique*, if he likes, there being a precedent. Or, like the *Sar Péladan*, he makes an offering to the Holy See of all his works (ever since he left the heroic stage he has been strewing his path with MSS.), undertaking to burn whatever the Council of the Index Expurgatorius may object to. Notwithstanding which he never gets to Rome. *L'Art et la Vie*, founded by Henri Bérenger and Firmin Roz with the idea of carrying their Emersonianism into practice by upholding what was called Neo-Catholicism, and was a kind of French Puseyism and Newman movement combined, now is committed only to the "religion of the inward life," outwardly hostile to the clergy. *L'Ermitage*, once a very monastery in the hands of its first editor, Henri Mazel, an unflinching Catholic, is a mere temple of letters, now that M. Ducoté is high priest.

On leaving the Church, the Youth goes over to the religion of the literary man. So far there has been an ethical element in his faith. He was in turns heroic, mystic, a politician even, literary pilgrim though he be. But now the love of letters shall be his only care. Like Mallarmé at Oxford he exclaims, "La littérature seule existe!" and disregards Verlaine's contemptuous cry, "Et tout le reste est littérature." In the heroic stage he almost laughed at the craft of letters. What his heroes said was all he cared for. How they said it is his occupation now, and he studies technique, who snapped his fingers at it. That alone exists. The *Parnassians*, in whose eyes perfection of verse was the height of poesy, and who suffered contumely for thinking so at the hands of the Youth, did not bide their time in vain. The Youth builds a new Parnassus as exclusive as Théophile Gautier's. Only it is built, not of alexandrines and other traditional metres, but of *vers libres*. How many and how subtle *artes poeticae* of the new *vers libre* have been sketched out in conversation is impossible to say. That none has yet been written is explained, the Youth says, when the stupendousness of such an attempt is considered. That the beauty of lawless verse is a thing of the spirit the Youth fails to see, and he labours to acquire the spontaneity of Viélé-Griffin. There is more hope for him in the study of Stuart Merrill (two of the most typical of French

men of letters properly so-called are Americans), who gives less free a rein to his verse. At all events the Youth's ambition is to publish in the *Mercure de France*, where no ethical element disturbs the serenity of letters, and he emulates Mercurians, past and present: Henri de Régnier, apostle of the new technique, and fit son-in-law to a *Parnassien*; Paul Fort, who is literary in artfully naive ballads; Gustave Kahn, who is naively complex; Pierre Louÿs, erudite in letters; Albert Samain, whom the new technique has hardly influenced, the old, however, considerably; and a hundred others who borrow the pattern of the French Mercury's wings. The Youth at this stage is wedded to letters for good.

But his way grows even narrower. Paris is less than Parnassus, even the new Parnassus, less than the poet's "Ivory Tower," which jeering *jeunes* build up again half unconsciously on a plan of their own. For Paris it is that besets now the pilgrim youth. The spirit of the most self-centred set in the world becomes his religion, and the youth's new "ism" is Parisianism, which is as marked a phase of thought as any other. This is not the atmosphere of the boulevards; the man in Piccadilly is not the last thing in Londoners. The youth breathes a compound air with a dash only of the traditional *boulevardier's* atmosphere, but his ideas are unmistakably tinged. He takes a peculiar delight in the blending of reflexion and flippancy, breadth of thought, and whimsical prejudice, such as Paris has the knack of. This literary conversing of Paris, where life in its aspects of greatest complexity seems so deftly and easily handled, and where what men look upon as its light sides appear to gain a new seriousness from being unexpectedly viewed through philosophical methods, will put his ideas in proper trim and teach him how to work them. So he strains his brain to fit it into the Parisian mould, prunes off pitilessly every tendency Paris considers tiresome, and studiously acquires all the little absurdities of mind Paris is so proud of.

The Youth's return to Paris, which he first wished for wings to fly from; and to the boulevards, which he would in his heroic stage have blasted for a sink of flippancy, follows upon his literary period not altogether unconnectedly. It is not a far cry from the poses of a craft to the affectations of a set, and the youth is apt to fall into both. As a fact, in what he worshipped as pure letters he might already have detected much the interest of which was well-nigh only Parisian. M. Pierre Louÿs revives the Greek decadence with what seems exquisite literary erudition, and his style is delusively Alexandrian, but the truth is his Aphrodite, and his Chloris, even Bilitis, whose song he first sang (and his voice has never been as true since), are to be seen at L'Œuvre of an evening and driving in the Bois by day. Again, just as only a Parisian can catch the full meaning of what M. Louÿs's Greek

hetairæ say, so it is quite impossible to appreciate, outside of Paris, the latest success of to-day, M. Ernest Lajeunesse.

That many youths are in the Parisian stage, is shown by the mushroom-like rapidity with which M. Lajeunesse sprang into fame. An ironical turn of mind, adapted with marvellous suppleness to its environment, and an astounding cocksureness, such as are exhibited in *Les Nuits, les Ennuis, et les Ames de nos plus notoires contemporains*, a book of parodies, where the irony is dazzling, and *L'Imitation de Notre Maître Napoléon*, where the cocksureness is even more remarkable, were bound (as M. Lajeunesse no doubt well knew) to win over youths tired of being "intense." Others play the same strain, like M. Jean de Tinan, who exemplifies the Parisian knack of playfully, but half seriously, entering into mountainous considerations of a molehill of an idea by treating at length of *Mlle. Cléo de Mérode, de l'Opéra, considérée comme symbole populaire*. But the worst of it is, the thing gets overdone, and the Pilgrim Youth all at once finds himself in the land of the Palais Royal farce, which in any case is not the form of Parisianism he ever meant harking back to.

On the brink of the *boulevardier* spirit, an abysmal habit of mind from which no one recovers, the Youth, whose pilgrimage is a series of shocks, has a rude awakening. The voice that calls him is one no Parisian can understand, and which the Youth himself only dully hears, but he obeys it. There is something so utterly foreign and new to the Parisian youth in Walt Whitman, that being still un-Parisian enough to welcome new impressions he gasps, having welcomed this one, and plucks leaves of grass the rest of the way. He will cast literature and dogma and Paris to the winds and be the Divine Average. With this prompting he finds nearer home quite a nucleus of new "Naturalists." They derive in a small measure from the old, and from Émile Zola who made the name, but they disown the connection, and this propitiates the Youth. He must have a new world around him at each new revelation of his. For that matter, there is originality enough in Émile Verhaeren to make a new world, as far as new worlds in this sense go, although he is quite content to be only a poet, and had no part in the christening of the new literary three-decker. Nor, indeed, had the teller of strange tales, George Eekhoud, albeit nothing loth to get on board and take a hand at the helm. This is enough to show the craft is Belgian, but it has sailed of late in French waters. The Youth follows, Whitman in hand, in its wake. Others come also. But their tack differs — by the length of a syllable. "Naturalists," not New "Naturalists," are M. Maurice Leblond, who, on the strength of his twenty summers, writes with quite an experienced pen concerning the value of spring-tide and the worth of love, and M. Saint-Georges de Bouhélier, already mentioned, whom M. Leblond avers to have "inherited Beethoven's rustic

pipes" (though he only writes, and writes in prose), and who has converted the introspective mysticism of his earlier years (say seventeen) into a mystic philosophy of nature, set forth in the most startling and obscure of styles. *Le Rêve et l'Idée*, their first joint periodical venture, has accordingly, of late, become *Documents sur le Naturisme*.

Perusing these documents the Youth "returns to Nature." Fortunately, he has others. He even has a leaf or two from Edward Carpenter, those that have been translated. Being, however, a literary pilgrim, he does not go back literally to nature. That is quite another question. His point is that he has discovered Whitman, mixed with Verhaeren, the poet of strenuous modernity, learnt to sympathize with younger seekers after the modern poetic spirit (Ruijters and Van de Putte, for instance, whose *Art Jeune* has merged into the more combative *Coeq Rouge* which George Eekhoud eggs on to the fray), and added to his pilgrim's scroll, without prejudice of course to the record of his previous evolutionary stages.

By this time the Youth is fitted for the man's journey.

LAURENCE JERROLD.

CORRESPONDENCE

TWO NEGLECTED BOOKS

CAMBRIDGE, MASS.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE CHAP-BOOK—Dear Sir:

IT is a source of surprise to me that when our publishers reprint so many poor English novels they should have passed by two which seem to me absorbingly interesting, and which are also admirable as regards local coloring and historic flavor. They are both by a young American authoress now resident in England, Miss Dora Greenwell McChesney. Both are historical novels, their scenes being laid in the most picturesque period of English history, the great Revolution which hurled Charles I from his throne. Each has for its center one of the most picturesque figures of that Revolution; *Kathleen Clare* being based on the fortunes of the Earl of Strafford, and *Miriam Cromwell* on those of Prince Rupert. They have much of the thrilling interest which belongs to Conan Doyle's historical novels, with the special characteristic that each of them is written from the point of view of a young girl, who is thrown, not by her own choice, amid scenes of great activity and importance. Both these books would have especial value as subsidiary reading in schools where English history is studied, and they ought by all means to be reprinted. They are published by William Blackwood, London and Edinburgh.

T. W. HIGGINSON.



THE TAMING OF DODO

By E. F. BENSON

MISS GRANTHAM had secured what she called "five minutes edgewise" with Dodo on the second night of the bazaar. This meant that Dodo talked to six people at once, of whom she was one, firing sentences off at each in turn with moderate regularity and inconceivable rapidity. Her minute guns to Miss Grantham formed a fairly coherent whole, and were something to this effect:

"Of course, I shan't allow Edith to *boudier*; it is quite intolerable that she should do that. I think she must have got what they call a nonconformist conscience. I mean her conscience won't let her conform to what everybody else conforms to—me, for instance. Yes, Grantie, I know she's a perfect darling, but perfect darlings have always something rather queer and corny about them—how do you call them? Polygonal figure, is n't it?—Edith has n't a very good figure. She's like one of those india-rubber faces which you squeeze together—all features, and not enough room for them. She tucks her music under one arm, gets on her bicycle, and slides over Bertie, if you know what I mean—and, oh, do you know the way her eyes become like large, bright buttons when she is busy nonconforming? I shall certainly go to see her to-morrow morning: no, I'm not the least afraid, thanks, and shall talk to her quite beautifully, like a sheep that was lost. Are you going there too? Then tell her that she may expect me, and that it will be not the slightest good her saying she is out. Besides, I make an appointment with her, so she must keep it. I shall allow her to be a sort of moral dentist to me, and tell me that my morals want stopping."

Accordingly, next morning Grantie went to see Edith, whom she found in her private and particular room. Edith had insisted on an unwritten agreement between herself and Bertie when they married, that she was to be allowed a room where no one might come unless she wished. Bertie had agreed, on condition that he might have one too, and the house was consequently divided into his *chez-moi* and her *chez-moi*, and neutral or common ground on which they entertained their friends. Edith kept Miss Grantham waiting, on principle, for a few minutes, at the end of which she was admitted, to find Edith scoring the music of a symphony. The table at which she worked had grown pyramidal in shape, owing to an accumulation of various materials on it, and Edith worked about half way up. A bicycle stood in one corner of the room, and a book-case with the complete Badminton Series in another. The window was wide open, and an exceedingly cold draught whistled round the room, occasionally fluttering the outlines of the pyramid. Edith did not look up as Grantie entered.

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"Good-morning, Edith," said Grantie politely.

"Morning. What do you want?"

Grantie walked across to the window, shut it, and sat down gracefully on the window-seat.

"I wanted to see you—pure affection; no less and no more," she said, "though you do put your friends a little lower than your bicycle, and a great deal lower than your music."

Edith did not reply, except to murmur, "Then the flutes take it up," and Grantie went on, in a slow, persuasive voice.

"What was I saying? Oh, yes, Dodo was a great success last night. She came to the ball, you know. Really she *is* successful. It must be so nice to be sure that every one who knows you is talking about you, and that every one who does n't is doing the same, and pretending they do. Really, the proper study of mankind is Dodo. Now I can't help wondering—"

Edith laid down her pen.

"Grantie, have you come here just to talk about Dodo?" she asked.

"Oh, no: I have a lot to say to you. Oh, by the way, Dodo said that I was to tell you to expect her this morning, and that it was no use your pretending to be out. Has she been yet? I'm rather late."

Edith frowned, and rang the bell.

"If any one calls," she said to the man, "say I am out. Any one, mind."

Miss Grantham was a little tired with her dance the night before, and only sighed gently; but realizing that the meeting between the two might be interesting, resigned herself to be battered by Edith in monosyllables till Dodo appeared. She had taken up an old number of a magazine, and laid it open, among the advertisements, upside down, on her lap. Edith, who was rather vexed at having been interrupted at all, and who was boiling with indignation at the thought of Dodo's further intrusion, waited for her to speak, in order to have the opportunity of contradicting her. But after a minute or two it appeared equally possible to contradict the meaning of Grantie's silence.

"You seem to think," she said, "that I am going to do as Dodo tells me; and that just because other people are delighted to see her back, I too shall welcome her, Grantie," she continued, with growing emphasis, violently dotting a crotchet as if she were stabbing it; "how little you know me!"

"You must remember that I never said anything of the sort," said Grantie mildly, but facing round a little.

"No, but you implied," said Edith.

Grantie, knowing in her own mind that she was willing to lay odds on Dodo, was silent a minute.

"It would be as good as—as a theatrical representation to see you and Dodo meet," she said at last.

"I suppose you mean a play?" remarked Edith, and took up her pen again.

But Grantie did not notice this last shot at her; she had seen Dodo's carriage draw up at the house from her seat in the window, and she waited with immense interest for developments. She found herself regarding the upside-down magazine in the absent way one looks at a programme just before the curtain at a theatrical representation goes up.

The first development was the footman, who had been told to say that Edith was out. He seemed a little flustered and nervous.

"The Princess Waldeneck to see you, 'm," he said.

Edith looked up, and, in case Dodo was on the landing,

"I told you to say I was out," she said with great distinctness.

"Yes, 'm, I did. But the Princess told me she thought not."

Any further discussion was saved by the entrance of Dodo herself.

"I was told you were out, dear," she said, "but I thought it safer to see for myself, because sometimes that means so little, and is so misleading. Oh, I know the Englishwoman's house is her castle, but I really wanted to see you very much. What a nice castle! Hello, Grantie, the top of the morning to you. Grantie, dear, will you please go away, and sit in the servants' hall or something, till I've finished talking to Edith?"

"I'm not at all sure that you are going to talk to me," said Edith, as stiff as a poker.

"Dear Edith, I have come here to convince you of it," said Dodo. "Now please go, Grantie."

Grantie rose gracefully and unwillingly, and Dodo shut the door behind her. Then there was silence, Dodo being busy arranging her thoughts, Edith stiff and truculent, but, despite herself, a little interested. But this she put away as a weakness unworthy of her.

"As you may have heard," said Dodo, "I have come back. Candidly, I think people are glad to see me."

"So I have heard," said Edith, simply incapable, now Dodo had forced an entrance, of not treating her to a little candour. "I am told that you whistled to all your old friends, and they came running after you like sheep."

"I never whistled to a sheep," remarked Dodo parenthetically.

"But you may whistle till you burst," continued Edith, with vehemence, "before I come running after you."

Dodo sighed, and drew off her gloves.

"Dear Edith, I never meant to whistle for you, for I have always known that you are not one with whom whistling succeeds. Please give me a cigarette, — I can talk more with a cigarette, though I can talk a little without. I knew I should have to see you, and explain things."

Edith laughed.

"Thanks, I do not want things explained to me," she said. "I am perfectly satisfied that I have a very tolerably clear idea of what happened. In fact, it was not a private matter. And now," she concluded, "I am going into another room. When you are tired of stopping here, will you please ring the bell? and the man will show you out."

Dodo walked quietly to the door, locked it, put the key in her pocket, and sat down.

"Now, Edith, don't be angry," she said. "I am determined to talk to you, and you may be certain I shall. It's no use your ringing the bell, for they will have to send for a blacksmith, or a locksmith, or whoever does that sort of thing, and by the time he is here, I shall have finished."

Edith stared at her a moment.

"I think you are mad," she said, and sat down again to her work.

Dodo was silent a moment longer, deliberating intently with herself, and then broke out into speech.

"How can you treat me like this?" she said.

"How dare you behave in such a narrow and conventional manner? Really, Edith, you are surely learning to be an understudy for Mrs. Grundy. Not that I object to respectability, in the least, — in fact, I respect it very much, but you are presuming to judge me without knowing a single thing of what has happened. It is Mrs. Grundy's infallibility on questions of which she is ignorant that offends me in her and you."

Edith again felt a little interested. After all, Dodo was not often tedious, and why not have a quarter of an hour's talk with her, which might be entertaining, and which would certainly fail to convince her? But for the present she merely drummed with her hands on the table, and said, not to Dodo, but to the ambient air,

"I was never called Mrs. Grundy before."

"How you can sit there and pass judgment on me, when you know nothing of what has happened — nothing from the inside, at any rate — is incomprehensible!" said Dodo. "Have you no better notion of friendship, or loyalty, than that?"

"I do n't pass judgment on you," said Edith. "I am completely indifferent as to what you do. No doubt we shall often meet, in other houses. I shall not leave the room when you enter it, and I daresay I shall sit and talk to you as friends talk—"

"Friends!" interrupted Dodo. "Heaven help us! are the indifferent people one meets like that, friends? Is that your idea of friendship? Were we only friends like that? And if more, what do you suppose loyalty means?"

"Then I will put it differently," said Edith. "And if you find my words unpleasant, you must remember that I did not insist on this interview."

"No, dear, I confess you did n't insist on it," remarked Dodo, with the ghost of a smile.

"What I have to say is this, continued Edith

inexorably. "I do not care for the society of a woman who has behaved as you behaved to Jack. Is that your idea of loyalty?"

"Jack has forgiven me," said Dodo.

"Because one person is a weak fool," remarked Edith, "there is no moral obligation for me to be a weak fool too."

"Poor, dear Jack!" murmured Dodo. "Let us leave him out."

"You seem to leave him out pretty completely," said Edith.

Dodo clasped her hands together.

"Edith, do n't speak to me like that," she said.

"Sharp words never mended a matter."

"I do not wish to mend this matter," she said.

"It is irreparable. You seem to think your friends are like gloves; you can put them on, and then pull them off and throw them down if you like, to pick them up again afterwards, if it suits you to choose to do so."

Dodo turned on her sharply.

"Ah, you are unfair, you are atrociously unfair!" she cried. "When did I ever cast off a friend? Is it like me at all to drop people who have been my friends?"

Edith hesitated a moment.

"No; I am sorry I said that," she replied. "It is not like you."

A tap came at the door, and Miss Grantham's voice, with a plaintive patience, demanded admittance.

"You've been ever so long," she said. "May n't I come in?"

Edith hesitated.

"No, Gran'tie," she replied at length. "Go away, please."

"Thank you," said Dodo, looking up at Edith.

Then, after a pause, and with a more rapid and rather tremulous voice:

"You see how it is, Edith," she said. "You make hasty judgments in your own mind about me like that, and unless I am here to contradict you, you endorse them and docket them, and put them away in your mind as things proved and demonstrated. And when my name comes up, you look at the Dodo drawer and find I am disloyal and drop my friends. You are horribly unfair; and about the great matter, on which you are unfair of all, you know nothing, absolutely nothing. You have judged hastily and superficially. Just because you are strong and self-sufficient yourself, and love your music, and Bertie, and bicycling, you think all others have an equal abundance of soul-filling material at command. Because you yourself love Bertie in a comfortable roast-beef-slap-on-the-back way, you think there is no other kind of love. You do not know that a woman can be carried off her feet, whirled away impotently. To be swept away in spite of one's self, best self, worst self, alike, to be — ah! what is the good of my talking to you?"

You will not understand, and I don't think you want to."

Edith was distinctly interested. She had listened to Dodo at first with an air of an *entre* at a play, and a certain silent applause she gave her was given as by a critic to an actor. Surely she was acting. Yet why should she act to so meagre an audience? And if she was not acting, it was certainly a reason the more for listening to her. By degrees the probability of its genuineness grew on her. Dodo, she could not help feeling, at any rate thought herself in earnest; and when, at the end of her speech, she looked at her for a moment with hopeless appeal in her eyes, Edith was touched. And Edith was right. Dodo was perfectly in earnest, and though she put the truth in the most effective way she could think of, it was the truth for all that, though most carefully dressed up, and entirely fit for public appearance. Edith got up from her chair, and sat herself down in one closer to Dodo.

"Try to explain it to me, Dodo," she said. "I will listen to you, which at first I was not willing to do. But now I think you care that I should."

Dodo made a mental note that at last Edith had called her by her name, and went on.

"It is simply what I say," she continued. "I was blind, deaf, dumb; I could not, I was morally incapable of resisting. If Waldeneck had told me to throw myself out of the window instead of coming to Paris with him, I should have done it. I might have begged for a minute to put on my hat, but I should have done it. He is strong—good heavens! he is strong. You don't understand what that means—to find some one stronger than yourself, and who can beat down resistance as an iron bar can beat down a weaker thing."

"No, I do n't," said Edith. "I believe one has free will always and continually; one need do nothing unless one chooses."

Dodo stared silently before her, smoothing out the creases in her gloves.

"That is a very comfortable idea," she said, "and, like most comfortable ideas, perfectly impracticable. Free will ceases the moment you meet somebody stronger than yourself! and I—" Again she stopped, her voice trembling.

"What is the matter, Dodo?" said Edith. "I do n't in the least understand why you should have come here. Surely you have enough friends! Are you not happy?"

"Happy?" Dodo burst into a mirthless laugh, and then, without a sign or a word of warning, buried her face in her hands and burst into tears—hopeless, desolating sobs, like a child over a broken toy. At that Edith melted altogether, and jumped up with a face full of helpless concern.

"Oh, Dodo, what can I do?" she asked. Shall I—shall I play to you? or will you have a cigarette? Only do n't cry like that."

Edith ransacked her brain to remember how peo-

ple behaved to her when she cried, but she could recollect no instance of her ever having done so. Meantime, Dodo, with an absolute disregard of lace and gloves and hat, sat crushed together in her chair, abandoning herself to what was partly a relief, but wholly natural; and Edith offered her cigarettes and a smelling-bottle, and walked about agitatedly.

Her fit stopped as suddenly as it had begun, and she sat up, put her hat straight, and blew her nose. "There, I am better," she said; "and we will go on talking. Happy! Oh, Edith, you don't know that man. He is a brute, I tell you,—a brute. He offends me, and grates on me. I believe I am not naturally prudish," with a slight return to her normal manner; "but he shocks me. I came home last night. He was sitting up for me; he was drunk, he was beastly drunk, and he said abominable things to me. Thank God, I am less afraid of him now. At first he paralyzed me. I could do nothing but what he told me; but now, though he gets his own way, he does n't always get it in the way he likes best. I said to him last night what I should n't have dared to say a year ago. I—"

"Oh, stop, stop," cried Edith. "He is your husband. Can you not be loyal to any one?"

"Yes, I know he is my husband," said Dodo; "but that is his concern, not mine. It was his doing, and no other's. Loyal! Is an animal loyal to its trainer? Are lions loyal to those hideous women in tights who crack whips at them? Why, they are afraid, that is all; and if they cease to be afraid—well, you have a sensational little paragraph in the papers next day. He made me afraid—I married him for that reason; but now I am less afraid. Oh, there will be no sensational paragraphs—there is nothing so vulgar as washing your dirty linen in public. But never mind about that. I came to be friends with you, and I have told you what I should only tell to a great friend. And I have cried, and I feel better. I do not often cry, and I never do it on purpose."

Edith laughed.

"Oh, Dodo, really I did n't suspect you of it!"

Dodo sat up and continued smoothing her ruffled plumes.

"Are you sure? Are you quite sure?" she asked.

"For, indeed, there was no enormity you would not have been willing to believe of me when I came in. Oh, there's Grantie knocking again. Let her in, Edith. Where's the key-catch?"

Miss Grantham came in, looking a little ill-used, having been excluded from the performance; but curiosity conquered pride, and she looked at Dodo with raised eyebrows and intense expectation.

"Yes, we've had a very nice time, have n't we, Edith?" she said in answer; "and we are all a happy family again, and I'm the white elephant. We talked about free will, and we both agreed—at least, now I come to think of it, we did n't; and we told

each other a quantity of secrets, and settled that two was company, and three was more company, and so we let you in. Oh, we're going to have quite a lot of company on Friday next—of course you will come, Edith? Bring Bertie too,—no, on the whole, do n't, because I think we have n't got enough finger-glasses. It is the Queen's birthday, and as Count Vramhoff is away, Waldeneck has to make the speech; he says he's sure that the Queen has at least two birthdays a year, and he hates making speeches, and he says nobody enjoys listening to them. But then, he is naturally modest."

"Modesty is a pose," said Miss Grantham, with an air of finality. "Of course, everybody poses, and it is all right enough; and the really commonest pose is to pose as being natural."

Dodo drew on her gloves, with her head a little on one side.

"No; you're wrong," she said. "I do n't pose; I do n't think Edith poses. Yes, I'm sure Edith does n't pose."

"You both do. You both have the natural pose." Edith gasped.

"Grantie, you have said the silliest thing I have ever heard," she remarked.

"Well, I gave you credit for posing," remarked Grantie. "It is not decent not to pose, and I do n't know what other pose you have. It is like having no gloves on."

Dodo laughed.

"Dear Grantie, do n't be so natural," she said. "Come and drive with me in my carriage. I am going to go round by the park, and home for lunch. You shall have lunch too, and see the world-wide performing Austrian menagerie. We all do our tricks, and Waldeneck stands in the middle with a whip, like that man at the circus,—how do you call him?—the—the *écuyer*,—and sees we do them perfectly."

Grantie looked up.

"I think that sounds interesting," she said. "Yes, I will come. Do you usually do your tricks well?"

"Admirably. My trick is to prevent people talking to him, or rather to save him talking to 'other brutes,' as he says. Consequently I am at my best. Yes, modesty is certainly a pose, and I have n't got it. Well, good-bye, Edith; and you will come to see me, and I will come to see you, and the world will wag its tail at us generally. Just now a section of it will soon want to be fed, so I must go. It has been charming to see you and to talk to you."

Dodo chattered her way out, and she and Miss Grantham got into the victoria and drove northwards. Edith remained a full minute, looking out of the window in thought, and then went to find Bertie, whom she always consulted when she wanted some one to agree with her.

"Bertie," she said, "Dodo has been to see me."

"And you have made it up, and have come to tell me so," said Bertie, perspicaciously.

"Yes; and I wish to tell you also that it is very stupid of you to think me inconsistent."

"Well, I won't ask for your explanation of this seeming inconsistency," said Bertie, amiably. "I will take it for granted that it is really the truest consistency. Will that do?"

"No. We have both misjudged Dodo. We were not inconsistent, but wrong."

"I never judged Dodo at all," said Bertie; "therefore I can't have misjudged her."

"Then you ought to have judged her," said Edith, "and not credenced that sort of thing. Oh, really you are rather trying."

"I know—I mean to be. You have invaded my *chez-moi*, and it is against the rules."

"Well, I'm going to Dodo's on Friday."

"All right," said Bertie severely.

"Are n't you surprised?"

"Not in the least."

"Why not?" she asked.

"Because it is part of my profession never to be surprised at you. I am working hard at it."

Edith laughed.

"Well, that's all right, then. But, Bertie, I should prefer for the future that you should be surprised at me oftener, and then always be immediately convinced by the reasons I give you."

"I will make an effort," said Bertie; "but it will require an effort."

Prince Waldeneck meantime had spent a solitary and thoughtful morning. He recollected, but only vaguely, the event of the night before. Dodo, he remembered, was out late at that stupid bazaar. He had waited up for her; he had drunk rather freely; she had noticed it, and, what was more, had told him so with frankness. He knew, and had known for a long time, that she was an exceedingly useful person to him, or could be so when she chose,—or rather, as he said to himself, when he chose. Once she had smoothed over a diplomatic affair, which promised to be disagreeable, almost impracticable. He had taken her into his confidence completely,—at any rate, completely enough to convince her that she was possessed of the whole matter,—and had told her frankly that she could help him in a way that no other person could. At the time he was in charge at Madrid the Italian *chargé d'affaires* was inclined to show himself obstinate about an international matter which his government had been prepared to face and make the best of,—a rather serious difficulty. His Italian colleague was an amorous old fellow, with the firm conviction that he was in love with all agreeable women, and that all agreeable women were in love with him. Dodo, so he thought, was an agreeable woman.

Waldeneck had gone to Dodo's room that morning, prepared to be charming to her. He explained to her the whole position. A great deal depended on the personal feelings of the Italian; he would

make the matter strike his government as it struck him. By nature, as Dodo knew, he was a silly old man. Would she turn the disposition of this silly old man to good account? And he read her a letter from the Austrian foreign secretary.

Dodo considered a moment.

"He is to make love to me, you mean," she said, with almost embarrassing frankness, "and immediately afterwards to talk business with you."

Waldeneck laughed.

"Yes, I mean exactly that," he said. "You can always cut him afterwards."

Dodo nodded.

"The great point in being married," she said, "is absolute frankness, and it deserves to be rewarded. I will make him tremulous. I will cut him afterwards, because he bores me."

She had succeeded by admiration. Waldeneck found great difficulty in making him talk about business at all, so loud was he in the praises of this inimitable wife. And now Dodo, this eminently attractive and useful person, had presumed to tell him, her husband, that he was drunk and not fit to be seen by the servants. No diplomatic relation was served by this.

Dodo returned from her drive, and met Waldeneck in the hall. She had spoken her mind the night before, and had no intention of opening the subject again. He spared her the trouble.

"You chose to speak to me last night," he said, coming close to her, "in a way that no one speaks to me. Please remember that. How do you do, Miss Grantham? My wife, I am charmed to see, has brought you to lunch with us."

The colour faded from Dodo's cheeks. Miss Grantham, who stood close to her, must, she knew, have heard Waldeneck's words. She turned to her quickly.

"Go upstairs, Grantie," she said. "I will come in a moment. No, I will come with you now."

Then, raising her voice a little,—

"Dear Waldeneck," she said, "you speak English so well, but you will never learn to be really English. In England we never wash our dirty linen in public,—even in the most strictly limited public. Be ready for lunch, old boy, won't you? Rodjek is coming, and every minute with him before lunch is ten years off my life; and he is always punctual."

She passed upstairs with her arm in Miss Grantham's, and the latter could feel it trembling. Dodo shut the door behind them, and threw herself into a chair.

"Grantie, if you ever breathe a word of what you have heard, I will cut your throat," she said.

Grantie's eyes were wide with interest.

"Oh, but it is so interesting, Dodo," she said.

"Won't you tell me all about it?"

"Not another word."

Waldeneck stopped in the hall, watching them ascend. And a sense of imperfect mastery gnawed at him. He felt uncomfortably sure that a year ago Dodo would not have been able to say that to him.

WHAT MAISIE KNEW

By HENRY JAMES

XX

THE money was far too much even for a fare in a fairy-tale, and in the absence of Mrs. Beale, who, though the hour was now late, had not yet returned to the Regent's Park, Susan Ash, in the hall, as loud as Maisie was low and as bold as she was bland, produced, on the exhibition offered under the dim vigil of the lamp that made the place a contrast to the child's recent scene of light, the half-crown that an unsophisticated cabman could pronounce to be the least he would take. It was apparently long before Mrs. Beale would arrive, and in the interval Maisie had been induced by the prompt Susan not only to go to bed like a darling dear, but, in still richer expression of that character, to devote to the repayment of obligations general as well as particular one of the sovereigns in the fanciful figure that, on a dressing-table upstairs, was naturally not less dazzling to a lone orphan of a housemaid than to the object of the manoeuvres of a quartette. This object went to sleep with her property under her pillow; but the explanations that, on the morrow, were inevitably more complete with Mrs. Beale than they had been with her humble friend, found a climax in a surrender also more becomingly free. There were explanations indeed that Mrs. Beale had to give as well as to ask, and the most striking of these was to the effect that it was dreadful for a little girl to take money from a woman who was simply the vilest of their sex. The sovereigns were examined with some attention, the result of which however, was to make Mrs. Beale desire to know what, if one really went into the matter, they could be called but the wages of sin. Her companion went into it merely to the point of inquiring what then they were to do with them; on which Mrs. Beale, who had by this time put them into her pocket, replied with dignity and with her hand on the place: "We're to send them back on the spot!" Susan, the child soon afterwards learnt, had been invited to contribute to this act of restitution her one appropriated coin; but a closer clutch of the treasure showed, in her private assurance to Maisie, that there was a limit to the way she could be "done." Maisie had been open with Mrs. Beale about the whole of last night's transaction; but she now found herself, on the part of their indignant inferior, a recipient of remarks that she must feel to be scaring secrets. One of these bore upon the extraordinary hour—it was three in the morning, if she really wanted to know—at which Mrs. Beale had re-entered the house; another, in accents as to which Maisie's criticism was still intensely tacit, characterized that lady's appeal as such a "game" and a "shime" as one had never had to put up with; a third treated

with some vigour the question of the enormous sums due, below stairs, in every department, for gratuitous labour and wasted zeal. Our young lady's consciousness was indeed mainly filled for several days with the apprehension created by the too slow subsidence of her attendant's sense of wrong. These days would be exciting indeed if an outbreak in the kitchen should crown them; and, to promote that prospect, she had more than one glimpse, through Susan's eyes, of forces making for an earthquake. To listen to Susan was to gather that the spark applied to the inflammables and already causing them to crackle was the circumstances of one's being called a horrid low thief for refusing to part with one's own.

The redeeming point of this tension was, on the fifth day, that it actually appeared to have had to do with a breathless perception, in our heroine's breast, that, scarcely more as the centre of Sir Claude's than as that of Susan's energies, she had, soon after breakfast, been conveyed from London to Folkestone and established at a lovely hotel. These agents, before her wondering eyes, had combined to carry through the adventure and to give it the air of having owed its success to the fact that Mrs. Beale had, as Susan said, but just stepped out. When Sir Claude, watch in hand, had met this fact with the exclamation, "Then pack Miss Farange and come off with us!" there had ensued, on the stairs, a series of gymnastics of a nature to bring Miss Farange's heart into her mouth. She sat with Sir Claude in a four-wheeler, while he still held his watch; held it longer than any doctor who had ever felt her pulse, long enough to give her a vision of something like the ecstasy of neglecting such an opportunity to show impatience. The ecstasy had begun in the schoolroom and over the Berceuse, quite in the manner of the same foretaste on the day, a little while back, when Susan had panted up and she herself, after the hint about the Duchess, had sailed down; for what harm, then, had there been in drops and disappointments if she could still have, even only a moment, the sensation of such a name "brought up"? It had remained with her that her father had told her she would some day be in the street, but it clearly would not be this day, and she felt justified of her preference as soon as her visitor had set Susan in motion and laid his hand, while she waited with him, kindly on her own. That was what the Captain, in Kensington Gardens, had done; her present situation reminded her a little of that one and renewed the dim wonder of the way in which, from the first, such pats and pulls had struck her as the steps and signs of other people's business and even a little as the wriggle or the overflow of their difficulties. What had failed her and what had frightened her on the night of the exhibition lost themselves at present alike in the impression that what would come from Sir Claude was too big to come all at once. Any awe that might have

sprung from his air of leaving out her step-mother was corrected by the force of a general rule, the odd truth that if Mrs. Beale now never came nor went without making her think of him, it was not, to balance that, the main character of his own contact to appear to be a reference to Mrs. Beale. To be with Sir Claude was to think of Sir Claude, and that law governed Maisie's mind until, through a sudden lurch of the cab, which had at last taken in Susan and ever so many bundles and almost reached Charing Cross, it popped again somehow into her dizzy head the long-lost image of Mrs. Wix.

It was singular, but from this time she understood and she followed, followed with the sense of an ample filling-out of any void created by symptoms of avoidance and of flight. Her ecstasy was a thing that had yet more of a face than of a back to turn, a pair of eyes still directed to Mrs. Wix, even after the slight surprise of their not finding her, as the journey expanded, either at the London station, or at the Folkestone Hotel. It took few hours to make the child feel that if she was in neither of these places she was at least everywhere else. Maisie had known all along a great deal, but never so much as she was to know from this moment on and as she learned, in particular, during the couple of days that she was to hang in the air, as it were, over the sea which represented, in breezy blueness and with a summer charm, a crossing of more spaces than the channel. It was given to her at this time to arrive at divinations so ample that I shall have no room for the goal if I attempt to trace the stages; as to which, therefore, I must be content to say that the fullest expression we may give to Sir Claude's conduct is a poor and pale copy of the picture it presented to his young friend. Abruptly, that morning, he had yielded to the action of the idea pumped into him for weeks by Mrs. Wix on lines of approach that she had been capable of the extraordinary art of preserving from entanglement with the fine network of his relations with Mrs. Beale. The breath of her sincerity, blowing without a break, had puffed him up to the flight by which, in the degree I have indicated, Maisie too was carried off her feet. This consisted in neither more nor less than the brave stroke of his getting off from Mrs. Beale, as well as from his wife—of making, with the child, straight for some such foreign land as would give a support to Mrs. Wix's dream that she might still see his errors renounced and his delinquencies redeemed. What other reparation could have the beauty of his devoting himself, under eyes that would miss no faintest shade of the sacrifice, to the relief and rescue, to what even the strange frequenters of her ladyship's earlier period used to call the real good, of the little unfortunate? Maisie's head held a suspicion of all that, during the last long interval, had confusedly, but quite candidly, come and gone in his own; a glimpse, almost awe-stricken in its gratitude, of the miracle her old governess had wrought.

That functionary could not, in this connection, have been more impressive, even at second-hand, if she had been a prophetess with an open scroll or some ardent abess speaking with the lips of the church. She had clung, day by day, to their plastic associate, plying him with her deep, narrow passion, doing her simple utmost to convert him, and so inspiring him that he had at last really embraced his fine chance. That the chance was not delusive was sufficiently guaranteed by the completeness with which he could finally figure it out that, in case of his taking action, neither Ida nor Beale, whose book, on each side, it would only too well suit, would make any sort of row.

It sounds, no doubt, too penetrating, but it was by no means all through Sir Claude's betrayals that Maisie was able to piece together the beauty of the special influence through which, for such stretches of time, he had refined upon propriety by keeping, so far as possible, his sentimental interests distinct. She had ever, of course, in her mind, fewer names than conceptions, but it was only with this drawback that she now made out her companion's absences to have had for their ground that he was the lover of her step-mother, and that the lover of her step-mother could scarce logically pretend to a superior right to look after her. Maisie had by this time embraced the implication of a kind of natural divergence between lovers and little girls. It was just this indeed that could throw light on the probable contents of the pencilled note deposited on the hall-table in the Regent's Park and which would greet Mrs. Beale on her return. Maisie freely figured it as provisionally jocular in tone, even though to herself, on this occasion, Sir Claude turned a graver face than he had shown in any crisis but that of putting her into the cab when she had been horrid to him after her parting with the Captain. He might really be embarrassed, but he would be sure, to her view, to have muffled in some bravado of pleasantry the disturbance produced at her father's by the removal of a valued servant. Not that there was n't a great deal too that would n't be in the note—a great deal for which a more comfortable place was Maisie's light little brain, where it hummed away hour after hour and caused the first outlook at Folkestone to swim in a softness of colour and sound. It became clear in this medium that her step-father had really now only to take into account his entanglement with Mrs. Beale. Was n't he at last disentangled from every one and everything else? The obstacle to the rupture pressed upon him by Mrs. Wix in the interest of his virtue would be simply that he was in love, or rather, to put it more precisely, that Mrs. Beale had left him no doubt of the degree in which *she* was. She was so much so as to have succeeded in making him accept for a time her infatuated grasp of him, and even to some extent the idea of what they yet might do together with a little diplomacy and a good deal

of patience. I may not even answer for it that Maisie was not aware of how, in this, Mrs. Beale failed to share his all but insurmountable distaste for their allowing their little charge to breathe the air of their gross irregularity—his contention, in a word, that they should either cease to be irregular or cease to be parental. Their little charge, for herself, had long ago adopted the view that even Mrs. Wix had at one time not thought prohibitively coarse—the view that she was after all, *as* a little charge, morally at home in atmospheres it would be appalling to analyse. If Mrs. Wix, however, ultimately appalled, had now set her heart on strong measures, Maisie, as I have intimated, could also work round both to the reasons for them and to the quite other reasons for that lady's not, as yet, at least, appearing in them at first hand.

Oh, decidedly, I shall never get you to believe the number of things she saw and the number of secrets she discovered! Why in the world, for instance, could n't Sir Claude have kept it from her—except on the hypothesis of his not caring to—that, when you came to look at it, and so far as it was a question of vested interests, he had quite as much right in her as her step-mother, and a right that Mrs. Beale was in no position to dispute? He failed, at all events, of any such successful ambiguity as could keep her, when once they began to look across at France, from regarding even what was least explained as most in the spirit of their old happy times, their rambles and expeditions in the easier, better days of their first acquaintance. Never before had she had so the sense of giving him a lead for the sort of treatment of what was between them that would best carry it off, or of his being grateful to her for meeting him so much in the right place. She met him literally at the very point where Mrs. Beale was most to be reckoned with, the point of the jealousy that was sharp in that lady and of the need of their keeping it as long as possible obscure to her that poor Mrs. Wix had still a hand. Yes, she met him too in the truth of the matter that, as her step-mother had had no one else to be jealous of, she had made up for so gross a privation by directing the sentiment to a moral influence. Sir Claude appeared absolutely to convey in a wink that a moral influence that could pull a string was, after all, a moral influence that could have its eyes scratched out; and that, this being the case, there was somebody they could n't afford to expose before they should see a little better what Mrs. Beale was likely to do. Maisie, true enough, had not to put it into words to rejoin, in the coffee-room, at luncheon: "What *can* she do but come to you if papa does take a step that will amount to legal desertion?" Neither had he then, in answer, to articulate anything but the jollity of their having found a table at a window from which, as they partook of cold beef and apollinaris—for he hinted they would have to save lots of money—they could let their eyes hover

tenderly on the far-off white cliffs that so often had signalled to the embarrassed English a promise of safety. Maisie stared at them as if she might really make out after a little a queer, dear figure perched on them—a figure as to which she had already the subtle sense that, wherever perched, it would be the very oddest yet seen in France. But it was at least as exciting to feel where Mrs. Wix was n't as it would have been to know where she was, and if she was n't yet at Boulogne this only thickened the plot.

If she was not to be seen that day, however, the evening was marked by an apparition before which, none the less, the savour of suspense folded, on the spot, its wings. Adjusting her respirations and attaching, under dropped lashes, all her thoughts to a smartness of frock and frill for which she could reflect that she had not appealed in vain to a loyalty, in Susan Ash, triumphant over the nice things their feverish flight had left behind, Maisie spent on the bench in the garden of the hotel the half-hour before dinner, that mysterious ceremony of the *table d'hôte* for which she had prepared with a punctuality of flutter. Sir Claude, beside her, was occupied with a cigarette and the afternoon papers; and though the hotel was full the garden showed the particular void that ensues upon the sound of the dressing-bell. She had almost had time to weary of the human scene; her own humanity, at any rate, in the shape of a smutch on her scanty skirt, had held her so long that as soon as she raised her eyes they rested on a high, fair drapery by which smutches were put to shame and which had glided toward her, over the grass, without her perceiving its rustle. She followed up its stiff sheen—up and up from the ground, where it had stopped—till, at the end of a considerable journey, her impression felt the shock of the fixed face which, surmounting it, seemed to offer the climax of the dressed condition. "Why, mamma!" she cried the next instant—cried in a tone that, as she sprang to her feet, brought Sir Claude to his own beside her and gave her ladyship, a few yards off, the advantage of their momentary confusion. Poor Maisie's was immense; her mother's drop had the effect of one of the iron shutters that, in evening walks with Susan Ash, she had seen suddenly, at the touch of a spring, rattle down over shining shop-fronts. The light of foreign travel was darkened at a stroke; she had a horrible sense that they were caught; and for the first time in her life, in Ida's presence, she so far translated an impulse into an invidious act as to clutch straight at the hand of her responsible confederate. It did n't help her that he appeared at first equally hushed with horror; a minute during which, in the empty garden, with its long shadows on the lawn, its blue sea over the hedge and its startled peace in the air, both her elders remained as stiff as tall tumblers filled to the brim and held straight for fear of a spill. At last in a tone that, in its unexpected softness, enriched the whole surprise, her mother said to Sir

Claude: "Do you mind at all my speaking to her?"

"Oh, no; *do you?*" His reply was so long in coming that Maisie was the first to find the right note.

He laughed as he seemed to take it from her, and she felt a sufficient concession in his manner of addressing their visitor. "How in the world did you know we were here?"

His wife; at this, came the rest of the way and sat down on the bench with a hand laid on her daughter, whom she gracefully drew to her, and in whom, at her touch, the fear just kindled gave a second jump, but now in quite another direction. Sir Claude, on the further side, resumed his seat and his newspapers, and the three grouped themselves like a family party; his connection, in the oddest way in the world, almost cynically, and in a flash, acknowledged, and the mother patting the child into conformities unspeakable.

Maisie could already feel that it was not Sir Claude and she who were caught. She had the positive sense of catching their relative, catching her in the act of getting rid of her burden with a finality that showed her as unprecedentedly relaxed. Oh yes, the fear had dropped, and she had never been so irrevocably parted with as in the pressure of possession now supremely exerted by Ida's long-gloved and much-bangled arms. "I went to the Regent's Park"—this was presently her ladyship's answer to Sir Claude.

"Do you mean to-day?"

"This morning—just after your own call there. That's how I find you out; that's what has brought me."

Sir Claude considered, and Maisie waited. "Whom then did you see?"

Ida gave a sound of indulgent mockery. "I like your scare. I know your game. I did n't see the person I risked seeing—but I had been ready to take my chance of her." She addressed herself to Maisie; she had encircled her more closely. "I asked for *you*, my dear, but I saw no one but a dirty parlour-maid. She was red in the face with the great things that, as she told me, had just happened in the absence of her mistress; and she luckily had the sense to have made out the place to which Sir Claude had come to take you. If he had n't given a false scent I should find you here: that was the supposition on which I've proceeded." Ida had never been so explicit about proceeding or supposing, and Maisie, drinking this in, was aware that Sir Claude shared her fine impression of it. "I wanted to see you," his wife continued, "and now you can judge of the trouble I've taken. I had everything to do in town to-day, but I managed to get off."

Maisie and her companion, for a moment, did justice to this achievement; but Maisie was the first to express it. "I'm glad you wanted to see me,

mamma." Then, after a concentration more deep and with a plunge more brave: "A little more and you'd have been too late." It stuck in her throat, but she brought it out. "We're going to France."

Ida was magnificent; Ida kissed her on the forehead. "That's just what I thought likely—it made me decide to run down. I fancied that in spite of your scramble you'd wait to cross, and it added to the reason I have for seeing you."

Maisie wondered intensely what the reason could be, but she knew ever so much better than to ask. She was slightly surprised indeed to perceive that Sir Claude did n't and to hear him immediately inquire: "What in the name of goodness can you have to say to her?"

His tone was not exactly rude, but it was impatient enough to make his wife's response a fresh specimen of the new softness. "That, my dear man, is all my own business."

"Do you mean," Sir Claude asked, "that you wish me to leave you with her?"

"Yes—if you'll be so good: that's the extraordinary request I take the liberty of making." Her ladyship had dropped to a mildness of irony by which, for a moment, poor Maisie was mystified and charmed, puzzled with a glimpse of something that, in all the years, had at intervals peeped out. Ida smiled at Sir Claude with the strange air she had on such occasions of defying an interlocutor to keep it up as long; her huge eyes, her red lips, the intense marks in her face, formed an illumination as distinct and public as a lamp set in a window. The child seemed quite to see in it the very lamp that had lighted her path; she suddenly found herself reflecting that it was no wonder the gentlemen were dazzled. This must have been the way mamma had first looked at Sir Claude; it brought back the lustre of the time they had outlived. It must have been the way she looked also at Mr. Perriam and Lord Eric; above all it contributed in Maisie's mind to a completer view of the Captain. Our young lady grasped this idea with a quick lifting of the heart; there was a stillness during which her mother flooded her with a wealth of support to the Captain's striking tribute. This stillness remained long enough unbroken to represent that Sir Claude too might literally be struggling again with the element that had originally upset him; so that Maisie quite hoped he would at least say something to show a recognition that she *could* be charming.

What he presently said was: "Are you putting up for the night?"

His wife hesitated. "Not here—I've come from Dover."

Over Maisie's head, at this, they still faced each other. "You spend the night there?"

"Yes—I brought some things. I went to the hotel and hastily arranged; then I caught the train that whisked me on here. You see what a day I've had of it."

The statement may surprise, but these were really as obliging if not as lucid words as, into her daughter's ears at least, Ida's lips had ever dropped; and there was a quick desire in the daughter that, for the hour, at any rate, they should duly be welcomed as a ground of intercourse. Certainly mamma had a charm which, when turned on, became a large explanation; and the only danger now in an impulse to applaud it would be that of appearing to signalize its rarity. Maisie, however, risked this peril in the geniality of an admission that Ida had indeed had a rush; and she invited Sir Claude to expose himself by agreeing with her that the rush had been even worse than theirs. He appeared to meet this appeal by saying with detachment enough: "You go back there to-night?"

"Oh, yes—there are plenty of trains." Again Sir Claude hesitated; it would have been hard to say if the child, between them, more connected or divided them. Then he brought out quietly: "It will be late for you to knock about. I'll see you over."

"You need n't trouble, thank you. I think you won't deny that I can help myself and that it is n't the first time in my dreadful life that I've somehow managed it." Save for this allusion to her dreadful life they talked there, Maisie noted, as if they were only rather superficial friends; a special effect that she had often wondered at before in the midst of what she supposed to be intimacies. This effect was augmented by the almost casual manner in which her ladyship went on: "I daresay I shall go abroad."

"From Dover, do you mean, straight?"

"How straight I can't say. I'm excessively ill." This, for a minute, struck Maisie as but a part of the conversation; at the end of which time she became aware that it ought to strike her—as it apparently did n't strike Sir Claude—as a part of something graver. It helped her to twist nearer. "Ill, mamma—really ill?"

She regretted her "really" as soon as she had spoken it; but there could n't be a better proof of her mother's present polish than that Ida showed no gleam of a temper to take it up. She had taken up at other times much finer things. She only pressed Maisie's head against her bosom and said: "Shockingly, my dear. I must go to that new place."

"What new place?" Sir Claude inquired.

Ida thought, but could n't recall it. "Oh, Thingumbob—where every one goes. I want some proper treatment. It's all I've ever asked for on earth. But that's not what I came to say."

Sir Claude, in silence, folded one by one his newspapers; then he rose and stood whacking the palm of his hand with the bundle. "You'll stop and dine with us?"

"Dear no—I can't dine at this sort of hour. I ordered dinner at Dover."

Her ladyship's tone in this one instance showed a

certain superiority to those conditions in which her daughter had artlessly found Folkestone a paradise. It was yet not so crushing as to nip in the bud the eagerness with which the latter broke out: "But won't you at least have a cup of tea?"

Ida kissed her again on the brow. "Thanks, love. I had tea before coming." She raised her eyes to Sir Claude. "She *is* sweet!" He made no more answer than if he did not agree; but Maisie was at ease about that and was still taken up with the joy of this happier pitch of their talk, which put more and more of a meaning into the Captain's version of her ladyship and literally kindled a conjecture that this admirer might, over there at the other place, be waiting for her to dine. Was the same conjecture in Sir Claude's mind? He partly puzzled her, if it had risen there, by the slight perversity with which he returned to a question that his wife evidently thought she had disposed of.

He whacked his hand again with his papers. "I had really much better take you."

"And leave Maisie here alone?"

Mamma so clearly did not want it that Maisie leaped at the vision of a Captain who had seen her on from Dover, and who, while he waited to take her back, would be hovering just at the same distance at which, in Kensington Gardens, the companion of his walk had herself hovered. Of course, however, instead of breathing any such guess she let Sir Claude reply; all the more that his reply could contribute so much to her own present grandeur. "She won't be alone when she has a maid in attendance."

Maisie had never before had so much of a retinue and she waited also to enjoy the effect of it on her ladyship. "You mean the woman you brought from town?" Ida considered. "The person at the house spoke of her in a way that scarcely made her out company for my child." She spoke as if her child had never wanted, in *her* hands, for prodigious company. But she as distinctly continued to decline Sir Claude's. "Do not be an old goose," she said charmingly. "Let us alone."

Before them, on the grass, he looked graver than Maisie at all now thought the occasion warranted. "I do not see why you can't say it before me."

His wife smoothed one of her daughter's curls. "Say what, dear?"

"Why, what you came to say."

At this Maisie at last interposed; she appealed to Sir Claude. "Do let her say it to me."

He looked hard for a moment at his little friend.

"How do you know what she may say?"

"She must risk it," Ida remarked.

"I only want to protect you," he continued to the child.

"You want to protect yourself—that's what you mean," his wife replied. "Do not be afraid. I won't touch you."

"She won't touch you—she *won't*!" Maisie declared. She felt by this time that she could really

answer for it, and something of the emotion with which she had listened to the Captain came back to her. It made her so happy and so secure that she could positively patronize mamma. She did so in the Captain's very language. "She's good, she's good!" she proclaimed.

"Oh, Lord!" Sir Claude, at this, ejaculated. He appeared to have emitted some sound of derision that was smothered, to Maisie's ears, by her being again embraced by his wife. Ida released her and held her off a little, looking at her with a very queer face. Then the child became aware that their companion had left them and that, from the face in question, a confirmatory remark had proceeded.

"I *am* good, love," said her ladyship.

XXI

A good deal of the rest of Ida's visit was devoted to explaining, as it were, so extraordinary a statement. This explanation was more copious than any she had yet indulged in, and as the summer twilight gathered and she kept her child in the garden she was conciliatory to a degree that let her need to arrange things a little perceptibly peep out. It was not merely that she explained; she almost conversed: all that was wanting to that was that she should have positively chattered a little less. It was really the occasion of Maisie's life on which her mother was to have had most to say to her. That alone was an implication of generosity and virtue, and no great stretch was required to make our young lady feel that she should best meet her and soonest have it over by simply seeming struck with the propriety of her contention. They sat together while the parent's gloved hand sometimes rested sociably on the child's and sometimes gave a corrective pull to a ribbon too meagre or a tress too thick; and Maisie was conscious of the effort to keep out of her eyes the wonder with which they were occasionally moved to blink. Oh, there would have been things to blink at if one had let one's self go; and it was lucky they were alone together, without Sir Claude or Mrs. Wix or even Mrs. Beale to catch an imprudent glance. Though profuse and prolonged, her ladyship was not exhaustively lucid, and her account of her situation, so far as it could be called descriptive, was a muddle of inconsequent things, bruised fruit of an occasion she had rather too lightly affronted. None of them were really thought out, and some were even not wholly insincere. It was as if she had asked outright what better proof could have been wanted of her goodness and her greatness than just this marvellous consent to give up what she had so cherished. It was as if she had said in so many words: "There have been things between us—between Sir Claude and me—which I need not go into, you little nuisance, because you would not understand them." It suited her to convey that Maisie had been kept, so far as *she* was concerned, or could

imagine, in a holy ignorance, and that she must take for granted a supreme simplicity. She turned this way and that in the predicament she had sought, and from which she could neither retreat with grace nor emerge with credit; she draped herself in the tatters of her impudence, postured to her utmost before the last little triangle of cracked glass to which so many fractures had reduced the polished plate of filial superstition. If neither Sir Claude nor Mrs. Wix was there, this was perhaps all the more a pity: the scene had a style of its own that would have qualified it for presentation, especially at such a moment as that of her letting it betray that she quite did think her wretched offspring better placed with Sir Claude than in her own soiled hands. There was at any rate nothing scant either in her admissions or her perversions, the mixture of her fear of what Maisie might undiscoverably think and of the support she at the same time gathered from a necessity of selfishness and a habit of brutality. This habit flushed through the merit she now made, in terms explicit, of not having come to Folkestone to kick up a vulgar row. She had not come to box any ears or to bang any doors, or even to use any language; she had come, at the worst, to lose the thread of her argument in an occasional dumb, disgusted twitch of the toggery in which Mrs. Beale's low domestic had had the impudence to serve up Miss Fange. She checked all criticism, not committing herself even as much as about those missing comforts of the school-room on which Mrs. Wix had presumed.

"I am good—I'm crazily, I'm criminally good. But it won't do for you any more, and if I've ceased to contend with him, and with you too, who have made most of the trouble between us, it's for reasons that you'll understand one of these days but too well—one of these days when I hope you'll know what it is to have lost a mother. I'm awfully ill, but you mustn't ask me anything about it. If I do n't get off somewhere my doctor won't answer for the consequences. He's stupefied at what I've borne—he says it has been put upon me because I was made to suffer. I'm thinking of South Africa, but that's none of your business. You must take your choice—you can't ask me questions if you're so ready to give me up. No, I won't tell you: you can find out for yourself. South Africa is wonderful, they say, and if I do go it must be to give it a fair trial. It must be either one thing or the other; if he takes you, you know, he takes you. I've struck my last blow for you; I can follow you no longer from pillar to post. I must live for myself at last—while there's still a handful left of me. I'm very very ill; I'm very very tired; I'm very very determined. There you have it. Make the most of it. Your frock is too filthy—but I came to sacrifice myself." Maisie looked at the peccant places; there were moments when it was a relief to her to drop her eyes even on anything so sordid. All her interviews, all her

ordeals with her mother had, as she had grown older, seemed to have, before any other, the hard quality of duration, but longer than any, strangely, were these minutes offered to her as so pacific and so agreeably winding up the connection. It was her anxiety that made them long, her fear of some hitch, some check of the current, one of her ladyship's famous quick jumps. She held her breath; she only wanted, by playing into her visitor's hands, to see the thing through. But her impatience itself made at instants the whole situation swim; there were things Ida said which she perhaps did n't hear, and there were things she heard that Ida perhaps did n't say. "You're all I have, and yet I'm capable of this. Your father wishes you were dead—that, my dear, is what your father wishes. You'll have to get used to it as I've done—I mean to his wishing that I'm dead. At all events you see for yourself how wonderful I am to Sir Claude. He wishes me dead quite as much; and I'm sure that if making me scenes about *you* could have killed me—!" It was the mark of Ida's eloquence that she started more hares than she followed, and she gave but a glance in the direction of this one; going on to say that the very proof of her treating her husband like an angel was that he had just stolen off not to be fairly shamed. She spoke as if he had retired on tiptoe as he might have withdrawn from a place of worship in which he was not fit to be present. "You'll never know what I've been through about you—never, never, never. I spare you everything, as I always have; though I daresay you know things that, if I did (I mean, if I knew you knew them), would make me—well, no matter! You're old enough at any rate to know there are a lot of things I do n't say that I easily might; though it would do me good, I assure you, to have spoken my mind for once in my life. I do n't speak of your father's infamous wife: that may give you a notion of the way I'm letting you off. When I say 'you' I mean your precious friends and backers. If you do n't do justice to my forbearing, out of delicacy, to mention, just as a last word, about your step-father, a little fact or two—of a kind that, really, I should only *have* to mention to shine, myself, in comparison, and after every calumny, like pure gold: if you do n't do me *that* justice, you'll never do me justice at all!"

Maisie's desire to show what justice she did her had by this time become so intense as to have brought with it an inspiration. The great effect of their encounter had been to confirm her sense of being launched with Sir Claude, to make it rich and full beyond anything she had dreamed, and everything now conspired to suggest that a single soft touch of her small hand would complete the good work and set her ladyship so promptly and majestically afloat as to leave the great sea-way clear for the morrow. This was the more the case as her hand had for some moments been rendered free by

a marked manœuvre of both of her mother's. One of these capricious members had fumbled with visible impatience in some backward mystery of the toilet, and had presently reappeared with a small object in its grasp. The act had a significance for a little person trained, in that relation, from an early age, to keep an eye on manual motions, and its possible bearing was not darkened by the memory of the handful of gold that Susan Ash would never, never believe Mrs. Beale had sent back—"not she; she's too false and too greedy!"—to the munificent Countess. To have guessed, none the less, that her ladyship's purse might confess an identity with the token extracted from the rustling covert of her rear—this suspicion gave, on the spot, to the child's eyes a direction carefully remote. It added moreover to the optimism that, for the hour, could ruffle the surface of her deep diplomacy, ruffle it to the point of making her forget that she had never been safe unless she had also been stupid. She in short forgot her habitual caution in her impulse to adopt her ladyship's practical interests and show her ladyship how perfectly she understood them. She saw, without looking, that her mother pressed a little clasp; heard, without wanting to, the sharp click that marked the closing of portemonnaie from which something had been taken. What this was she just did not see: it was not too substantial to be locked with ease in the fold of her ladyship's fingers. Nothing was less new to Maisie than the art of not thinking singly, so that at this instant she could both bring out what was on her tongue's end, and weigh, as to the object in her mother's palm, the question of its being a sovereign against the question of its being a shilling. No sooner had she begun to speak than she saw that, within a few seconds, this question would have been settled: she had foolishly arrested the rising word of the little speech of presentation to which, under the circumstances, even such a high pride as Ida's had had to give some thought. She had arrested it completely—that was the next thing she felt: the note she sounded brought into her companion's eyes a look that, quickly enough, seemed at variance with presentations.

"That was what the Captain said to me that day, mamma: I think it would have given you pleasure to hear the way he spoke of you."

The pleasure, Maisie could now in consternation reflect, would have been a long time coming if it had come no faster than the response evoked by her allusion to it. Her mother gave her one of the looks that slammed the door in her face: never, in a career of unsuccessful experiments, had Maisie had to take such a stare. It reminded her of the way that once, at one of the lectures in Glower Street, something in a big jar, that, amid an array of strange glasses and bad smells, had been promised as a beautiful yellow was produced as a beautiful black. She had been sorry on that occasion for the lecturer, but

she was at this moment sorrier for herself. Oh, nothing had ever made for twinges like mamma's manner of saying: "The Captain? What Captain?"

"Why, when we met you in the Gardens—the one who took me to sit with him. That was exactly what *he* said."

Ida met her so far as to appear for an instant to pick up a lost thread. "What on earth did he say?"

Maisie faltered supremely, but supremely she brought it out. "What *you* say, mamma. That you're so good."

"What 'I' say?" Ida slowly rose, keeping her eyes on her child, and the hand that had busied itself in her purse, conformed, at her side and amid the folds of her dress, to a certain stiffening of the arm. "I say you're a precious idiot, and I won't have you put words into my mouth!" This was much more peremptory than a mere contradiction: Maisie could only feel on the spot that everything had broken short off, and that their communication had abruptly ceased. That came out as Ida went on: "What business have you to speak to me of him?"

Her daughter turned scarlet. "I thought you liked him."

"Him—the biggest cad in London?" Her ladyship towered again, and in the gathered dusk the whites of her eyes were huge.

Maisie's own, however, could by this time pretty well match them; and she had at least now, with the first flare of anger that had ever yet lighted her face for a foe, the sense of looking up quite as hard as any one could look down. "Well, he was kind about you then; he *was*, and it made me like him. He said things—they were beautiful; they were, they were!" She was almost capable of the violence of forcing this home; for even in the midst of her surge of passion—of which, in fact, it was a part—there rose in her a fear, a pain, a vision ominous, precocious, of what it might mean for her mother's fate to have forfeited such a loyalty as that. There was literally an instant in which Maisie fully saw—saw madness and desolation, saw ruin and darkness and death. "I've thought of him often since, and I hoped it was with him—with him—" Here, in her emotion, it failed her, the breath of her filial hope.

But Ida got it out of her. "You hoped, you little horror—?"

"That it was he who's at Dover; that it was he who's to take you. I mean to South Africa," Maisie said with another drop.

Ida's stupefaction, on this, kept her silent unnaturally long; so long that her daughter could not only wonder what was coming, but perfectly measure the decline of every symptom of her liberality. She loomed there, in her grandeur, merely dark and dumb; her wrath was clearly still, as it had always

been, a thing of resource and variety. What Maisie least expected of it was, by this law, what now occurred: it melted, in the summer twilight, gradually into pity, and the pity, after a little, found a cadence to which the renewed click of her purse gave an accent. She had put back what she had taken out. "You're a dreadful, dismal, deplorable little thing," she murmured; and with this she turned her back and rustled away over the lawn.

After she had disappeared Maisie dropped upon the bench again and, for some time, in the empty garden and the deeper dusk, sat and stared at the image her flight had still left standing. It had ceased to be her mother only, in the strangest way, that it might become her father, the father of whose wish that she were dead the announcement still lingered in the air. It was a presence with vague edges—it continued to front her, to cover her; but what reality that she need reckon with did it represent if Mr. Farange were, on his side, also going off—going off to America with the Countess, or even only to Spa? That question had, from the house, a sudden gay answer in the great roar of a gong, and at the same moment she saw Sir Claude look out for her from the wide, lighted doorway. At this she went to him, and he came forward and met her on the lawn. For a minute she was there with him in silence, as, just before, at the last, she had been with her mother.

"She's gone?"

"She's gone."

Nothing more, for the instant, passed between them but to move together to the house, where, in the hall, he indulged in one of those sudden pleasantries with which, to the delight of his step-daughter, his native animation abounded. "Will Miss Farange do me the honour to accept my arm?"

There was nothing, in all her days, that Miss Farange had accepted with such bliss—a bright, rich element that floated them together to their feast; before they reached which, however, she uttered, in the spirit of a glad young lady taken in to her first dinner, a sociable word that made him stop short. "She goes to South Africa."

"To South Africa?" His face, for a moment, seemed to swing for a jump; the next it took its spring into the extreme of hilarity. "Is that what she said?"

"Oh yes, quite distinctly. For the climate."

Sir Claude was now looking at a young woman with black hair, a red frock, and a tiny terrier tucked under her elbow: she swept past them on her way to the dining-room, leaving an impression of a strong scent which mingled, amid the clatter of the place, with the hot aroma of food. He had become a little graver; he still stopped to talk. "I see—I see." Other people brushed by; he was not too grave to notice them. "Did she say anything else?"

"Oh yes—a lot more."

On this he met her eyes again with some intensity; but he only repeated, "I see—I see."

Maisie hesitated; then she brought out: "I thought she was going to give me something."

"What kind of a thing?"

"Some money that she took out of her purse and then put back."

Sir Claude's amusement reappeared. "She thought better of it? Dear thrifty soul! How much did she make by that manoeuvre?"

Maisie considered. "I did n't see. It was very small."

Sir Claude threw back his head. "Do you mean very little? Sixpence?"

Maisie resented this almost as much as if, at dinner, she were already bandying jokes with an agreeable neighbour. "It may have been a sovereign."

"Or even," Sir Claude suggested, "a ten-pound note." She flushed at this sudden picture of what she perhaps had lost, and he made it more vivid by adding: "Rolled up in a tight little ball, you know—her way of treating bank-notes as if they were curl-papers!" Maisie's flush deepened both with the immense plausibility of this, and with a fresh wave of the consciousness that was always there to remind her of his cleverness—the consciousness of how immeasurably more, after all, he knew about mamma than she. She had lived with her so many times without discovering the material of her curl-papers or assisting at any other of her dealings with bank-notes. The tight little ball had at any rate rolled away from her forever—quite like one of the other balls that Ida's cue used to send flying. Sir Claude gave her his arm again, and by the time she was seated at the table she had perfectly made up her mind as to the amount of the sum she had forfeited. Everything about her, however—the crowded room, the bedizened banquet, the savour of dishes, the drama of figures—ministered to the joy of life. After dinner she smoked with her friend—for that was exactly what she felt she did—on a porch, a kind of terrace, where the red tips of cigars and the light dresses of ladies made, under the happy stars, a poetry that was almost intoxicating. They talked but little, and she was slightly surprised at his asking for no more news of what her mother had said; but she had no need of talk, for it seemed to her that without it her sense of everything overflowed. They smoked and smoked, and there was a sweetness in her step-father's silence. At last he said: "Let us take another turn—but you must go to bed soon. Oh, you know, we're going to have a system!" Their turn was back into the garden, along the dusky paths from which they could see the black masts and the red lights of boats, and hear the calls and cries that evidently had to do with happy foreign travel; and their system was once more to get on beautifully in this further lounge without a definite exchange. Yet he finally spoke—he broke out as he tossed away the match from which he had taken a fresh light:

"I must go for a stroll; I'm in a fidget—I must walk it off." She fell in with this as she fell in with everything; on which he went on: "You go to Miss Ash"—it was the name they had started—"you must see she's not in mischief. Can you find your way alone?"

"Oh yes; I've been up and down seven times." She positively enjoyed the prospect of an eighth.

Still they did not separate; they stood smoking together under the stars. Then, at last, Sir Claude produced it. "I'm free—I'm free."

She looked up at him; it was the very spot on which, a couple of hours before, she had looked up at her mother. "You're free—you're free."

"To-morrow we go to France." He spoke as if he had not heard her; but it did not prevent her again concurring.

"To-morrow we go to France."

Again he appeared not to have heard her; and after a moment—it was an effect, evidently, of the depth of his reflections and the agitation of his soul—he also spoke as if he had not spoken before. "I'm free—I'm free."

She repeated her form of assent. "You're free—you're free."

This time he did hear her, and fixed her, through the darkness with a grave face. But he said nothing more; he simply stooped a little and drew her to him—he simply held her a little and kissed her good-night; after which, having given her a silent push upstairs to Miss Ash, he turned round again to the black masts and the red lights. Maisie ascended as if France were at the top.

(To be continued.)

SONNET ON THE SONNET ON THE SONNET

WHAT is the sonnet on the sonnet? Well,

It is a bit of verbal filigree,
A mass of metaphor and simile,

A little wooden poem made to sell.

What does the sonnet on the sonnet tell?

It murmurs of the murmurs of the sea,
Or buzzes of the buzzing of the bee,
Or tinkles of the tinkling of a bell.

Why is the sonnet on the sonnet writ?

Forsooth, he deems that he a boon confers
Who paints the lily or pure gold refines;
And so the writer glories in his wit,
And calls himself a poet; yet he errs:

He gives us only fourteen prosy lines.

CAROLYN WELLS.



REVIEWS

THE NELSON OF HISTORY

THE LIFE OF NELSON, THE EMBODIMENT OF THE SEA POWER OF GREAT BRITAIN.—By Captain A. T. Mahan, D.C.L., LL.D., United States Navy. In two volumes. Little, Brown & Co. \$8.00.

AS a part of Captain Mahan's well-known work on the *Influence of Sea Power on History*, his *Life of Nelson* hardly needs introduction or general discussion. The reading world is so well aware of the author's position as a historian, that it will be possible for us, taking much for granted, to comment merely on some special characteristics of the present work.

This book treats from another point of view one of the lines of action already developed by the author. Captain Mahan has already dealt with the influence of sea power on the French Revolution and Empire, showing how the French effort, after predominance upon the Continent, was continually checked by the sea power of Great Britain, and at last turned upon forces which were its ruin. In the history of that struggle there were two periods: the first, one of contention, or attempts at contention, on equal terms, beginning about 1792, so far as England was concerned, and ending in 1805 with the victory of Trafalgar; the second, the time of the "Continental System," when Napoleon ceased the effort to contend upon the sea, and endeavored, by the vast combinations that he could manipulate on the Continent, to out-manuever the English frigates and ships of the line. In the first period the great figure on the English side is Nelson: from St. Vincent to Trafalgar he was England's great admiral. Captain Mahan's previous treatment took the French, in the main, as chief actors; he now turns to the other side. He considers now the curbing, restraining power, and takes Nelson as its representative.

The plan has certain disadvantages. Let us add, at once, that it has certain advantages as well. In thinking of Nelson as the representative man of his nation and of a great world-influence, his figure gains in magnificence, and that very justly. It is largely through the cumulative effect of the careful historical study that has gone before, that the last chapter of the book is so emotionally powerful. Nelson, in his last hour on the quarter-deck of the "Victory," heading the main column of the English fleet into the concentric fire of the French line at Trafalgar, confident in the victory to come, and yet assured, it would seem, of his own approaching death, becomes one of the figures that remain in the mind. And this is due, not to any heightening of descriptive effect, nor to any magic of style, but merely to the appreciation of the great lines of cause and of consequence which centered in that one man at that hour.

Still, from the point of view of biography, there are disadvantages in regarding a man as the embodiment of Sea Power, or indeed as the embodiment of anything, except himself. There is in this case the temptation to think so much of Nelson as to neglect the Sea Power, and on the other hand, the temptation to think so much of the Sea Power as not to appreciate Nelson. Captain Mahan fully understands the latter of these dangers: "The man himself," he writes, "suffers from an association which merges his individuality in the splendor of his surroundings." And yet it seems to us that Captain Mahan has given way in some degree to both these difficulties. For instance, take the account of the events leading to the battle of the Nile; we hardly see how one can get, from this, only, the right idea. Certainly, the vital elements of the situation are by no means so clear as they are even in the few words of the author's first book on Sea Power, or in the more detailed account of the second. We have here, certainly, a more lively picture of Nelson, hot for the scent, chafing, doubling to and fro, straining in pursuit, but neither the great strategic lines, nor even the lesser tactical development of the battle, is made so clear as Captain Mahan made them when he was writing pure history, and not historical biography.

More important than this drawback, which is certainly not often apparent, is the other. Captain Mahan is so bent on regarding Nelson as the embodiment of the sea power of Great Britain that he is not naturally led to regard him as anything else. Hence his attitude on Nelson's relations with Lady Hamilton. He is not unjust to Lady Hamilton (beyond giving an unflattering picture of her), although he says no more in her favor than is necessary. He makes no attempt to exculpate Nelson,* and admits that his conduct cannot be defended. He gives a fair, honest account, so far as he goes. Yet we cannot think that Captain Mahan looks at the question with the eye of a biographer. What sort of man was it that had Nelson's keen feeling of honor, of duty to his country, and of faith in God, and yet could for years maintain relations not only with Lady Hamilton, but, stranger still, with Sir William Hamilton as well? Certainly, this is something of an enigma. To Sir Harris Nicholas the knot was so complicated that he tried to cut it. Captain Mahan notes the puzzle, and puts it aside to consider the troubled state of affairs between England and Denmark. And yet that man's soul for those years must have been a strange chaos that his admirers would gladly realize.

These points to one side, however, it is readily to be acknowledged that there are advantages in personifying so important a historical influence,—advantages to the imagination, and in many cases, doubtless, to the understanding as well. And of these advantages Captain Mahan has to a great de-

gree availed himself. Careful, painstaking, accurate, as he is, he has given us several examples of fine historic imagination based upon keen and wide-reaching thought. And, on the other hand, there can be no doubt that, following these twelve years of history, and looking at them always with Nelson's eyes, we have a more active realization of them than by the treatment of pure history. After all, Captain Mahan is a historian; to him Nelson must be the Nelson of history; it is the situation that gives the greatest interest to the man.

There is still another topic which Captain Mahan, no doubt, has already in mind. He has now handled from either side the struggle between the English and the French for naval supremacy. He has also, in a more cursory way, dealt with the "Continental System." There is possible now a study of the years between 1805 and 1815 from another point of view, the point of view of the neutral. We presume that Captain Mahan has in mind a more detailed discussion of the events which led up to the War of 1812. It was in that war that the navy of the United States reached its point of highest distinction: it would be natural that a series of volumes which has done so much to arouse fresh interest in our navy of the present should find here a suitable close.

For this point is not to be forgotten—Captain Mahan is a historian, but he is also a citizen of our country and an officer in her navy. In writing, therefore, on the Influence of Sea Power on History he is never wholly un mindful of the influence of sea power at the present day. On many readers his books have been an immense pamphlet in favor of the increase of our navy. And it is probably right that this should be so; certainly, it is one of the great privileges of the historian, if he find a chance, to guide the course of the future by the experience of the past. It is to be hoped that all such thinking will proceed with due regard to the limitations which necessarily modify the argument from analogy. But we can hardly think of an analogy more likely to unsettle the judgment, through the excitement of enthusiastic emulation, than the life and victories of England's greatest naval commander.

A CONSIDERABLE NOVEL

THE LANDLORD AT LION'S HEAD.—By William Dean Howells. 8vo. Harper & Brothers. \$1.50.

IF this is not one of Mr. Howells's considerable novels, it is none the less a considerable novel. Those who admire the author's work will find in it that minute knowledge of many matters generally unobserved which characterizes his writing, that accurate attention to detail which gives his stories such an appearance of likelihood, and that broad grasp of our national life which makes him the foremost of American writers. Those, on the other hand,

* Save, silently, by giving a portrait of Lady Nelson.

who hold no patience for pictures of life as it is, but clamor for revolt, romanticism, and regardlessness in literature, will doubtless scoff at all the virtues of the book, and find time to complain of the rugosities of the author's style. But *The Landlord at Lion's Head* will remain an admirable picture of contemporaneous men, women, and manners on one side, and a clear-cut statement of an important problem yet to be solved on the other.

This problem, as in others of Mr. Howells's novels, is a sociological one; but it is no longer dragged into the foreground of the story for readers to gaze upon perforce, as Anthony once forced the Romans to look upon Cæsar. Returning to an earlier method, the author teaches here by indirection. His hero is as little heroic as the men in *Vanity Fair*, and so serves, we take it, as an archetype for nearly everything that makes life in America less worth living. Jeff Durgin is the youngest child of a consumptive father and ambitious mother, herself possessed of the inn-keeping instinct. The father and all the other children, except one, pass away from the austere New England farm, leaving the mother to convert the little house on the mountain-side into a summer hotel. Success attends her striving, and the family fortunes, thus augmented, enable her to send Jeff to Harvard College.

We have had many a novel and essay on the virtues of a college course, and now and then something regarding its viciousness. It has been reserved for Mr. Howells to depict a career which makes a collegiate training altogether unimportant. Jeff is entered at Cambridge—and drifts. He is a countryman; he remains a "jay." It is not his fault, and hardly his misfortune. A certain self-containment, not to be imputed for unrighteousness, gives him the manner which determines his social status. He merely exemplifies his own view of the "sorry scheme of things entire," of which he says: "I see that most things in this world are not thought about, and not intended. They happen, just as much as the other things that we call accidents." Jeff's attitude, therefore, is one of expectancy. He holds his life subject to revision in the light of its next chance experience, but always with a notion, not necessarily defined, of what he wishes it to be. He is creedless, negatively irreligious, unmoral as a pagan. He philosophizes thus: "Prosperity and adversity, they've got nothing to do with conduct. If you're a strong man, you get there; and if you're a weak man, all the righteousness in the world won't help you. . . . I shall be blessed if I look out for myself; and if I do n't, I shall suffer for my want of foresight. But I sha'n't suffer for anything else."

Men of this stamp do not suffer—they make opportunities for the suffering of others. Jeff Durgin is no exception. Cynthia Whitwell, the little girl who spurs him to his first ambition, is betrothed to him. He sets her aside in a way that makes you despise him the more, because of his honesty in

it. He permits the attractiveness of Bessie Lynde, a Boston society girl, to lead him away from Cynthia; yet he insults Bessie, crassly and heavily, and is deservedly chastised therefor by her drunken brother. He forces his mother to forego her dream of seeing him at the bar, and ends his career as the landlord at Lion's Head, — which he was bound to be, Harvard or no Harvard.

Those whose views of social questions coincide with Mr. Howells's will find in the type of modern man presented by Jeff Durgin a sufficient lesson. They will take further delight in many a slight but palpable hit, as when it is written: "Society had just been stirred by the reading of a certain book which had then a very great vogue; and several people had been down among the wretched at the North End, doing good, in a conscience-stricken effort to avert the millennium, which the book in question seemed to threaten." So, too, runs one of the observations of Whitwell, the rural philosopher of the story: "When a man's mindin' his own business, any government's good, I guess."

Westover, a Western country boy with a strong artistic bent, who finally settles in Boston, is drawn with a life history so like his creator's that his sentiments seem to have a certain autobiographical value — as when he says of himself and his work: "I went to Milwaukee first, and they made me think I was somebody. Then I came on to New York, and they made me think I was nobody. I had to go to Europe to find out who I was; but after I had been there long enough, I did n't care to know. What I was trying to do was the important thing to me; not the fellow who was trying to do it."

All the characters indeed stand out with the distinctness to which Mr. Howells has accustomed us. There is, throughout the book, that delicious little knowledge of femininity Mr. Howells possesses to the despair of his contemporaries; and the narrative is flavored, wherever it can ring true, with sympathetic humor, sometimes of Yankee grinnishness. Taken as a whole, *The Landlord at Lion's Head* has added another to a long list of successes, and given us a story of life which deserves to be treasured by the American people.

OUTDOOR BOOKS

THE PROCESSION OF THE FLOWERS, AND KINDRED PAPERS. — By Thomas Wentworth Higginson. 16mo. Longmans, Green & Co. \$1.25.

NATURE IN A CITY YARD. — By Charles M. Skinner. 16mo. The Century Co. \$1.00.

A LOVER of nature is not to be deprived, not easily at all events, of his chlorophyll, his whiff of perfume, his smack of honey-dew, even when the most obdurate adverse circumstances close around him; nor is he to be prevented by any power, above or below,

from writing his book. We are glad that it is so; for Theocritus, and Virgil, and White of Selborne, and Izaak Walton are imperishable delights—not to mention "Picciola"—and so, likewise, are Thoreau and Emerson. We may add *The Procession of the Flowers*, by Col. T. W. Higginson, and *Nature in a City Yard*, by Mr. Charles M. Skinner, to the roll of honor holding the titles of thoroughly engaging out-door books.

Colonel Higginson's chapters are written in the open country, where breathing is free and space need not be economized, while Mr. Skinner conducts his literary campaign against great odds in a Brooklyn back-yard, just eighteen feet by fifty. Surely here are the opposite extremes, as regards point of view and base of supply. But who shall say that opportunity ever hinders or helps a true artist? Genius lays its finger beside its nose and makes eyes at Fate, well knowing that somehow the best will come to hand. And there must be genius, of some sort, when descriptive writing is to be kept within hailing distance of scientific accuracy, and yet made poetically charming. Colonel Higginson's book, this being a new edition, is already known to many readers; but it deserves universal welcome. It has just the freshness that cannot diminish, and we might add cannot increase, with the lapse of time. It is like going a-fishing, or playing at botany in a spring-time wood on the outskirts of a village, to read his pages.

Mr. Skinner, if he does here and there work his little field a trifle hard, stands up courageously for what Montaigne had in mind when he said: "Il s'iscent assez véritablement et utilement, s'ils discent ingénieusement," and he conquers, taking his reader into abject back-yard captivity for as long as the book lasts. He is a philosopher without a philosophy, and his eyes see, his ears hear, his nostrils inhale, while his imagination, kept well in hand, falls upon things just at the fortunate moment.

Given a bicycle and these two books, and a smooth road leading into the green country, what a mid-May day of delight one could have! Even a professional reviewer might take a hillside nap, with the volumes for a pillow, while an oriole sang overhead and claytonias bloomed around. At all events, there is refreshment in what one catches from the tempered enthusiasm of writings like these; so that there is no shock when Mr. Skinner observes that "The Greeks had little to say about Nature." It is a slip. The Greeks had everything to say about Nature; but they spoke dramatically, rarely giving descriptions. In a sentence, often with a single word, they projected Nature absolutely. We mean no disparagement when we inquire whether any page of Colonel Higginson's or Mr. Skinner's delightful descriptive work gives as haunting an impression of Spring as the *χλωρόν φυτόν* of the Sicilian poet, or the *ἀνέπυρροια εὐαρεσά ὄρνις* of another tuneful Greek. Indeed, Mr. Francis T. Palgrave, in

his delightful book, *Landscape in Poetry*, just issued, has shown a pleasing scholarship in citing many fine passages of purely descriptive nature—sketches from ancient Greek verse. This love of Nature, when it fills a writer's pages and overbriums them, as in the two books now in hand, no matter how lyrical its expression may be, or how philosophical its spirit, generates a very subtle magnetism, and we read with a smile, as if flowers opened in the words and fragrance came out of the phrases. It fills a library with a wholesome freshness to have such books scattered around; they are disinfectant.

THE POMP OF MR. PARKER

THE POMP OF THE LAVIETTES.—By Gilbert Parker.
16mo. Lamson, Wolfe & Co. \$1.50.

AMONG the crowd of eager endeavorers, it is pleasant to meet with somebody who has arrived; who can be counted on to tell his story with a sure touch and plenty of color. It is as a kind of holiday spectator, personally conducted by the author, that one visits the strange and mimic town of Bonaventure. Instantly one is caught in the rapid current of its noisy, chattering, cheating, easy-going flood, with its side eddies of feasts and fights, its fierce valors, and its contented cowardice, and borne along to its quick close, ending nowhere—all to the stirring sound of the "pom-pom of the Lavilette." Everything is brisk, picturesque, patent. Everybody has his little pose, and plays his conscious part in the chorus, from Baby, the bridge-tender, gossiping with the fat and meal-incrusted Gatineau, to "Nic" Lavilette, planning a toy rebellion against the Widow across the water. The women are warm-blooded and clever-headed, and love, and hate, and kill with a real intuitive fervor of conviction. Like the women of Thomas Hardy, they charm, but do not console. They are women for youth, not for age, though suffering finds the mother-touch in one. A cheerful unmorality pervades the tale, and nobody is painfully good. Life in Bonaventure is a lively hand-to-mouth affair, with little time for studies of the conscience—and then, is there not always the priest?

The prominent figure in the canvas is not a Lavilette at all, but the Hon. Tom Errol, a handsome invalid, belonging to the army of the fascinating scamp who lies, and loves, and borrows, and rides away, only to repeat the process to-morrow with the astonishing ease of a prestidigitateur. Authors know the secret of the trick, and readers remain willing fools. Beside the Macaire of Stevenson, Tom Errol is rather a sawdusty sinner. The most convincing thing that occurs to him is that horrid hour when, things tangible having slipped almost away, he sees, as in a fast-dimming mirror, and feels for one robustly moral moment the meanness of his gentility, the bubble-like character

of his boasted honor, and the emptiness of the thing he calls his soul.

The world of men is too large and too scantily sounded and charted for one to demand that all a writer's characters shall be typical,—shall be entirely related to a yet unstated whole,—but it is expected that they be consistent with themselves. It is inconceivable that a man whose chiefest virtue was his British loyalty should die madly shooting down his own kin in defense of a quite unworthy Frenchman, though a brother-in-law.

Big blue-eyed Magon, set in his fruitful fields, behind his plodding horses, and Vanne Castine, with his brown bear dancing, half-hypnotized, to his weird song, are perhaps the only real men in the town, and yet the women care not a rap for them. The book has many pages of rushing description, enjoyed more keenly in a second reading.

Unpleasant and dangerous folk to live with, these Lavillettes, but most stimulating to hear of. Their history is not a great nor a wise one, but it is stirring. Those who lack interest in it, and prefer M. Bourget and the anatomists of melancholy, should pass on to another slope of Parnassus. Mr. Parker's tent will have plenty of visitors, welcome and unafraid. The wreath is ever made anew and anew for the true story-teller.

GILDING THE GOSPEL

PAUL, A HERALD OF THE CROSS.—By F. M. Kingsley. 8vo. Henry Altenuy. \$1.50.

IT seems useless to urge that the Acts of the Apostles is itself a work of the highest literary merit, when books like these can be read without discovering the paltry quality of the padding by which the actual words of the Bible are expanded into any number of thickish volumes. Of Mrs. Kingsley's patience and devotion in setting about her task, there can be no doubt. If the Divine Word must be sugar-coated and served in pillules, she is as fit to do the work as any one, and more conscientious than most. But why do it at all?

The only reasonable answer is to be found in the stupendous sales. Of this author's first work, *Titus, a Comrade of the Cross*, more than a million copies have been sold; of her second, *Stephen, a Soldier of the Cross*, more than ten thousand, while the first edition of this present volume was exhausted on the day of publication. What is to be done in the face of such figures? All these tales are founded upon the New Testament narrative; each gilds the gospel and paints the apostles—and, evidently, the people like it. But then, it may be remembered, they liked *Ben Hur*, even to the extent of naming a secret society and a brand of bicycles from it.



SOME SHOPWORN GOODS

A STORY-TELLER'S PACK.—By Frank R. Stockton. 12mo. Illustrated. Charles Scribner's Sons. \$1.50.

IT is now about twenty-seven years since Mr. Frank R. Stockton published his first book. Thirty volumes have followed it. These have made Mr. Stockton variously known as a heaven-born teller of fairy tales; an ingenious manipulator of "conundrum-stories"; a novelist of respectable gifts and attainments; and an industrious mechanic, thrifflily anxious to utilize his coal-dust, and drive a good bargain for his scrap-heap. It is Stockton the mechanic who is most in evidence in this collection of stories and sketches.

Three of the tales are worth while. The defective seven are characteristic, when nothing more. They abound in Stocktonisms. Some of them might have been redeemed to absolute merit had the creator been more of an artist or less of an artisan. Sometimes his invention flags; but perhaps the author of thirty books has earned immunity from reproach on that score! Frequently his machinery creaks; for, though Mr. Stockton has won honor by such *tours de force*, it is not always easy to apply the methods of the fairy tale to the citizens of Goshen Corner, to show possible persons in impossible positions. Occasionally (notably in stories that are told in the first person), Mr. Stockton willfully dispenses with that air of serious belief which alone makes tolerable a situation like that of *One Woman to Another*. It is easier to overlook these things than it is to pardon the constant recurrence under various labels of the Stockton types.

Here they all are: The hen-minded woman who has but one idea at a time, and pursues it through the mazes of sentences two hundred words long; the epicene youth with a fantastic hobby; the mild old man who so suggests a good grandmotherly cow. One escapes them in *The Magic Egg*, wherein the heroine, though ominously fluent, is not possessed of a devil; in *My Well, and What Came Out of It*, a delightful scene from the comedy of country life; and in *The Bishop's Ghost and the Printer's Baby*, a sketch that has much of the idyllic quality, and boasts a climax that is a stroke of genius.

It is due Mr. Stockton to say that, though often dull, he is depressing only in *Stephen Skarridge's Christmas*, a laborious burlesque of the Dickens style of holiday story. Originally published in the old *Scribner's Magazine*, doubtless acceptable to the public of its day, it may serve now to point the moral that humor of a certain order is curiously short-lived. Fashions change, in literature as in dress. Superior conceptions alone survive, and to urge the others, after their day is over, is sheer waste of energy. Mr. Stockton is not well-advised when he offers his remnants and misfits.

A PLEASANT REPRINT

SEVENTEENTH-CENTURY STUDIES.—By Edmund Gosse.
8vo. Dodd, Mead & Co. \$1.50.

MR. GOSSE has prefixed to this, the third edition of his *Seventeenth-Century Studies*, a little nineteenth-century study of which the book itself is the subject. After the interval of more than thirteen years, making allowances for certain youthful enthusiasms, adolescent dogmatisms, and what he calls "juvenile preciousness of manner," he decides it is, after all, a pretty good sort of book. We are glad to find so distinguished a critic in substantial agreement with us on this point.

Reading the work afresh brings before the mind its classical quality. The discoveries it contains in regard to the poets and dramatists of the post-Elizabethan and earlier Restoration periods none of them go back more than twenty-five years. Yet, difficult as imbedded errors in biographies are to correct, the changes and additions made by our author have everywhere been formally adopted. So true is this, that, in certain of these matters, Etherege's career as a diplomatist, for example, it is difficult to believe that we have been in possession of the facts so short a time.

Mr. Gosse's *Critical Kit-Kats*, carried back two centuries to exclude its autobiographical element, will sufficiently indicate to those unfamiliar with *Seventeenth-Century Studies* the scope and charm of the earlier work. It is a pleasure to feel that the success of the former is responsible for this new edition at just this time.

FIRST EDITIONS

AMERICAN AUTHORS, 1795-1895. A BIBLIOGRAPHY OF FIRST AND NOTABLE EDITIONS, CHRONOLOGICALLY ARRANGED, WITH NOTES.—By P. K. Foley. With an introduction by Walter Leon Sawyer. Printed for subscribers only.

IT is not unlikely that Mr. P. K. Foley accomplished in his bibliography of American first editions all that he set himself to do. It may be doubted, however, if his task was characterized by either virtues or importance. Mr. Foley definitely limited himself to writers of the century from 1795 to 1895, and carefully excluded religious, political, and scientific works. On the other hand, he has given an exhausting list of writers, many of whom not even a generous and uncritical mind could include as literary. In truth, Mr. Foley is covering ground which has already been gone over several times, and instead of adding to the material anything of interest or advantage, he has deliberately done away with nearly everything which would have served as the excuse for a new edition. Had he increased the information about the editions, or given more recent data than other

publications of the sort, his bibliography might have been of some service to the collector and librarian. He has, however, omitted the names of the publishers, which are, in many cases, a great aid to the identification of old editions. Besides this, he has omitted innumerable writers whose work, if largely religious or political, yet forms an important part of our national literature,—H. H. Bancroft, Henry Ward Beecher, James Freeman Clarke, George Ticknor Curtis, Charles A. Dana, Timothy Dwight, William Lloyd Garrison, Horace Greeley, Grace Greenwood, Edward Everett Hale, Alexander Hamilton, Thomas Jefferson, Henry Cabot Lodge, and Samuel Longfellow. These are certainly names which should be included in an exhaustive bibliography where space is given to Jane G. Austin, John Kendrick Bangs, C. F. Briggs, R. J. Burdette, Madison Cawein, Ignatius Donnelly, Maurice Francis Egan, Paul Leicester Ford, Constance Cary Harrison, and others. We cannot help feeling that Mr. Foley's work is but half done, or if already completed, far from satisfactory.

Mr. Walter Sawyer's introduction is very pleasant, rambling, and continuously irrelevant, as is the fashion for essays on the joys of book-collecting.

AT RAILROAD SPEED

THE GREAT K. & A. TRAIN ROBBERY.—By Paul Leicester Ford. 16mo. Dodd, Mead & Co. \$1.25.

THE *Great K. & A. Train Robbery* is an amusing and at times exciting story. It is clearly a hasty and unimportant piece of work, and in no sense literary: yet the book is all it pretends to be, and can be commended for the speed of its action.

The story tells of the holding up of a mail agent, and the stealing of three letters containing important proxies for a Western railway election. The highwaymen are none other than a director of the road, and his sons and friends. The robbers are speedily discovered, and there is a fair chance of the story's ending when the captor's sympathy is won by the daughter of the director, and from that time on the chief concern of everybody is to keep the letters from reaching their destination until too late to be of service in the election. The opposition has local courts and cowboys on its side, as against United States cavalry and a railway superintendent. In the end the election goes off as it should,—the hero marries the heroine, the villain is confounded, and the event is thoroughly to one's taste.

One can hardly say that Mr. Ford has done much toward the improvement of his reputation by this volume; but it is unpretentious enough not to count against him. And, after all, it is amusing reading, which, so far as the great public is concerned, is more than can be said for many works of real position in literature.

WELL-GROOMED FICTION

THE MERRY MAID OF ARCADY, AND OTHER STORIES.

—By Mrs. Burton Harrison. 16mo. Lamson, Wolfe & Co. \$1.50.

WITHIN somewhat stringent limits, Mrs. Harrison has a neat talent for the telling of well-groomed fiction, and a considerable value as a historian of our own times. Her obtrusive merit is accuracy in the setting of her tales. Of persons of quality, and the ritual of their daily life, she writes *ex cathedra*. Nowhere is information concerning the habits and conversation of women of fashion more available than here, and the volume is an unwitting manual of etiquette. Mrs. Harrison's observations are not pervaded with a very robust sense of humor, yet her criticisms on New York "society" are sufficiently keen. She confirms the impression that rudeness is now more a fashion than a failing.

As for the stories themselves, nothing can be more unfailingly delightful than a contrast between the fading aristocracy of the South and the flamboyant plutocracy of New York, or the triumph of a young and beautiful private secretary in the capture of the most eligible man of the season. Such themes, really charming, are usually spoiled by mawkishness. Mrs. Harrison, in their relation, is surprisingly simple and well-bred, and very little sentimental. To this end she has restrained a very lively enthusiasm for Maryland and Virginia.

When she attempts anything deeper, more mysterious, or more comic than these simple tales, Mrs. Harrison is awkward. But the classic themes she embellishes with a delightful upholstery, and her style is serviceable and somewhat furbished and up to date.

Mr. Smedley's pictures are notably unsympathetic, and his people most unfashionable.

LYRICS

LYRICS.—By John B. Tabb. 12mo. Copeland & Day. \$1.00.

IT is to be noted with praise that the poems now before us show the same candor of conviction and deep religious sense as have ever informed Father Tabb's work. If anything, he has gained in his ability to indicate profound emotions in fields not solely religious. But he has lost in Catholicism, using the word in both its meanings. He has nothing in this volume as broad as the quatrain to Milton, and no sonnet with half the charm of *The Portrait*. In one he was singing a Puritan poet and his Puritan poem; in the other, the beautifully poetic belief of Rome in an angel-guardian. Why he should now deny himself either field is inexplicable.



PRIZE STORIES OF MYSTERY

SONS AND FATHERS.—By Harry Stillwell Edwards. 8vo. Rand, McNally & Co. \$1.00.

THE MILL OF SILENCE.—By B. E. J. Capes. *Ut sup.*UNDER THREE FLAGS.—By B. L. Taylor and A. T. Thoburn. *Ut sup.*

NO incident of recent years so exemplifies the stately march of civilization as the appearance of these three stories. Anciently, men used to write things that no one wanted—*Paradise Lost*, for example—and ten pounds sterling was as much as could be had; now they have only to fill an order for 150,000 words, or thereabouts, of mystification, and lo! the *Chicago Record* pays them \$10,000, \$3,000, or \$1,500, as the case may be, cash in hand—and the glowing facts are set forth on the back of each title-page, that he who wheels may read. To-day, *Paradise Lost* serves merely as an exercise whereon some teacher whets his pupils' wits; while herds of citizens postpone their customary conversation about the badness of the weather and the aldermen to discuss the mysteriousness of these mysteries.

From such a monument, so erected, and at such expense, some rules for the governance of future mystery-mongers should and shall be educed. First, the formula as here disclosed may be briefly set forth, thus:

CHAPTER THE FIRST.

Who killed Cock Robin?

ALL INTERVENING CHAPTERS.

Words enough to make a total of, about, 150,000.

CHAPTER THE LAST.

"I," said the Sparrow,

"With my bow and arrow,

I killed Cock Robin."

Secondly, it appears to be necessary to go to some author of established reputation to obtain a suitable title for the story. In these particular cases Tolstoi, Sudermann, and De la Ramée have been laid under contribution. In constructive detail, however, there is not the same agreement; though the deductions are no less valuable. Mr. Edwards, who has published some charming short stories, takes several others—not before published, and not necessarily charming—and joins them in an urbane imitation of the log-cabin pattern. Mr. Capes prefers melodrama as a garment, and when its texture grows tenuous, patches it, now with terrors, now with love. Messrs. Taylor and Thoburn, being newspaper-men, write a "good newspaper story" in a superior, New England article of journalese, and are content. All manifest the highest regard for probabilities—an esteem so exalted in-

deed as to exclude them from their works, setting bare possibilities to do their duty instead.

All of which makes us wonder what will be the literary result of the yearly Alfred Nobel prizes, each valued at \$60,000, also cash in hand.

THE DOMINANT NOTE

THE DOMINANT NOTE, AND OTHER STORIES.—By Mrs. W. K. Clifford. 12mo. Dodd, Mead & Co. \$1.00.

MRS. CLIFFORD'S initial story will be admired for more reasons than one: in brilliancy of suggestion and delicacy of finish it is a distinct advance upon much of her other work; and it is quite free from the morbidity which has hitherto threatened to obscure the real purpose of this gifted writer. "The dominant note" is struck and held by womankind, of course—men assemble in an out-of-the-way country nook for the avowed purpose of being rid of feminine complications, and the party, for all its misogyny, is disrupted prematurely by a woman's whim, after every member of it has been made ridiculous over some girl or another. The simplicity of the conception is one charm, the fact that it is sparkling satire without perpetual preachings from the gospel of disillusion is another.

The same qualities are to be found in more sophisticated form in *Julie*, the closing story of the book. The tales intervening may be said to present a *résumé* of the author's literary methods. *The Woman and the Philistine*, for example, is a leaf or two from *Love Letters of a Worldly Woman*, more scathing and bitter than they; the others find counterparts in *Last Touches*. None of them lacks that final polish which is the best proof of Mrs. Clifford's dexterity of workmanship.

FOR DOCTORS' WAITING-ROOMS

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MESSRS. CHARLES SCRIBNER'S SONS have just issued the first series of *Life's Comedy*, and a very agreeable collection it makes. It is an ideal volume for the waiting-rooms of doctors and dentists, whose magazines are invariably so antiquated, and so unsuited to the patients' desires. The jests are—many of them—very good, and the pictures give a renewed assurance of the excellence of American drawing and the charm of American models. Mr. Gibson has some excellent examples, and Mr. Wenzell, although his ladies are so often Hebraic, has some exceptionally good pictures. Scattered through the book are light decorative sketches by the late Charles Howard Johnson, which, in their way, are as delicate and pleasing as anything in the book.

BOOKS RECEIVED

- A STORY-TELLER'S PACK.—By Frank R. Stockton. 12mo. Charles Scribner's Sons. \$1.50.
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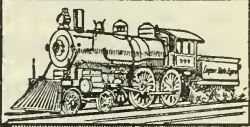
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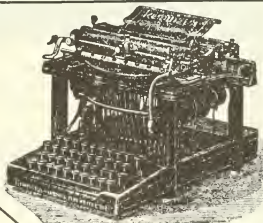
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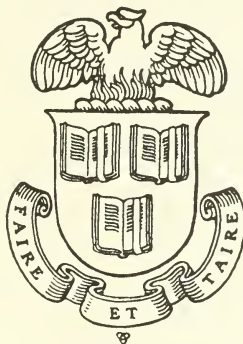
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BOOKS RECEIVED

ANNOUNCEMENTS

Bookman's style. These singular bonds of sympathy, it is easily understood, made the Professor and his assistant feel like men and brothers towards this lucky third individual. Coming across an article he had written in the *British Weekly* of June 22, 1893, what more natural than that they should make extracts from it and pass them off as their own—in a purely fraternal spirit, and simply as a visible token of their communion of style and intellect? They did so, and who shall blame them? Not we, certainly. The *New York Evening Post* says something about plagiarism and theft. But the readers of *THE CHAP-BOOK*, unless we are very much mistaken, will find nothing but brotherly devotion and deference in the following parallel columns:—

British Weekly, June 22, *The Bookman*, January, 1893. 1897.

The test of the great artist is his power to deal with quiet life in the sober daylight. It may be unfair to say that Mr. Kipling is at home only in one dirty corner of India; that when he turns his lantern on a virtue, he makes respectfully off; and that his only hero so far is the devil. But it is true that in his hotly glowing pictures we find no deep sympathy with humanity, no intelligence of obscure virtue and endurance, no ear for the clash of spiritual armies. Mr. Kipling has unbounded faith in dynamite, none in heaven.

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With still life Mr. Kipling can do nothing. He cannot work without the electric light. He has nothing of the calm copiousness of the masters. Always afraid of losing the attention of his readers, he never dares to be quiet. That he sensitively appreciates the use of words is undeniable. We should almost say that he is as great a master of invective in English as Lamennais was in French. But he cannot tread softly the paths that lead up to the inner chamber of the mind, for he does not know them. Nor does he ever stand behind his effects. In the highest style of power the personality sinks and fades; Mr. Kipling signs his stories, top and bottom, and all through. There is an unending

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NOTES



E owe *The Bookman* an apology. When we commented rather severely on the criticism of Mr. Rudyard Kipling which appeared in its January issue, we took it for granted that Professor Peck or his assistant was responsible for it. It never occurred to us that there were three people living in this world who could misunderstand Mr. Kipling so completely. We were entirely mistaken. There are. Not only that, there is a third person who can write in *The*

ing sparkle and crackle through Mr. Kipling's pages; Scott's great passages rise from the level as noiselessly as a mountain.

Mr. Kipling's poetry, which is some ways more remarkable even than his prose, bears out this view. . . . But without sincerity, tenderness, and self-control, the great effects of the poet cannot be produced. Mr. Kipling amazes us often by his strength and brilliance; some of the snatches prefixed to his stories seem to put him at the head of living singers; and yet we stand in doubt. He never did anything more damaging to his own reputation than his conveyance of some verses, written for a wholly different purpose, to make part of a tribute to his brother-in-law. He is loud, but is he sincere? He makes a hit occasionally, but never without making many misses. It is, on the whole, brass-band poetry—exciting, but hard, noisy, and tiresome.

If we have not been able to think so highly as some of what Mr. Kipling has written, it is not because we underestimate his powers. There is no man living who has shown himself possessed of more various and splendid force. There is always hope for a morning of high passion; and Mr. Kipling may do anything if he finds at last that romance does not vanish when the air is mild and clear, and the colour of life is low. As yet he gives the impression of one who has not yet found himself; who is feeling for the spring which, when touched, will disclose the hidden secret of his nature. Our hope for his art is that he may enter the open gate of that region where men learn to think truly of Conscience, Humility, and Death.

The article in the *British Weekly* from which these extracts are made is three columns in length,—too long, unfortunately, to print in full. Our readers must therefore take our word for the exquisite art with which the Professor and his assistant have selected their passages and joined them together. One notices in the above extracts a certain tampering with the holy original—a comma inserted here, a semicolon dropped there; but, on the whole, the performance may be considered unique as an instance of fraternal fidelity. So far it was thoroughly artistic, a most workmanlike job. The mistakes began when one of the editors of *The Bookman* commenced dancing round New York, buttonholing his acquaintances, and not allowing them to escape

and crackle through his pages. Sir Walter Scott's great passages rise from the level as noiselessly as a mountain.

Mr. Kipling's poetry, which is in some ways more remarkable even than his prose, bears out this view. Without sincerity, tenderness, and self-control, the great effects of the poet cannot be produced. Mr. Kipling amazes us often by his strength and brilliance. Some of the snatches prefixed to his stories seem to put him at the head of living singers, and yet we stand in doubt. He never did anything more damaging to his own reputation than his conveyance of some verses, written for a wholly different purpose, to make part of a tribute to his brother-in-law. He is loud, but is he sincere? He makes a hit occasionally, but never without making many misses. It is, on the whole, brass-band poetry—exciting, but hard, noisy, and tiresome.

In venturing upon these criticisms we would hasten to add that we do not underestimate his powers; there is no man living who has shown himself possessed of more varied and splendid force. There is always hope for a morning of high passion, and Mr. Kipling may do anything if he finds at last that romance does not vanish when the air is mild and clear, and the colour of life is low. As yet he gives the impression of one who has not yet found himself, who is feeling for the spring which, when touched, will disclose the hidden secret of his nature. Our hope for his art is that he may enter the open gate of that region where men learn to think truly of conscience, humility, and death.

till he had read out the entire criticism and received their congratulations on having at length plumed Mr. Kipling to the bottom. That was clumsy. Parenthetically, one wonders if there were no younger fowl from whom he could have borrowed some plumage. A four-year-old bird, and a weedy one at that, ought to be past plucking. But it was clumsy still when the following paragraph was permitted to appear two months later in *The Bookman*: "In the January number of this magazine we pointed out what appeared to us to be certain limitations in Mr. Kipling's poetry, and at once a swarm of chuckle-headed persons arose to declare that we had obviously 'a spite against Kipling.' These perfluvial individuals should turn back to *The Bookman* for December, 1895, and see what was there said about Mr. Kipling's poetical gifts. In fact, at a time when most of the present adorers of Kipling were puzzling over the question whether or not he was to be taken seriously as a poet, we put on record our enthusiastic admiration of his splendid and stirring lyrical power; just as now, after he has 'arrived,' we feel entitled to point out impartially that his genius has also some fairly obvious temperamental defects. Yet because we do not choose to be found synchronously yapping with all the little dogs of literature, but prefer to maintain our critical independence, we have Blanche, Tray, and Sweetheart, with the rest of the puny pack, biting viciously at our heels."

In the light of present knowledge that last sentence is amusing. *The Bookman* certainly was not "synchronously yapping" with any one, for, as we have seen, the article it copied from the *British Weekly* was published four years ago. But we hope for the future that the editors will find some other means of "maintaining their critical independence," short of taking another man's thoughts and palming them off as their own. The *British Weekly* article, by the by, appeared immediately after the publication of *Many Inventions*; *The Bookman's* transcript, after the issue of *The Seven Seas*. One should bear that in mind, to appreciate the humor of the complaint that Mr. Kipling "never did anything more damaging to his own reputation than his conveyance of some verses, written for a wholly different purpose, to make part of a tribute to his brother-in-law." However, the matter need not be pursued any further. After all, it is only what might be expected from a journal which in one number informed us that Captain Mahan had been too well received on the other side to dare to tell the truth about our naval struggles with England; in another number, made a disgusting personal attack on Mrs. Craigie; and in a third, told a correspondent that, judging by his point of view, he was a waiter in a seaside restaurant.

The subscriptions to the Verlaine monument fund have not been large, even in Paris. Younger

French poets and writers are proverbially poor, and it is from this class that the money has mainly come. Each franc in a way represents a keener appreciation than is usual with such subscriptions. The three largest sums—and they are pathetically small, only one hundred francs—come from somewhat curious sources. One is from “*un Américain anonyme*,” one from Ed. Lepelletier, presumably the publisher in Brussels, the third from a woman, the Baroness Deslandes.

Messrs. Lamson, Wolfe & Co. announce that they “have secured for publication, in book-form only (the serial rights having been suppressed), a new historical novel of about ninety thousand words, by Mrs. Burton Harrison.”

With a great number of novelists there would be a certain disingenuousness of phrasing in that clause “the serial rights having been suppressed.” We do not suggest that Mrs. Harrison had not opportunity to run her novel serially. But the incident does suggest that the time is rapidly coming when this suppression will be very common. In spite of the almost daily founding of new magazines, the serial market is glutted, and it is well known that many first-rate authors are finding great difficulty in selling serial rights and getting fair prices. And book-publication alone is rarely sufficiently remunerative. One well-known American author confessed a year or two ago that the only good his books did him was to give him a certain prestige which enabled him to advance his rates for magazine articles and stories.

The Province of Ontario should be instituted an asylum for the cure of the “fiction fiends” against whom the libraries of the country have at last begun war. The Boston Public Library may exclude *Oliver Optic* from its shelves, and the Carnegie Library of Allegheny may refuse its readers the works of Mrs. Southworth, yet the greed for fiction is not appreciably lessened in our country. The report of the libraries of Ontario shows an absolute decrease in the reading of novels. In Ontario, apparently, is the hope of the race.

In the decent retirement of the May 1st issue of *The Dial* Mr. John Jay Chapman displayed himself as a supple intellectual contortionist, and tied himself deftly into several logical knots. His first step is an uncompromising denunciation of the idea that a magazine ought to make money. (If Mr. Chapman only knew how few magazines do make money, he might have been less harsh with the poor publishers.) Mr. Chapman then assumes the attitude of tacit assumption that no magazine can make money if properly edited. Mr. Chapman gives an admirably succinct paragraph which surely points the way to success for any editor. “A magazine ought to have no policy except the policy of discovering and publishing the live thoughts of living men and wo-

men, and the editor in printing or rejecting ought to be governed by his own personal feelings, his good sense, his taste, his beliefs.”

But the crux of the matter is that Mr. Chapman himself has had an article rejected. It was on a popular author, quite short, thought by several intelligent people to be well-written and entertaining. “The article is now in process of being rejected by all the leading magazines. The real reason of its rejection is that it represents a slightly novel view of a very popular writer; each magazine is afraid that some portion of the public will pick up the number, glance at it, see an unsympathetic view of a favorite writer, and throw down the copy.”

Without stopping to quarrel with Mr. Chapman’s too modest view of his own attainments, his position is weakened by the fact that he is perhaps best known for an article in the *Atlantic Monthly* on Emerson, in which he differed widely from the accepted view of that very popular author. Again,—and since the fate of Mr. Chapman’s manuscript has been made by him, in a way, public property, we feel no hesitation in touching on the matter—it appears that it has been accepted. On the publication of his communication to *The Dial*, a letter was dispatched at once from THE CHAP-BOOK, begging for an opportunity to examine the article in question. Mr. Chapman replied: “The article referred to in your letter has been disposed of.” Now, of course, there may be a thousand reasons why Mr. Chapman would prefer no publication at all to publication in THE CHAP-BOOK, but some more evasive answer was within his power. We take his words to be a simple confession that some editor has wanted the article.

There is much truth in Mr. Chapman’s remarks on the flatness and sameness of American magazines. But his own case is a fresh instance of the fact that vigorous and original work is sure to find a place, and that no new writer can be permanently suppressed by the “commercial-minded magazine editor.” We trust Mr. Chapman will recover from his little fit of temper.

Among minor American vices, our trick of sensational advertising comes in for a good deal of censure from the intelligent Britisher. The trouble with most of the gentlemen who write our advertisements for us is that they try to be “smart” and literary, and end by being idiotic. Dry-goods stores are the worst offenders, but publishing-houses run them very close. In some cases the results are not unhappy. Mr. Wanamaker’s advertisements, for instance, have for some time seemed to us the brightest and least objectionable feature of the New York *Sun*. But that is merely an accident of proximity. Read them in the New York *Evening Post*, and their enchantment disappears. They are inane enough, to be sure, but they do not touch the low-

est depths. That has been left — it is a real pleasure to point this out — to the London publisher of *Rose of Dutcher's Coolly*. In all the English daily newspapers there is what is known as an "agony column." Frantic young lovers correspond through its medium in mysterious cryptograms; missing relatives are hunted for, and people hear in it of "something to their advantage." In this column of the London *Daily News* appeared the following searching question:

AMY.—Have you read Mr. Mason's remarkable letter proposing marriage to *Rose of Dutcher's Coolly*?—CHARLIE.

Without waiting to give Amy a reasonable time to collect her thoughts, Charlie returned to the attack on the very next morning. Unless there had been some private correspondence between the two outside the newspaper columns, this eagerness to press his views seems rather vulgar.

AMY.—I do not agree with Mr. Mason's opinions expressed in proposing marriage to *Rose of Dutcher's Coolly*. I am surprised Rose accepted him. What a remarkable woman she was!—CHARLIE.

Amy proved even more remarkable. She said nothing.

A quiet smile must have run round the tables at the Royal Academy banquet when Mr. Alfred Austin rose to respond for Literature; and nobody probably enjoyed the humor of the situation more than Lord Salisbury himself. Looking round on the assembled company, the Poet Laureate divided them exhaustively into princes, prime ministers, gentlemen, and ambassadors. He omitted baronets, of whom an English wit once said they had ceased to be gentlemen and had not become noblemen. Who, asked the Poet, including the Prince of Wales, Sir Edward Poynter, Lord Kelvin, the Archbishop of Canterbury, Mr. Goschen, and the Marquis of Salisbury in a comprehensive bow,—who would not be proud to entertain such illustrious guests? And then he proceeded in this extraordinary strain:

"But Literature — poor, homeless, houseless, unorganized, unincorporated, unrecognized Literature — it needs, indeed, to be animated by the very spirit of hospitality to invite this poor relation, this Cinderella of the Arts, to so august a company. Once or twice I seemed to remember that Literature was assigned a seat below the salt, and that music and the drama were exalted in its stead. But music and the drama are such fashionable arts, they are so beloved alike of courts and crowds, that they can dispense even with your flattering patronage. But if you once exclude Literature from the test of your more honored guests, it will forfeit the only opportunity which it ever enjoys of consorting at a respectful distance with the great." If that is not the quintessence of snobbery, what is it? What the

gentlemen present thought of this fulsome, groveling creature can only be faintly imagined. The Poet Laureate has surely been a hack Conservative journalist long enough to learn something about Lord Salisbury. He cannot seriously think that his appointment was anything but a stroke of that distinguished statesman's cynical wit. It is quite time he began to realize his position. So long as he writes poetry, he is simply a joke. Directly he rises into prose, he is a nuisance.

Mr. Stephen Crane's war correspondence from Thessaly would probably have been a good deal better if he could have kept his eyes shut. Unfortunately, it was his business to keep them open, and the result was a conflict between his imagination and his eyesight. Reading his letters, we see regretfully that the eyesight won; that instead of an electric impressionist sketch of battle, worthy of the author of *The Red Badge of Courage*, he forced himself to give us an accurate, colorless description of what was actually passing beneath him. We miss the lurid touches, the flashing adjectives that two years ago lit up war for us as though by lightning, Mr. Crane imagining a battle is a writer, an artist; describing a battle, he is merely a reporter, and not, it must be added, an especially clear or capable one. Yet there are things he can portray even if he has seen them. His account of the first view of the European fleets off Crete, written on board the French steamer *Gaudiana*, has some admirable passages in it.

This vignette of a British midshipman, to which the *Academy* has already called attention, is certainly worth reading:

"Down in the launch there was a middy who was a joy. He was smaller than a sparrow, but — my soul! — how bright and Napoleonic and forcible he was! He was as busy as a hive of bees. He had no time for poses and genuflections, and other amusements. Once indeed he looked up from his business to the deck of the ship, and this infant had a stern, quick glance, a man's eye. It was like hearing a canary-bird swear to watch this tot put a speaking-tube to his mouth. He was so small that a life-sized portrait of him could be painted on a sovereign, this warrior! She would be a fool of a mother who would trust him in a pantry where there were tarts, and his big sister can box his ears for some years to come; but of course there is no more fiery-hearted scoundrel in the fleet of the powers than this babe. . . . No hoary admiral can dream of the wild slaughter and Hades on the bosom of the sea that agitate this babe's breast. He is a damned villain. And yet may the God of Battle, that sits above the smoke, watch over this damned villain, and all other little damned villains like him."

That is magnificent, but it is not war; and, as we said, when it comes to actual battle, this picturesque-

ness vanishes, and down goes Mr. Crane to the level of the average descriptive reporter. We have only found one passage in his later letters in any way above the standard of ordinary war correspondence. "The roll of musketry," he says, describing the fighting at Velestino, "was tremendous. From a distance it was like the tearing of a cloth; nearer, it sounded like rain on a tin roof, and close up it was just a long crash after crash. It was a beautiful sound,—beautiful as I had never dreamed. It was more impressive than the roar of Niagara, and finer than thunder or avalanche—because it had the wonder of human tragedy in it." That is fairly good, but, on the whole, Mr. Crane seems to have been somewhat worsted in his first great conflict with facts. The literary honors of the war belong easily to Mr. G. W. Stevens of the London *Daily Mail*, who within the past year has won the reputation of being the best special correspondent to be found in England. His fortunate ignorance of tactics and strategy kept him from spoiling the easy, pointed vivacity of his personal impressions by any display of amateur technique. Only one man could have excelled him, but though Mr. Rudyard Kipling announced his readiness to serve, no paper was able to make any definite arrangements with him.

So far as producing "literary plays" goes, the Théâtre Français, L'Œuvre, and the New Century Theatre are apparently to find their only corresponding American representatives in the various schools of acting. Each year is offered the spectacle of the death of various schemes for endowed theaters, or theaters supported by subscriptions, which shall regenerate the drama. And every year, under the somewhat obscure auspices of "conservatories," and with a financial support resulting from personal curiosity on the part of friends of the half-fledged actors, the "literary drama" does in some sort get a hearing. It is not especially to our national credit that experiments in dramatic art are relegated to inexperienced hands, but it is greatly to the credit of those who undertake these enterprises that the public languor does not prevent an attempt at things really worth while.

A week ago, in Chicago, Miss Anna Morgan and her pupils from the *Chicago Conservatory*, did their part towards the solution of the question, "Will literary plays 'act' as well as they 'read'?" The plays selected were two from Mr. Henry B. Fuller's curious volume, *The Puppet Booth*. This choice was a daring one; the book had already non-plussed most of its readers. To the work Miss Morgan brought considerable understanding, and real diligence and thoughtfulness as to costumes and scenery. With her material for actors, she probably did all that could be hoped for; a certain Mr. Carew indeed played a swashbuckling cavalier with a real swing. In *Afterglow* Mr. Fuller attempted

to do a "curtain-raiser" on fairly conventional lines, and on the same lines achieved a moderate failure. The false report of the death of a dramatic poet, and the resulting reconciliation with supposed enemies who come to attend his funeral, would probably have been more effectively if less cleverly done by a half-dozen playwrights one might name. The second play, *The Stranger Within the Gates*, is a delightfully good-humored satire on the modern romance, with its prodigiously valorous hero, and its indiscriminate use of the "vorpel blade." This play would have delighted a highly cultivated, slightly *ennuyé* audience, such as it seems almost impossible to gather into an American theater. The people in the Grand Opera House were awed, but not charmed, by their failure to understand. Their appreciation of *Afterglow* was delightful. By the unintentionally ludicrous appearance of one of the characters in this piece, they were set galloping along the wrong track, and to Mr. Fuller's pathos they shrieked out an accompaniment of laughter, all the while believing that they were engaged in a delicate appreciation of literature. A newspaper critic is reported as saying that he did n't like this pre-Raphaelite sort of thing, anyway. But in spite of all this the "literary play" did get in some sort, a hearing, and the effort was an ambitious and interesting one.

The officials of most, if not all, the libraries in our great cities have not yet grown out of the habit of treating the people who frequent libraries for the purpose of reference and research as so many babes and sucklings. In particular, they show their contempt for them by forbidding them the use of ink. The leading library in New York cannot trust its patrons with any weapon more destructive to books and library floors than a pencil; and the exquisite exasperation of making extensive notes with a pencil, and of having to copy them out in ink when you get home, can only be appreciated by those who have had to undergo the humiliation. It is a downright insult to one's ability to behave as a civilized being. Why cannot the trustees of the Astor Library bring themselves to admit that the students and readers, for whose comfort they are responsible, are, for the most part, respectable grown-up citizens, long familiar with the use of ink, and capable of handling it without ruining books, chairs, tables, or the immaculate floor? In none of the European libraries, so far as we know,—certainly not in the British Museum, the greatest of them all,—is this absurd restriction in force. They seem to realize, over there, that a public library exists for its readers, not for its books, or even for its cocoanut matting; and they run the risk of an occasional blot for the pleasure of providing their readers with the means of making the library a useful institution.



VENEERING

EMERSON says of Montaigne's work, "Cut these sentences, and they bleed," they were so charged with the quality of living, breathing man. This, I take it, is always the first success in writing — to give this concrete, flesh-and-blood reality to your ideas, to bring them out of the limbo of the vague, the featureless, the vapory, and give them form, reality, identity. One would have his reader always feel that he is walking upon real ground, dealing with real ideas and distinctions, and not with mere words.

To give the impression of substance, to make the thought as tangible to the mind as outward objects to the senses, to give weight, form, solidity to your periods, — that is the great art.

Only such writing begets any heat and desire in the reader. This sense of reality, and power to impart it, distinguishes the master from the tyro. How many books one looks into that are only words, words; only simulated ideas and distinctions. Thoreau said he would not, in his life, be as one who drove a nail into mere lath and plaster. Neither would one be so in his writing; he would feel for and reach the solid timber. But probably four fifths of the writing of any given time is a mere driving of nails into the shallow lath and plaster; the beams and studding of reality are never touched. Every writer, I fancy, has to guard against these hollow places in his work. If after many days, when he takes it up, he can say to himself, "This is real; I have struck solid timber here," he is happy. But if it offers no resistance to the mind, if it is a mere veneer of fine words, if he is wise how surely he cuts it out.

If the poet's passion is real, if the cry is from his heart, how quickly we know it. And if it is all a mere feigning, if it is all a trick of his art, if he has sought to invoke the feeling by the mere use of words and tropes, how quickly we know that. The feeling must come first; it must seek the words, and not the reverse. But in a time like ours, passion lags; art leads; the poets are more in love with poetry than with things; the heat and the desire which should be spontaneous, and from within, are sought to be developed by the mere friction of words and fancies from without. In fact, the great trouble with our young poets is that they want to write poetry. Their prayer is, "O Lord, what shall I do to be a poet?" When their prayer is, "O Lord, give me deeper religiousness and a more fervent love of thy works," there will be some hope for them. The muse is not partial to those who so industriously woo her, but to those who think some noble thought or experience some noble emotion. She cannot be run down or cornered. She comes to those whose eye is single and who love disinterestedly. She followed Burns at his plow because Burns loved the daisy and the mouse before he loved her. She takes up

her abode with lowly and lonely Johanna Ambrosius because hers is the same heart that gives itself freely and joyously to all things. Love is the great secret. Renan diagnosed the literary disease — the disease of which we all have a touch in this bookish age. We have this disease when we value things only for the literary or artistic effects which may be wrought out of them, or when we read life and nature through the spectacles of books. Now, it is safe to say that no real poetry or real literature was ever the work of men who loved literature more than they loved reality, or who valued things chiefly for the literary effects that could be produced from them.

Probably the country was never before so full of young men and women who want to be writers, or who want to get into literature. Be somebody first, love something, think something, feel something, — that is the ground to start from. If the well is dry, priming the pump will not help matters. Turn your back upon literature in your enthusiasm for some worthy reality, and the first inexorable conditions are already fulfilled.

Seeking inspiration from books is a kind of intermarriage of thought, an intellectual breeding-in-and-in process, that surely leads to a falling off in freshness and power.

There is no objection to art for art's sake — if a great, potent, quickening spirit is revealed or brought to bear upon our spirit, as in Shakespeare. But usually the only thing revealed is art, or artifice, craftsmanship, as in Swinburne. Poe almost justifies himself in *The Raven*. It means nothing; it is simply a conjuring with words and rhythmic effects, but there are glimpses of a strong spirit back of it. The poet need not have a lesson or a message for us, but he must, at least, lay a quickening finger upon us and break new grounds in our minds and spirits. Shakespeare has no message for us but Shakespeare. Whitman, no message but Whitman. The lesser poets have no message for us but art — the pleasure of nice verbal effects. Power — what do we need or crave so much as power? Art or no art, style or no style, so that we only get power. People write novels with a purpose because they have not pure power to give us. The purpose is the substitute for the personality. Their individual subjectivity is slight, so they exhibit a theme or moral. They cannot bring down the sun or moon with their shafts, so they set up a mark. Of course the highest order of genius works as nature does, sings for the joy of singing, creates for the joy of creating. It is sufficient unto itself, and does not need to draw upon an artificial reservoir. Any one might write a novel with a purpose, but to write a great novel without a purpose, to roam free and at ease in all fields, to take the whole of life for your province and draw out and interpret the universal — that is another matter.

A man like Poe is of the true poet type, un-

doubtedly, but his contribution is unimportant, because there was not enough of him; he does not cut deep. There is a mastery in him not in Longfellow, but Longfellow will outlive him because he was a winning, genial personality, and his works are sweet and wholesome. Poe's mastery is over the elements of verse, not over the elements of life or spirit. He compels my admiration, but does not command my love. He is strong as a craftsman, but not primarily as a man. He is a great artificer, but not a great creator. Shelley, Swinburne, Rossetti, and all of that ilk, do not fail as artists, but as men. They are more like veneer than solid stuff.

Literary veneering—how much there is of it in the world, that looks like the thing it is not; religious veneering, also. How it pulls off when you put a little strain upon it. It will not stand up at all. It is for Sunday and good clothes.

Stevenson had a great talent, a finer literary equipment than Scott, and yet Scott is the mountain, Stevenson is the grassy fell. Scott was a great nature; Stevenson, a fine nature. Are the men of the large type all gone—the race of giants ended? All the new men are “light-weights,” wonderful craftsmen, but not great natures. The last of our crafts, such as they were, died with Holmes. Ruskin and Spencer still hold out in England, but are not the new men over there, as here, all of a smaller, finer type? Watson's poems are fine, but are they great?

The other day I asked a man, who had been for over thirty years a professor in one of our large colleges for women, if he noticed any marked or nameable difference in the character of the girls to-day, who came under his influence, from those of twenty or more years ago. He reluctantly confessed that there was an appreciable difference,—a difference in earnestness; the girls of to-day were less serious and earnest than those of a decade or more ago. More of them were *sent* to college, fewer of them *sent* themselves. The diploma was more the end and aim, than an education. I think this is what one might expect. It is probably the same in men's colleges. The leisure classes are increasing in this country; their sons and daughters make a larger and larger percentage of college students; and how can the children of idleness and ennui have any seriousness or force of character? The poet's declaration that “life is real, life is earnest,” does not apply with much force to the wealthy class in this country. In earlier and more primitive communities, the wealthier class led in war and politics. On them the heaviest burdens fell, and there was little deterioration in their offspring.

It is no doubt true, that, as a rule, the increase of numbers is not favorable to the production of great men. Because an increase in numbers means an

increase in wealth, in leisure, in the comforts and conveniences of life. It means less noble struggle and hardship,—less self-denial and simplicity of the middle classes on the one hand, and more killing, ignoble poverty for the lower classes on the other. The production of great men, it seems, requires a certain heroic fiber in a community, a certain degree of plain living, and if not of high thinking, then of serious and worthy aspiration. The chances of a great man being born in this country were probably vastly greater fifty or seventy-five years ago than at present, notwithstanding so many more children are brought into the world. Poverty is a better parent than riches; the initial impulse which it gives is so much greater. Families run down and run out unless they are kept wound up by serious effort and purpose. The farther we get from primitive and pioneer conditions, from the direct struggle with elemental forces, the less, it seems, are our chances to produce a great character. A certain isolation, a throwing back of men upon themselves, a deepening and strengthening of the basic human qualities, seems necessary. The country produces more remarkable characters than the city, because life is more serious and simple there. The struggle is not so sharp, but it is worthier; it is more a struggle with nature. The curse of the city is over-stimulation; it is spirits compared with matter. It depletes and exhausts; it fascinates while it kills. The city will get more out of a man than the country; it stimulates him more, and kills him sooner. Our Civil War ought in time to bear fruit in character, but probably it will not be till the second generation following, and the results ought to be greater in the South than in the North. The sons of the sons of the Revolution were not remarkable, but out of *their* sons came our band of notable men.

Why do imitations displease us? If we are fond of an author, why should not anything that recalls his quality and style to us give us pleasure? I suppose it is because we want things at first hand. One may like the taste of fish, but not in a duck; or he may like the flavor of onions, but not in the milk or butter. The imitator gives us the flavor of the original, but it is not the same; it has deteriorated in some way. If it was exactly reproduced, it would give us pleasure. Readers of the early numbers of the *Atlantic Monthly* may remember an imitator of Emerson who appeared there—a writer who had not only caught Emerson's style and tricks of expression, but the very quality of his thought. Two essays I recall, one on “Genius” and one on “The Ideal Tendency,” both intensely Emersonian, but both surprisingly good, full of the real stuff. They did not have quite the gristle and grip of Emerson: they were Emerson softened and mollified a little, but they gave one real pleasure and stimulus, because the man had real thoughts of his

own. Here is the opening paragraph of the essay on "The Ideal Tendency":

"We are all interested in Art; yet few of us have taken pains to justify the delight we feel in it. No philosophy can win us away from Shakespeare, Plato, Angelo, Beethoven, Goethe, Phidias,—from the masters of sculpture, painting, music, and metaphor. Their truth is larger than any other,—too large to be stated directly, and lodged in systems, theories, definitions, or formulas. They suggest and assure to us what cannot be spoken. They communicate life, because they do not endeavor to measure life. Philosophy will present the definite; Art refers always to the vast—to that which cannot be comprehended, but only enjoyed and adored. Art is the largest expression. It is not, like Science, a basket in which meat and drink may be carried, but a hand which points toward the sky."

This is not a base counterfeit; it has real value, but probably the essay in which it appeared would never have been written but for Emerson.

Some current imitations of Whitman are base counterfeits, but one can hardly regard Edward Carpenter's *Toward Democracy* as such. Here, again, the manner of the original is caught, but Carpenter himself is a real literary force, and has something of his own to say. He strikes one as a sort of refined and feminine Whitman. In reading him you do not feel anything like the tremendous impact of Whitman's mind and personality upon yours that one experiences in *Leaves of Grass*, but you are constantly reminded of Whitman's tone and manner, and of his fervent democracy. Whitman's egoism, or personality, plays about the same part in his *Leaves* that the underlying rocky strata plays in the landscape; it shapes and determines all; you feel its life or see its thrust everywhere; the very soil is fatened by it. The rock basis of Mr. Carpenter is far less, but the field he cultivates has a fertility not entirely derived from Whitman, and to that extent is our interest and profit in his book.

JOHN BURROUGHS.

THE LESSON

BECAUSE she was so young and fair
And it was spring, all tenderly
They placed white hyacinths in prayer
Upon her whiter breast; but he
Who loved her best cursed in his heart,
Holding it was God's mockery,
All evil, nothing good, to part;
And so he mourned, till suddenly
Upon a day he wakened, o'er
A grassy mound again to see
White hyacinths, and at the core
Of every bloom a honey-bee.

WALLACE DE GROOT RICE.

THE GOD OF BATTLES

"Sovereign of the world, . . . these sabres hold another language to-day from that they held yesterday." — VATHK.

IT happened so unexpectedly, so abruptly, that she forgot to scream. A moment before, she had glanced out of the pantry windows, dusting the flour from her faded pink apron, and she saw the tall oats motionless in the field, and the sunlight sifting through the corn. In the heated stillness a wasp, creeping up and down the window pane, filled the dim house with its buzzing. She remembered that, then she remembered hearing the clock ticking in the darkened dining-room. It was scarcely a moment; she bent again over her flourpan, wistful, saddened by the summer silence, thinking of her brother. Then again she raised her eyes to the window.

It was so sudden, and she did not scream. Had they dropped from the sky, these men in blue, these toiling, tramping, crowding creatures? The corn was full of them, the pasture, the road. They were in the garden; they crushed the cucumbers and the sweet-peas. Their muddy trousers tore tendrils from the melon-vines. Their great shoes, plodding across the potato-hills, harrowed the bronzed earth and levelled it to a waste of beaten mould and green-stuff. They passed, hundreds, thousands, she could not tell, and at first they neither spoke nor turned aside; but she heard a harmony, subtle, vast as winds at sea, a nameless murmur that sweeps through brains of marching men, the voiceless prophecy of battle.

Breathless, spellbound, she moved on tiptoe to the porch, one hand pressed trembling across her lips. The field of oats shimmered a moment before her eyes, then a blue mass swung into it and it melted away, sheared to the earth in glittering swaths as gilded grain falls at the sickle's sparkle. And the men in blue covered the earth, the world — her world, which stretched from the orchard to Benson's hill, nearly a mile.

There was something on Benson's Hill that she had never before seen. It looked like a brook in the sunshine. It was a column of infantry, rifles slanting in the sun.

Somebody had been speaking to her for a minute or two, somebody below her on the porch steps, and now she looked down and saw a boy, slim, sunburnt, wearing yellow gauntlets and spurs. His dusty uniform glimmered with gilt and yellow braid. He touched the vizor of his cap and fingered his sword-hilt. She looked at him listlessly, her hand still pressed to her lips.

"Is there a well near the house?" he asked. After a moment he repeated the question.

Men with red crosses on their sleeves came across the grass, trailing poles and rolls of dirty canvas.

She saw horses, too, dusty and patient, tied to the front gate. A soldier with a yellow patch on his sleeve stood at their heads holding a red flag in one hand.

Something rugged gently at her apron, and "Show me the well, please," repeated the boy beside her.

She turned mechanically into the house. He followed, caking the rag carpet with his boot's dry mud. In the woodshed she started and turned tremblingly to him, but he gravely motioned her on, and she went, passing more swiftly under the trees of the orchard to the vine-covered well-curb.

He thanked her. She pointed at the dipper and rope; but already, blue-clad, red-faced soldiers were lowering the bucket, and the orchard hummed with the buzz of the wheel.

She went back to the porch, not through the house, but around it. Across the little lawn lay crushed stalks and dying flowers, and the potato-patch was a slough of muddy green.

Soldiers passed in the sunshine. She began to remember that her brother, too, was a soldier, somewhere out in the world. He had been a soldier for nearly a week, ever since Jim Bemis had taken him to Willow Corners to enlist. She remembered that she had cried and gone into the pantry to make bread and cry again. She remembered that first night, how she had been afraid to sleep in the house, how, at dusk, she had gone into the parlor to be near her mother. Her mother was dead, but her picture hung in the parlor.

Soldiers were passing, clutching their rifle-butts with dirty hands, turning toward her countless sun-dazzled eyes. The glitter on gun-barrels, the dancing light on turning bayonets, the shimmer and sparkle of belt and button, dazed and wearied her.

Somebody said:

"We 're the boys for the purty girls. Have ye no eyes for us, lass?"

Another said:

"Shut up, Mike; she's not from the Bowery." And "G' wan, ye dead rabbit!" retorted the first. A flag passed, and on it she read, "New York," and another flag passed, dipped to her in grim salute, while the folds shook out a faded "Maine."

She began to watch the flags. She saw a regiment plunge into the trampled corn, but she knew it was not her brother's, because the trousers were scarlet, and the caps hung to the shoulders, tasselled and crimson.

"Maryland, Maryland, Maryland, 60th Maryland," she repeated; but she did not know she spoke aloud until somebody said, "It's yonder," and a blue sleeve swept toward the west.

"Yonder," she repeated, looking at the ridge, cool in the beech wood's shadow.

"Is it the 61st Maryland you want, miss?" asked another.

"Silence," said an officer wheeling a sweating horse past the porch.

She shrank back, but turned her head toward the beech woods. As she looked, a belt of flame encircled the forest, once, twice, again, and yet again; and through the out-rushing smoke, the crash, crash, crash, of rifles echoed and re-echoed across the valley.

All around her thousands of men burst into cheers, a deeper harmony grew on the idle breeze, the solemn tolling of cannon. The flags—the bright flags—spread rainbow wings to the rising breeze. They were breasting the hills everywhere. The din of the rifles, the shooting, the sudden, swift, human wave sweeping by on every side, thrilled her little heart until it beat out the long-roll with the rolling drum.

In the orchard the rattle of the bucket and the creak and whirr of the well-wheel never ceased. A very young officer sat on his horse, eating an unripe apple and watching the men around the well. The horse stretched a glossy neck toward the currant bushes, mumbling twigs and sun-curved leaves. A hen wandered near, peering fearlessly at the soldiers.

The girl went into the kitchen, reached up for her sun-bonnet dangling on a peg, tied it under her chin, and walked gravely into the orchard. The men about the well looked up as she passed. They admired respectfully. So did the very young officer, pausing, apple half-eaten. So, perhaps, did the horse, turning his large, gentle eyes as she came up.

The officer wheeled in his saddle and leaned toward her deferentially, anticipating, perhaps, complaint or insult.

In Maryland, "Dixie" was sung as often as "The Red, White, and Blue."

Before she spoke, she saw that it was the same officer who had asked her where the well was. She had not noticed he was so young.

"I am sorry," he said; and, as he spoke, he removed his cap. "I am very sorry that we have trampled your garden. If you are loyal, the government will indemnify you."

The sudden roar of a cannon somewhere among the trees drowned his voice. Stunned, she saw him, undisturbed, gather his bridle with a deprecatory gesture. His voice came back to her through the ringing in her ears.

"We do not mean to be careless, but we could not turn aside, and your farm is in the line of advance."

Her ears still rang as she spoke, scarcely hearing her own voice.

"It is not that. I am loyal. It is only I wish to ask you where my brother's—where the 60th Maryland is."

"The 60th Maryland? Oh, why, it's in King's Brigade, Walcott's Division. I think it's yonder." He pointed toward the beech woods.

"Yonder? Where they are firing?" Again the cannon thundered, and the ground shook under her.

She saw him nod, smiling faintly. Other mounted officers rode up. Some looked at her curiously, others glanced carelessly. The attitudes of all were respectful. She heard them arguing about the water in the well, and the length of the road to Willow Corners. They spoke of a turning movement—of driving somebody to Whitehall Station. The musketry on the hill had ceased; the cannon, too, were silent. Across the trampled corn a regiment moved listlessly to the tap, tap, of a drum. On the road that circled Benson's Hill mounted soldiers were riding fast in the dust. Several little flags bobbed among them. Metal on shoulder and stirrup flashed through the dust, burnished by the mid-day sun.

She heard an officer say that there would be no fighting, and she wondered, because the musketry began again—little spattering shots among the beeches on the ridge, and behind the house drums rolled, and a sudden flurry of bugle music filled the air. Other officers rode up, some escorted by troopers, who bounced in their saddles and grasped long-staffed flags, the butts resting in their stirrups.

She reached up, and bent down an apple bough studded with clustered green fruit. Through the leaves she looked at the officers.

The sunshine fell in brilliant spots, dappling flag and cap and the broad backs of horses. There was a jingle of spurs everywhere. The hum of voices and the movement were grateful to her, for her loneliness was not of her own seeking. In the pleasant summer air the distant gunshots grew softer and softer. The twitter of a robin came from the ash tree by the gate.

Out on the road by Benson's Hill the cavalry were still passing. The little flags sped along, rising and falling with the column, and the short clear note of a trumpet echoed the robin's call.

But around the house the last of the troops had passed. She could see them, not yet far away, moving up among the fields toward the ridges where the sun burned on the bronzing scrub-oak thickets. The officers, too, were leaving the orchard, spurring on, singly or in little groups, after the disappearing columns. From the main road came a loud thudding, and pounding, and clanking—a battery of artillery, the long guns slanted, the drivers swinging their things, passed at a trot. After it rode soldiers in blue and yellow, then wagons passed, ponderous, grey wains covered with canvas, and on either side clattered more mounted troopers, their drawn sabres glittering through the heated haze.

She stood a moment holding the apple bough, watching the yellow dust hanging motionless in the rear of the disappearing column. When the last wain had creaked out of sight, and the last trooper had loped after it, she turned and looked at the silent garden, trodden, withered, desolate. She drew a long breath. The apple bough flew back, the little green apples dancing. A bee buzzed over a trampled geranium. A robin ran through the

longer grass and stopped short, head raised. Beyond Benson's Hill a bugle blew faintly. Distant rifle-shots sounded along the ridge. Then silence crept through the sunlit meadows, across the levelled corn, across dead stalks and stems—a silence that spread like a shadow, nearer, nearer, over the lawn, through the orchard to the house, and then from corner to corner, dulling the ticking of the clock, stifling the wasp on the window, driving her before it from room to room.

On the musty hair-cloth sofa in the parlor she lay, face flung down, hands pressed to her ears. But silence entered with her, stifling the sob in her throat.

When she raised her head it was dusk. She heard the murmur of wind in the trees, and the chirre of crickets from the fields. She sat up, peering fearfully into the darkness, and she heard the clock ticking in the kitchen, and the rustle of vines on the porch. After a moment, she rose, treading softly, and felt along the wall until her hands rested on her mother's picture. And, no longer afraid, she slipped silently across the room and through the hallway to the pantry.

It was nearly moonrise before she had cooked supper, and when she sat down alone at the long table, the moon, huge, silvery, stared at her through the window.

She sipped her tea, turned the lamp-wick a trifle lower, and ate slowly. The little grey, dusk moths came humming in the open window and circled around her. The porch dripped with dew. There was a scent of night in the air.

When she had sat silent a little while dreaming over the sins of a blameless life, there came to her a peace, so sudden, so perfect, that she could not understand. How should she know peace? What thought of the past might bring comfort? She just remembered her mother, that was all. She loved her picture in the parlor. As for her father, he had died as he had lived—a snarling drunkard. And her brother? A lank, blue-eyed boy, dissipated, unwholesome, already cursed with his father's sin. What comfort could he be to her? He had gone away to enlist. He was drunk when he did it.

She thought of all these things, her finger-tips resting on the edge of the table. She thought, too, of the soldiers passing, of the crash of rifles, the drums, the cheering, the sunlight flecking the backs of the horses in the orchard.

There was a creak at the gate, a click of a latch, and the fall of a foot on the moonlit porch. She half rose; she was not frightened. How she knew who it was, God alone knows; but she looked up timidly, peacefully, understanding who was coming, knowing who would knock, who would enter, who would speak. And yet she had never seen him but once in her life.

All this she knew. This child made wise in the space of time marked out by the tick of the kitchen

clock. But she did not know that the memory of his smile had given her the peace she could not understand. She did not know this until he entered, dusty, slim, sunburnt, his yellow gauntlets folded in his belt, his cap and sabre in his hand. Then she knew it. When she understood this, she stood up, pale, uncertain. He bowed silently, then stepped forward, fumbling with his sabre-hilt. She motioned toward a chair.

He said he had a message for the master of the house, and glanced about vaguely, noting the single place at table and the single plate. She said he might give the message to her.

"It is only that—if I do not inconvenience you too much,"—he smiled faintly—"if you would allow me—well, the truth is, I am billeted here for the night."

She did not know what that meant, and he explained.

"The master of the house is absent," she said, thinking of her brother.

"Will he return to-night?" he asked.

She shook her head. She was thinking that she did not want him to go away. Suddenly the thought of being alone laid hold of her with fresh horror.

"You may stay," she said faintly. He bowed again. She asked him if he cared for supper, with a gesture toward the table, and when he thanked her, she took courage, and told him where to hang his cap and sabre.

There was a small room between the parlor and the dining-room. She offered it him, and he accepted gratefully. While she was in the kitchen toasting more bread, she heard him go to the front door and call. There came a clatter of hoofs, a quick word or two, and as she re-entered the dining-room, he met her smiling. "My orderly," he explained; "he may sleep in the stable, may he not?"

"My own bedroom is all I have here," she said.

"Not—not the one you gave me?" he stammered.

She nodded.

"You may have it. I often sleep in the parlor. I did when my brother was home."

"If I had had any idea—" he burst out. She stopped him with a gesture; but he insisted, and at last he had his own way. "If I may sleep in the parlor, I will stay," he said; and she nodded, half-smiling, and seated herself at the table.

He ate a great deal. She wondered a little, but smiled again at his excuses, and insisted that he must have more tea. She watched him. The lamp-light fell softly on his boyish head, on his faint, crisp moustache and bronzed hands. He ate much bread and butter, and many eggs. He spoke about his orderly and the horses, and presently asked for a lantern. She brought him one lighted, and also

a tray of food for the orderly. When he had gone away with his lantern, she rested her white face in her hands and looked at his empty chair. She thought of her brother. She thought of the village people who had leered askance when she was obliged to go to the store at Willow Corners. The mention of her father's name, of her brother's name, in the village, aroused sneers or laughter. As long as she could remember, the one great longing of her life had been to be respected. She had seen her father fall at night in the village street, drunk as a hog. She had seen her brother reel across the fields at noonday. She knew that all the world knew—her world—that she was merely one of a drunkard's family. She never spoke to a neighbor, nor did she answer when spoken to. She carried her curse and her longing, supposing she was a thing apart. In the orchard at mid-day, a man—a young boy—a soldier, had spoken to her, and looked at her in a way she had never known. All at once she realized, dreaming in the lamplight, that she was a woman to him, like other women—a woman to be spoken to with gentle deference—a woman to be approached with courtesy. She had read it in his eyes. She had heard it in his voice. It was this that brought to her a peace as gracious, as sweet, as the eyes that had met her own in the orchard.

He was coming back from the stable now. She heard his spurs click across the grass by the orchard. And now he had entered, now he was there, sitting opposite, smiling vaguely across the table. A rush of tears blinded her, and she looked out into the night, where the white moon stared and stared.

She found herself in the parlor, after a while, silent, listening to his voice. And all about her was peace, born of the peace within her breast.

He told her of the war. She had never cared before, but now she cared. He spoke of long marches, of hunger and thirst, with a boyish laugh. And she laughed, too, not knowing how else to show her pity. He spoke of the Land, and now, for the first time, she loved it. She knew it was also her Land, and she loved it. He spoke of the flag and what it meant. In her home she had no symbol of her country, and told him so. He drew a pen-knife from his pocket, cut a button from the collar, and handed it to her. On the button was an eagle and stars, and she pinned it over her heart, looking at him with innocent eyes.

She told him of her mother. She could not tell much, but she told him all she remembered. Then, involuntarily, she told him more about her life, her hopes long dead, her brother bearing his father's name and curse. She had not meant to do this at first, and as she spoke she had a dim idea that he ought to know who it was that he treated with gentleness and deference. She knew that it would not change anything in him—that he would be the same. Perhaps it was a vague hope that he might

advise her, perhaps be sorry. She could not analyse it, but she felt the necessity of speaking.

There is a time for all things, except confession. But to the lonely soul long stifled, time is chosen for confession when God sends the opportunity.

She spoke of honor as she understood it. She spoke of dishonor as she had known it.

When she was silent he began to speak, and she listened breathlessly. Ah! but she was right. The God of Battles had sent to her a messenger of peace. Out of the smoke and flame he had come to find her, and pity her. Through him, she knew she was worthy of honor. Through him, she learned her womanhood. From his lips she heard the truths of youth, which are truer than the truths of age.

He sat there in the lamp-light, his gilt straps gleaming, his glittering spurs ringing true with every movement, his bronzed young face bent to hers. She knew he knew everything that man could know; she drank in what he said, humbly. When he ceased speaking, she still looked into his eyes, fascinated. Their brilliancy dazzled her. The lamp spun a halo behind his head. Wondering at his knowledge, she wondered what those things might be that he knew, and had not told. He was smiling now. She felt the power and mystery of his eyes. It is true, he had not told her all he knew, although what a boy of eighteen knows is soon told. He had not told her that her brother lay buried in a trench in the beech grove on the ridge, shot by court-martial for desertion in the face of the enemy. Yet that was the very thing he had come to tell.

About midnight, when they had been whispering long together, he told her that her brother was dead. He told her that death with honor wiped out every stain, and she cried a little, and blessed God—the God of Battles, who had purified her brother in the flames of war.

And that night, when he lay asleep on the musty hair-cloth sofa, she crept in, white, silent and kissed his hair.

He never knew it. In the morning he rode away.

ROBERT W. CHAMBERS.

O BROTHER ESAUS

MEN come and go in the thronging street,
They wander the world-wide sea,
They tread the forest with eager feet,
They roam like the sea-bird free.

But we, in the mirk of the clanging marts,

Drudge the dull hours away.

For our need—for their need who are near our hearts—

(God help us!)—we have sold the day.

The wind sings glad up the frosty sky,
The mad clouds flurry over,
The blown gull swoops high-veering by,
And calls to his comrade rover.

The striving trees toss free their gold

In the riot of wild November,
And we who roamed with the winds of old,
In our servile cells remember.

O brother Esau under the sun,
Who have sold for earthly lure
Free heaven's hue and the sea's broad blue,
God's primogeniture;

Was never a way but this,—to sit
Thus, here;—and to feel without
How the blown pines groan and the shrill gulls flit
And the pluming billows shout?

O brother Esau who yearn for the sky,
And dream of the splendors lost,
Who eat the bread ye have bought thereby,
Do ye count the bitter cost?

Through the cited world our hosts bend low
Over their sordid task,
While the free winds blow and the rivers flow
And sun-glad cattle bask.

But we, oh! pity us, Jacob, brother,—
We who have sold to you
The blessing of wood, and ridging flood,
And consecrating dew,—

We, in the mirk of our clanging marts,
Drudge life's brief best away.

For our needs—for their needs who are near our hearts—
(God help us!)—we have sold the day.

HERBERT BATES.

MORTALITY

ASHES to ashes! dust to dust!
What of his loving? what of his lust?
What of his passion! what of his pain?
What of his poverty? what of his pride?
Earth, the great mother, has called him again;
Deeply he sleeps, the world's verdict defied.
Shall he be tried again? shall he go free?
Who shall the court convene? where shall it be?
No answer on the land, none from the sea!
Only we know that as he did, we must—
You with your theory, you with your trust—
Ashes to ashes! dust unto dust!

PAUL LAURENCE DUNBAR.



A LITTLE BOY OF DREAMS

MY brother Hal had been dead seven years when the woman he was to have married came to visit us. On the night of her arrival I went in my nightdress to put a glass of tuberose on the hall table. I had had headachy experiences of sleeping with tuberose. She opened her door and called me.

"Come here, little girl," she said; "I want to talk."

She had begun to unpack, and the room presented a confused impression of tailor-made gowns and gauze gowns and petticoats flung over chairs. I could not have failed to remark how right and delicate and like her everything was, from the silk stockings thrown on the floor to the ivory toilet things on the dressing-table. I looked at them curiously, as though they had been crystallizations of her life. I had wondered so about her life. As soon as it was evident that Hal could not live, her parents had dragged her away to Europe, and when I got home from boarding-school—a girl of thirteen—she had gone. I had never seen her before this evening. From time to time we had heard of her social successes and the brilliant offers she had refused, and her delicate health. And at last they had let her come to us, because keeping her away seemed to do no good.

"You are very much like him," she said in the same cheerful tone. "Your expression—look at me a minute."

I looked up. She seemed to me very ethereal, very nervous, with excitable eyes and an absent-minded smile. As she sat on the edge of the bed I noticed that her feet were years younger than her face. The light wrinkles around her eyes conveyed an innuendo of tears. With a consciousness of my scanty attire, which I should not have had in the presence of a girl of my own age, I shared an uncomfortable seat with an opera-cloak and waited for her to go on.

"Do you remember him well?" she said.

"Yes—no," I stumbled. Remembering him absolutely as I did, I felt somehow that there was something inadequate in my recollection. Besides, to hear her talk of him as though he had merely gone away inexplicably shocked me. Dead people, in my experience, were only to be mentioned below the breath, and tearfully. At least, so my mother spoke when she spoke of him at all.

"This used to be his room, you know," she went on.

"Yes, I know," I said. I had an uncomfortable instinct to touch the subject very gently, as though he were her dead instead of mine.

"You do n't mind sleeping with me to-night, do you?" she said suddenly. "I should love you too."

And then when the room was dark, except for a chastened star-lighted haze between the balcony doors, and she was lying by me, holding my hand, all my childish reserve and embarrassment fell from me like a garment. A nervous, intermittent breeze threw jets of perfume into the room now and again. The spell there was in the air for her was suggested vaguely to me. I understood that this place had last held him alive.

"I do want you to like me," she said. "You'll call me Anne, won't you?"

"I think you are lovely," I answered from my heart, and the poignancy in my tone surprised myself. Especially, now that I could see just a fluffy blur above two shadowy eyes, there emanated from her an influence that filled me with a hushed pity, and a queer sort of devotion, as if she were something sacred, — or sick.

"Are you sleepy? Do you mind talking?"

"Oh, no," I said fervently.

"It's a waste of life to sleep on a night like this, is n't it? Dear child, I hope you'll know some day what it is to get back to a place where you've been happy and miserable. They go together, I think. At least, the person you love best is always the person who makes you suffer the most. That's the criterion of love. But it's worth it. Oh, it is! . . . You do n't know anything about it, do you?"

"I don't know whether I do or not," I blundered, realizing the hopelessness of a falsehood.

"Tell me about it some time. To-night's sacred to him. . . ."

Then I think I plucked up courage to put her hand to my cheek, and, in some way before either of us knew it she was telling me everything.

"We were to have been married in the spring," she said; then stopped for a moment.

"I can understand," she went on, half to herself, "that there are moments when you might be told that you would never see him again, and not be able to care, just because you were too absolutely happy to hold any other feeling. . . . You know what happened. We knew that there was something the matter with his heart, but none of us, himself least of all, guessed. He came to me one day and told me that he had two months to live. . . ."

"He would n't let me marry him. I wish I had; oh! I wish I had!"

"You see," she went on, after a moment, "somehow people did n't seem to give me the right even to mourn for him. They would n't have dragged his widow through all sorts of would-be distractions, would they, and talked as if it were only a matter of time before she forgot? It was a little thing, of course, but it seemed an insult to him. And then mother was miserable until she got me away; she said it was killing me. Suppose they had tried to take her away because her husband was dying! He wanted me to go too. That is,

sometimes he would break down and cry, — is n't it horrible to see a man cry, — and beg me to stay with him; and the next minute he would order me to go away. At last they said the worry about me was making him worse. I think that was a lie, but I believed it then; so I went. Three weeks afterwards we heard —"

She was crying, like an ordinary woman, at last. She cried herself quiet and went on, though from time to time I could feel her shake against my arm.

"I was ill after that, and mercifully delirious part of the time." Then she added, half-aloud, "That was the beginning."

"The beginning of what?" I ventured, when the pause threatened to be endless.

She started as though awaking, although her eyes had not closed. "I do n't know whether I ought to tell you," she said. "Do n't think you are listening to a crazy woman. One day, when I was getting well, unwillingly, — one day I found my own imagination, and from that hour to this I've never let it go again."

"You mean —" I began.

"I mean that I have trained myself to be an alien in your real world, and only at home in my own. It's morbid, I suppose; I'm not at all sure that madness does n't lie at the end of it. But it's so happy.

"I began with my love. I forced it to make me happy instead of miserable. I did n't try to stifle it any longer. I let it grow until I seemed only a part of it, and it became sufficient in itself, and satisfied itself, and was not only love, but lover. Try to understand. Is n't the love you feel for God enough without His sensible presence? You see I had Hal so mixed up with my religion that this was really an analogy. Of course it would n't have been possible with a different kind of man. Oh, it is so infinitely better to love a good man, even if he does n't love you, than to be satisfied with what most women consider happiness. I think I love him very much the way men love the best sort of women. If my angel had n't wanted me, and I could have bargained for his love at the price of just some little fall of his, I would n't have taken it!

"Do you know, in most worship there seems to be an element of — well, of keeping your hands off, of distance, almost of repulsion. Mine has n't anything of that; it's a perfectly natural love. And gradually — not easily at first — I got him back again, almost as really as though he were there in the body, and I began the life we were to have had together, and it was n't a dream-life, — it was *true*.

"There is something else," she said, after a pause, and something in her tone pierced through all the hardness of my ignorance, and troubled me inexplicably.

"I think," she went on dreamily, "that love very often comes to a girl twin-born with another

kind of love. I used to go along the street sick with envy of the women I saw sometimes. I always wanted a son. I think, if I had had one, I'd have been almost content to see Hal's love go, — if he was still fond of me and did n't care for any one else. Well, I have him too; and the strange part of it is that he's realer than Hal. I can shut my eyes and *know* that he is here as I know that you are here. I've heard every tone of his dear little voice. I've made it such a habit to sleep with my arm crooked like this, that I'm uncomfortable any other way, and when I'm half asleep I can *feel* the cuddly soft baby thing there. I go everywhere with that little curly-headed ghost trotting by me. I'm as conscious of him as I am of myself. They say mothers always are when their children are babies, and somehow I can never think of Harry as any older than three. I wonder whether I should really have lost some of my passionate interest in my son when he began to think for himself. When I try to imagine him grown up, I get him so mixed up with Hal. . . ."

She lay for a moment gazing out into the sky between the balcony door. Then she turned to me and caught my wrist. Her eyes were shining in the dark, and when she spoke there was a thrill of exultation in her voice that made me almost afraid.

"I wonder whether you'll think me crazy," she said. "I'll tell you, anyway. To-night, just before you came in, I *saw* him, — Harry, — standing with his little bare feet on the balcony; and I was so afraid that he would take cold that I called out to him to come in, before I thought. I've read of such things happening to quite sane people, — hallucinations, they call them. And it's very good of God, I think."

And she laughed with such an intolerable sweetness in her voice that for the first time in my life I faltered on a sense of our entire helplessness, and the pity of it. This woman rejoiced over her madness.

"Good-night, little sister," she said at last. "I ought to be ashamed to keep you awake all night." And I put my head against her dear soft breast as though there had been a tangible wound there. In the gray dawn, long after she thought I was asleep, I heard her croon from time to time the silly divine things mothers say to their babies.

BEATRICE WITTE.



WHAT MAISIE KNEW

BY HENRY JAMES

XXII

THE next day it seemed to her at the bottom—down too far, in shuddering plunges, even to leave her a sense, on the Channel boat, of the height at which Sir Claude remained and which had never, in every way, been so great as when, much in the wet, though in the angle of a screen of canvas, he sociably sat with his step-daughter's head in his lap and that of Mrs. Beale's housemaid fairly pillowed on his breast. Maisie was surprised to learn, as they drew into port, that they had had a lovely passage, but this emotion, at Boulogne, was speedily quenched in others, above all in the great ecstasy of a larger impression of life. She was "abroad," and she gave herself up to it, responded to it, in the bright air, before the pink houses, among the bare-legged fishwives and the red-legged soldiers, with the instant certitude of a vocation. Her vocation was to see the world and to thrill with response to the picture; she had grown older in five minutes and had, by the time they reached the hotel, recognized in the institutions and manners of France a multitude of affinities and messages. Literally, in the course of an hour, she found the initiation; a consciousness much quickened by the superior part that, as soon as they had gobbled down a French breakfast—which was indeed a high note in the concert—she observed herself to play to Susan Ash. Sir Claude, who had already bumped against people he knew and who, as he said, had business and letters, sent them out together for a walk, a walk in which the child was avenged, so far as poetic justice required, not only for the loud giggles that, in their London trudges, used to break from her attendant, but for all the years of her tendency to produce socially that impression of an excess of the queer something which had seemed to waver so widely between innocence and guilt. On the spot, at Boulogne, though there might have been excess, there was at least no wavering: she recognized, she understood, she adored, and took possession; feeling herself attuned to everything and laying her hand, right and left, on what had simply been waiting for her. She explained to Susan, she laughed at Susan, she towered over Susan; and it was somehow Susan's stupidity, of which she had never yet been so sure, and Susan's bewilderment and ignorance and antagonism, that gave the liveliest rebound to her immediate perceptions and adoptions. The place and the people were all a picture together, a picture that, when they went down to the wide sands, shimmered, in a thousand tints, with the pretty organization of the *plage*, with the gaiety of spectators and bathers, with that of the language and the weather, and

above all with that of our young lady's unprecedented situation. For it appeared to her that no one, since the beginning of time, could have had such an adventure or, in an hour, so much experience; as a sequel to which she only needed, in order to feel with conscious wonder how the past was changed, to hear Susan, inscrutably aggravated, express a preference for the Edgeware Road. The past was so changed and the circle it had formed already so overstepped that on that very afternoon, in the course of another walk, she found herself inquiring of Sir Claude—and without a single scruple—if he were prepared as yet to name the moment at which they should start for Paris. His answer, it must be said, gave her the least little chill.

"Oh Paris, my dear child—I don't quite know about Paris!"

This required to be met, but it was much less to challenge him than for the rich joy of her first discussion of the details of a tour that, after looking at him a moment, she replied: "Well, is n't that the *real* thing, the thing that when one does come abroad—?" He had turned grave again, and she merely threw that out: it was a way of doing justice to the seriousness of their life. She could n't, moreover, be so much older since yesterday without reflecting that if, by this time, she probed a little, he would recognize that she had done enough for mere patience. There was in fact something in his eyes that suddenly, to her own, made her desertion shabby. Before she could remedy this he had answered her last question, answered it in the way that, of all ways, she had least expected. "The thing it does n't do not to do? Certainly—Paris is charming. But, my dear fellow, Paris eats your head off. I mean it's so expensive."

That note gave her a start; it suddenly let in a harder light. Were they poor, then?—that is, was *he* poor, really poor beyond the pleasantry of apollinaris and cold beef? They had walked to the end of the long jetty that enclosed the harbour, and were looking out at the dangers they had escaped, the grey horizon that was England, the tumbled surface of the sea and the brown smacks that bobbed upon it. Why had he chosen an embarrassed time to make this foreign dash?—unless indeed it was just the dash economic, of which she had often heard and on which, after another look at the grey horizon and the bobbing boats, she was ready to turn round with elation. She replied to him quite in his own manner: "I see—I see." She smiled up at him. "Our affairs are involved."

"That's it"—he returned her smile. "Mine are not quite so bad as yours; for yours are really, my dear man, in a state I can't see through at all. But mine will do—for a mess."

She thought this over. "But is n't France cheaper than England?" England, over there in the thickening gloom, looked just then remarkably dear.

"I daresay — some parts."

"Then can't we live in those parts?"

There was something that for an instant, in satisfaction of this, he had the air of being about to say and yet not saying. What he presently said was: "This very place is one of them."

"Then we shall live here?"

He did n't treat it quite as definitely as she liked.

"Since we've come to save money!"

This made her press him more. "How long shall we stay?"

"Oh, three or four days."

It took her breath away. "You can save money in that time?"

He burst out laughing, starting to walk again and taking her under his arm. He confessed to her on the way that she too had put a finger on the weakest of all his weaknesses, the fact, of which he was perfectly aware, that he probably might have lived within his means if he had never done anything for thrift. "It's the happy thoughts that do it," he said; "there's nothing so ruinous as putting in a cheap week." Maisie heard afresh, among the pleasant sounds of the closing day, that steel click of Ida's change of mind; she thought of the ten-pound note it would have been delightful, at this juncture, to produce for her companion's encouragement. But the idea was dissipated by his saying irrelevantly, in the presence of the next thing they stopped to admire: "We shall stay till she arrives."

She turned upon him. "Mrs. Beale?"

"Mrs. Wix. I've had a wire," he went on.

"She has seen your mother."

"Seen mamma?" Maisie stared. "Where in the world?"

"Apparently in London. They've been together."

For an instant this looked ominous — a fear came into her eyes. "Then she has n't gone?"

"Your mother? — to South Africa? I give it up, dear boy," Sir Claude said; and she seemed literally to see him give it up as he stood there and, with a kind of absent gaze — absent, that is, from *her* affairs — followed the fine stride and shining limbs of a young fishwife who had just waded out of the sea with her basketful of shrimps. His thought came back to her sooner than his eyes. "But I daresay it's all right. She would n't come if it was n't — poor old thing: she knows rather well what she's about."

This was so reassuring that Maisie, after turning it over, could make it fit into her dream. "Well, what *is* she about?"

He stopped looking, at last, at the fishwife; he met his companion's inquiry. "Oh, you know!" There was something in the way he said it that made, between them, more of an equality than she had yet imagined; but it had also more the effect of raising her up than of letting him down, and what it did with her was shown by the sound of her assent.

"Yes — I know!" What she knew, what she *could* know, is by this time no secret to us: it grew and grew, at any rate, the rest of that day, in the air of what he took for granted. It was better he should do that than attempt to test her knowledge; but there, at the worst, was the gist of the matter: it was open between them at last that their great change, as, speaking as if it had already lasted weeks, Maisie called it, was somehow built up round Mrs. Wix. Before she went to bed that night she knew, further, that Sir Claude, since, as *he* called it, they had been on the rush, had received more telegrams than one. But they separated again without speaking of Mrs. Beale.

Oh, what a crossing for the straighteners and the old brown dress — which latter appurtenance the child saw thrifflily revived for the possible disasters of travel! The wind got up in the night, and from her little room at the inn Maisie could hear the noise of the sea. The next day it was raining and everything different: this was the case even with Susan Ash, who positively crowed over the bad weather, partly, it seemed, for relish of the time their visitor would have in the boat, and partly to point the moral of the folly of coming to such holes. In the wet, with Sir Claude, Maisie went to the Folkestone packet, on the arrival of which, with many signs of the fray, he made her wait, under an umbrella, on the quay; whence, almost before the vessel touched, he was to be described, in quest of their friend, wriggling — that had been his word — through the invalids massed upon the deck. It was long till he reappeared — it was not indeed till every one had landed; when he presented the object of his benevolence in a light that Maisie scarce knew whether to deem the depth of prostration or the climax of success. The lady on his arm, still bent beneath her late ordeal, was muffled in such draperies as had never before contributed their support to so much woe. At the hotel, an hour later, this ambiguity dropped: assisting Mrs. Wix, in private, to refresh and reinvest herself, Maisie heard from her in detail how little she could have achieved if Sir Claude had n't put it in her power. It was a phrase that, in her room, she repeated in connections indescribable: he had put it in her power to have "changes," as she said, of the most intimate order, adapted to climates and occasions so various as to foreshadow in themselves the stages of a vast itinerary. Cheap weeks would of course be in their place after so much money spent on a governess; sums not grudged, however, by this lady's pupil even on her feeling her own appearance give rise, through the straighteners, to an attention perceptibly mystified. Sir Claude, in truth, had had less time to devote to it than to Mrs. Wix's; and moreover she would rather be in her own shoes than in her friend's creaking new ones in the event of an encounter with Mrs. Beale. Maisie was too lost in the idea of Mrs. Beale's

judgment of so much newness to pass any judgment herself. Besides, after much luncheon and many endearments, the question took quite another turn, to say nothing of the pleasure of the child's quick view that there were other eyes than Susan Ash's to open to what she could show. She could n't show much, alas, till it stopped raining, which it declined to do that day; but this had only the effect of leaving more time for Mrs. Wix's own demonstration. It came as they sat in the little white and gold *salon* which Maisie thought the loveliest place she had ever seen except, perhaps, the apartment of the Countess; it came while the hard summer storm lashed the windows and blew in such a chill that Sir Claude, with his hands in his pockets and cigarettes in his teeth, fidgetting, frowning, looking out and turning back, ended by causing a smoky little fire to be made in the dressy little chimney. It came in spite of something that could only be named his air of wishing to put it off; an air that had served him—oh, as all his airs served him!—to the extent of his having, for a couple of hours, confined the conversation to gratuitous jokes and generalities, kept it on the level of the little empty coffee-cups and *petits verres* (Mrs. Wix had had two of each!) that struck Maisie, through the fumes of the French fire and the English tobacco, as a token, more than ever, that they were launched. She felt now, in close quarters and as clearly as if Mrs. Wix had told her, that what this lady had come over for was not merely to be chaffed and to hear her pupil chaffed—not even to hear Sir Claude, who knew French in perfection, imitate the strange sounds emitted by the English folk at the hotel. It was perhaps half an effect of her present renovations—as if her clothes had been somebody's else: she had at any rate never produced such an impression of high colour, of a redness really so vivid as to be feverish. Her heart was not at all in the gossip about Boulogne; and if her complexion was partly the result of the *déjeuner* and the *petits verres*, it was also the brave signal of what she was there to say. Maisie knew, when this did come, how anxiously it had been awaited by the youngest member of the party. "Her ladyship packed me off—she almost put me into the cab!" That was what Mrs. Wix at last brought out.

XXIII

Sir Claude was stationed at the window; he did n't so much as turn round; and it was left to Maisie to take up the remark. "Do you mean you went to see her yesterday?"

"She came to see me; she knocked at my shabby door; she mounted my squalid stair. She told me she had seen you at Folkestone."

Maisie wondered. "She went back that evening?"

"No; yesterday morning. She drove to me

straight from the station. It was remarkable. If I had a job to get off she did nothing to make it worse—she did a great deal to make it better."

Mrs. Wix hung fire, though the flame in her face burned brighter; then she became capable of saying: "Her ladyship's kind! She did what I did n't expect."

Maisie, on this, looked straight at her step-father's back; it might well have been for her, at that hour, a monument of her ladyship's kindness. It remained as such, at all events, monumentally still, and for a time that permitted the child to ask of their companion: "Did she really help you?"

"Most materially." Again Mrs. Wix paused; again she quite resounded. "She gave me a ten-pound note."

At that, still looking out, Sir Claude, at the window, laughed loud. "So, you see, Maisie, we've not quite lost it!"

"Oh, no!" Maisie responded. "Is n't that too charming?" She smiled at Mrs. Wix. "We know all about it." Then, on her friend's showing such blankness as was compatible with such a flush, she pursued: "She does want me to have you?"

Mrs. Wix showed a final hesitation, which, however, while Sir Claude drummed on the window-pane, she presently surmounted. It came to Maisie that in spite of his drumming and of his not turning round he was really so much interested as to leave himself, in a manner, in her hands: which, somehow, suddenly seemed to her a greater proof than he could have given by interfering. "She wants me to have you!" Mrs. Wix declared.

Maisie answered this bang at Sir Claude. "Then that's nice for all of us."

Of course it was, his continued silence sufficiently admitted, while Mrs. Wix rose from her chair and, as if to take more of a stand, placed herself, not without majesty, before the fire. The incongruity of her smartness, the circumference of her stiff frock, presented her as really more ready for Paris than any of them. She also gazed hard at Sir Claude's back. "Your wife was different from anything she had ever shown me. She recognizes certain properties."

"Which?—do you happen to remember?" Sir Claude asked.

Mrs. Wix's reply was prompt. "The importance for Maisie of a gentlewoman—of some one who is not—well, so bad! She objects to a mere maid, and I do n't in the least mind telling you what she wants me to do." One thing was clear—Mrs. Wix was now bold enough for anything. "She wants me to persuade you to get rid of the person from Mrs. Beale's." Maisie waited for Sir Claude to pronounce on this; then she could only understand that he, on his side, waited, and she felt particularly full of common sense as she met her responsibility. "Oh, I don't want Susan with you!" she said to Mrs. Wix.

Sir Claude, always from the window, approved. "That's quite simple. I'll take her back."

Mrs. Wix gave a positive jump; Maisie caught her look of alarm. "'Take' her? You do n't mean go over on purpose?"

Sir Claude said nothing for a moment; after which, "Why should n't I leave you here?" he inquired.

Maisie, at this, sprang up. "Oh do, oh do, oh do!" The next moment she was interlaced with Mrs. Wix, and the two, on the hearth-rug, their eyes in each other's eyes, considered the plan with intensity. Then Maisie perceived the difference of what they saw in it. "She can surely go back alone: why should you put yourself out?" Mrs. Wix demanded.

"Oh, she's an idiot—she's incapable. If anything should happen to her it would be awkward: it was I who brought her—without her asking. If I turn her away, I ought, with my own hand, to place her exactly where I found her."

Mrs. Wix's face appealed to Maisie on such folly, and her manner, as directed to their companion, had, to her pupil's surprise, an unprecedented sharpness. "Dear Sir Claude, I think you're perverse. Pay her fare, and give her a sovereign. She has had an experience that she never dreamed of and that will be an advantage to her through life. If she goes wrong on the way it will be simply because she wants to, and, with her expenses and her remuneration—make it even what you *like*!—you will have treated her as handsomely as you always treat every one."

This was a new tone—as new as Mrs. Wix's cap; and it could strike a perceptive person as the upshot of a relation that had taken on a new character. It brought out, for Maisie, how much more even than she had guessed her friends were fighting side by side. At the same time it needed so definite a justification that, as Sir Claude now, at last, did face them, she at first supposed it in resentment of excessive familiarity. She was therefore yet more puzzled to see him show the whole of his serene beauty, as well as an equal interest in a matter quite distinct from any freedom but her ladyship's. "Did my wife come alone?" He could ask even that good-humouredly.

"When she called on me?" Mrs. Wix was red now: his good humour could n't keep down her colour, which, for a minute, glowed there like her ugly honesty. "No—there was some one in the cab." The only attenuation she could think of was, after a minute, to add: "But they did n't come up."

Sir Claude broke into a laugh—Maisie herself could guess what it was at; while he now walked about, still laughing, and, at the fireplace, gave a gay kick to a displaced log, she felt more vague about almost everything than about the drollery of such a "they!" She in fact could scarce have told you if it was to deepen or to cover the joke that she

bethought herself to remark: "Perhaps it was her maid."

Mrs. Wix gave her a look that, at any rate, deprecated the wrong tone. "It was not her maid."

"Do you mean there are, this time, two?" Sir Claude asked as if he had not heard.

"Two maids?" Maisie went on as if she might assume he had.

The reproach of the straighteners darkened; but Sir Claude cut across it with a sudden: "See here—what do you mean? And what do you suppose *she* meant?"

Mrs. Wix let him for a moment, in silence, understand that the answer to his question, if he did n't take care, might give him more than he wanted. It was as if, with this scruple, she measured and adjusted all that she gave him in at last saying: "What she meant was to make me know that you're definitely free. To have that straight from her was a joy I, of course, had n't hoped for: it made the assurance, and my delight at it, a thing I really proceed upon. You already know I would have started even if she had n't pressed me; you already know what, so long, we have been looking for, and what, as soon as she told me of her step taken at Folkestone, I recognized with rapture that we *have*. It's your freedom that makes me right"—she fairly bristled with her logic. "But I do n't mind telling you that it's her action that makes me happy!"

"Her action?" Sir Claude echoed. "Why, my dear woman, her action is just a heinous crime. It happens to satisfy our sympathies in a way that's quite delicious; but that does n't in the least alter the fact that it's the most abominable thing ever done. She has chuckled our friend here overboard not a bit less than if she had shoved her, shrieking and pleading, out of that window, and down two floors, upon the paving-stones."

Maisie surveyed serenely the parties to the discussion. "Oh, your friend here, dear Sir Claude, does n't plead and shriek?"

He looked at her a moment. "Never. Never. That's one—only one, but charming so far as it goes—of about a hundred things we love her for." Then he pursued to Mrs. Wix: "What I can't for the life of me make out is what Ida is *really* up to, what game she was playing in turning to you with that damned cheek after the beastly way she has used you. Where—to explain her at all—does she fancy she can presently, when we least expect it, take it out of us?"

"She does n't fancy anything, nor want anything out of any one. Her damned cheek, as you call it, is the best thing I've ever seen in her. I do n't care a fig for the beastly way she used me—I forgive it all a thousand times over!" Mrs. Wix raised her voice as she had never raised it; she quite triumphed in her lucidity. "I understand her—I almost admire her!" she proclaimed. She

spoke as if this might practically suffice; yet in charity to fainter lights she threw out an explanation. "As I've said, she was different: upon my word I would n't have known her. She had a glimmering—she had an instinct: they brought her. It was a kind of happy thought, and if you could n't have supposed she would ever have had such a thing, why, of course, I quite agree with you. But she did have it. There!"

Maisie could see that, from what it with liveliness lacked, this demonstration gathered a certain something that might almost have exasperated. But, as she had often watched Sir Claude in apprehension of displeasure that he'd n't come, so now, instead of his saying "Oh hell!" as her father used, she observed him only to take refuge in a question that, at the worst, was abrupt. "Who *is* it this time, do you know?"

Mrs. Wix tried blind dignity. "Who is *what*, Sir Claude?"

"The man who stands the cabs. Who was in the one that waited at your door?"

At this challenge she faltered so long that it occurred to Maisie's conscience to give her a hand. "It was n't the Captain."

Her good intention, however, only changed her old friend's scruple to a more ambiguous stare; besides, of course, making Sir Claude go off. Mrs. Wix fairly appealed to him. "Must I really tell you?"

His amusement continued. "Did she make you promise not to?"

Mrs. Wix looked at him still harder. "I mean—before Maisie."

Sir Claude laughed again. "Why, *she* can't hurt him!"

Maisie felt herself, as it passed, brushed by the light humour of this. "Yes, I can't hurt him!"

The straighteners again roofed her round; after which they seemed to crack with the explosion of their wearer's honesty. Amid the flying splinters Mrs. Wix produced a name. "Mr. Knackfuss."

There was for an instant a silence that, under Sir Claude's influence and while he and Maisie looked at each other, suddenly pretended to be that of gravity. "We do n't know Mr. Knackfuss—do we, dear?"

Maisie gave the point all needful thought. "No—not Mr. Knackfuss."

It was a passage that worked visibly on their friend. "You must excuse me, Sir Claude," she said with an austerity of which the note was real, "if I thank God to your face that he *was* in his mercy—I mean his mercy to our charge—allowed me to achieve this act." She gave out a long puff of pain. "It was time?" Then, as if still more to point the moral: "I said just now I understood your wife. I said just now I admired her. I stand to it: I did both of those things when I saw how even *she*, poor thing, saw. If you want the dots

on the i's you shall have them. What she came to me for, in spite of everything, was that I'm just—" she quavered it out—"Well, just clean! What she saw for her daughter was that there must at last be a *decent* person!"

Maisie was quick enough to jump a little at the sound of this implication that such a person was what Sir Claude was not; the next instant, however, she more profoundly guessed against whom the discrimination was made. She was therefore left the more surprised at the complete candour with which he embraced the worst. "If she's bent on decent persons, why has she given her to *me*? You do n't call me a decent person, and I'll do *Ida* the justice that *she* never did. I think I'm as indecent as any one, and that there's nothing in my behaviour that makes my wife's sacrifice a bit less awful!"

"Do n't speak of your behaviour," Mrs. Wix cried; "do n't say such horrible things: they're false, and they're wicked, and I forbid you! It's to *keep* you decent that I'm here and that I've done everything I *have* done: it's to save you—I won't say from yourself, because in yourself you're beautiful and good! It's to save you from the worst person of all: I have n't, after all, come over to be afraid to speak of her! *That's* the person in whose place her ladyship wants such a person as even *me*; and if she thought herself, as she as good as told me, not fit for Maisie's company, it's not, as you may well suppose, that she may make a place for Mrs. Beale!"

Maisie watched his face as it took this outbreak, and the most she saw in it was that it turned a little white. That indeed made him look, as Susan Ash would have said, queer, and it was perhaps a part of the queerness that he intensely smiled. "You're too hard on Mrs. Beale. She has great merits of her own."

Mrs. Wix, at this, instead of immediately replying, did what Sir Claude had been doing before: she moved across to the window and stared a while into the storm. There was, for a minute, to Maisie's sense, a hush that resounded with wind and rain. Sir Claude, in spite of these things, glanced about for his hat; on which Maisie spied it first and, making a dash for it, held it out to him. He took it with the gleam of a "Thank you" in his face, but as he did so something moved her still to hold the other side of the brim; so that, united by their grasp of this object, they stood, some seconds, looking many things at each other. By this time Mrs. Wix had turned round. "Do you mean to tell me," she demanded, "that you *are* going back?"

"To Mrs. Beale?" Maisie surrendered her hat, and there was something that touched her in the embarrassed, almost humiliated way their companion's challenge made him turn it round and round. She had seen people do that who, she was sure, did nothing else that Sir Claude did. "I

can't just say, my dear thing. We'll see about it —we'll talk of it to-morrow. Meantime I must get some air."

Mrs. Wix, with her back to the window, threw up her head to a height that, still for a moment, had the effect of detaining him. "All the air in France, Sir Claude, won't, I think, give you the courage to deny that you're simply afraid of her!"

Oh, this time he did look queer: Maisie had no need of Susan's vocabulary to note it! It would have come to her of itself as, with his hand on the door, he turned his eyes from his step-daughter to her governess and then back again. Resting on Maisie's, though for ever so short a time, there was something they gave up to her and tried to explain. His lips, however, explained nothing; they only surrendered to Mrs. Wix. "Yes. I'm simply afraid of her!" He opened the door and passed out.

It brought back to Maisie his confession of fear of her mother; it made her step-mother then the second lady about whom he failed of the particular virtue that was supposed most to mark a gentleman. In fact there were three of them if she counted in Mrs. Wix, before whom he had undeniably quailed. Well, his want of valour was but a deeper appeal to her tenderness. To thrill with response to it she had only to remember all the ladies she herself had, as they called it, finked!

(*To be Continued.*)

REVIEWS

THE FLOURISHING OF ROMANCE

THE FLOURISHING OF ROMANCE AND THE RISE OF ALLEGORY.—By George Saintsbury, M.A. 8vo. Charles Scribner's Sons. \$1.50.

PROFESSOR SAINTSBURY in an apologetic and self-depreciatory mood hardly appears to be Professor Saintsbury at all. Yet *The Flourishing of Romance* begins and ends with his statements of his demerits, and similar bits of shamefacedness, mingled with a certain pride of achievement, run between. This might be thought to be the foundation for the compromises, the middle courses, steered through the book; but the author's reasonableness in this, characteristically acidulated rather than sweet, at once proves it to be no more than his usual sanity and catholicism in literary judgments and relieves the mind of the reader from all apprehensions caused by the display of something like bashfulness.

It may be premised that, seemingly as modesty is in an undertaking which means writing two and editing ten more volumes of a universal history of European literature from the Middle Ages to the present day, including both periods, any assumption of its necessity is unfounded, and the author cannot beg our

pardon faster than we shall assure him of our distinguished consideration and increased regard after reading his latest work. His plan is a most estimable one, taking, as it does, for its text Matthew Arnold's searching statement: "The criticism which alone can help us for the future is a criticism which regards Europe as being, for intellectual and spiritual purposes, one great confederation, bound to a joint action and working to a common result." The series is called *Periods of European Literature*. The first volume is to be written by Prof. W. P. Ker, the book before us is the second of the set, though, as the preface discloses, the first in point of presentation to the public, and subsequent numbers are to be undertaken by Messrs. F. J. Snell, David Hannay, Oliver Elton, Edmund Gosse, and Walter H. Pollock among others, leaving the editor himself to close with *The Later Nineteenth Century*. This last, which means an extension of the point of view taken of French and English literature in his four volumes of essays to the entire modern field, will be looked forward to with impatience. Meanwhile, let us glance at the delectabilities before us.

Professor Saintsbury begins with mediæval Latin. "The influence of form which the best Latin hymns of the Middle Ages exercised in poetry," he concludes, "the influence in vocabulary and in logical arrangement which Scholasticism exercised in prose are beyond dispute." Thence he goes to the romances, quoting for his sequence Jean Bodel, a *trouvère* of the thirteenth century:

"Ne sont que trois matières à nul home attendant,
De France et de Breitaigne et de Rome la grant."
France, then, leads the way with a consideration of the *chansons de geste*. Many of them are discussed in detail, though their names alone are guaranties of their romantic character, and the estimate reads, "that while the best of them are remarkably good of their kind, few of them can be called positively bad in it." England follows, contributing the Arthurian legends chiefly. The appreciation of them is excellently done, full of piquant touches, — as when the "author exclaims, "May God assoil Dunlop!" (for calling Guinevere merely Lancelot's mistress), — and takes a careful course past critical extremists, though the opinion that the legends are a literary growth is given with no trembling nor hesitating voice. The romances inherited from antiquity are then taken up, — *sortilege* in one of them being defined as "a sort of *kriegs-spiel* in a basin with wax ships," — and a most important chapter on the making of English follows.

Here, again, extremes are avoided, Professor Saintsbury urging that "a middle way may be taken between those historians of English who would have a great gulf fixed before Chaucer, and those who insist upon absolute continuity from Cædmon to Tennyson." Similarly cautious, sensible, and decided are his conjectures regarding the origin of our English

prosody, which he will leave wholly to neither the quantity nor the accent-men. Middle High German poetry,—Germany's literary energy, he says, is "commentatorial or nothing," from the Nibelungenlied to the songs of Walter of the Bird-Meadow (Walther von der Vogelweide), which he praises so highly and so deservedly,—leads to the *fabliaux*, of which he holds that the Earl of Roscommon's famous dictum is not necessarily true; thence to the sagas, to the Provençal *trouvères* and all their interesting verse-forms, and, finally, to the lesser efforts made in the peninsulas of Greece, Italy, and Spain. A brief chapter sums up "this attempt to survey the literature of Europe during one, if not of its most accomplished, most enlightened, or most generally admired periods, yet assuredly one of the most momentous, the most interesting, the fullest of problem and of promise."

Congratulating Professor Saintsbury upon this achievement, we may express the hope that the omen may be wanting which impends from his former essay of a second volume—in the "History of Literature" series, where we have been awaiting both predecessor and sequel for more than five years.

A FRENCH VOLUNTEER OF THE REVOLUTION

A FRENCH VOLUNTEER OF THE WAR OF INDEPENDENCE.—Translated and Edited by Robert B. Douglas. 8mo. Charles Carrington. \$1.75.

THE translation, at the present time, of *Les Mémoires du Comte de Moré* (the original work was first published by Honoré de Balzac during his little career as a printer) is doubtless due to the recent acceptance, by a fragment of the American people, of the Confucian tenet of ancestor-worship. The jovial Count has been at rest these sixty years—and during all that time, and longer, the Revolutionary fathers have been wondering, like Sir Boyle Roche, what their descendants have ever done for them. Then, of a sudden, there is a general awakening to the fact that we are posterity,—some of us,—and books of this kind flourish, and we have many varieties of children of the Revolution, every mother's son and daughter of them devoted to maintaining our institutions just as they found them—which illustrates one difference between themselves and their illustrious forbears, quite as plainly as their pride of birth proves another.

Of all these societies, the Order of the Cincinnati—which the translator gets "Cincinnatus"—is by far the oldest and least democratic—a Triton among these minnows of recent growth. Well, while our hero was still the Chevalier de Pontgibaud, he went one day to dine with Madame du Barry. Monsieur le Comte Dufort de Cheverny tells the story in the preface of this book: "Seeing that

the Chevalier wore the Order of the Cincinnati, she narrated the following incident: 'When I was at Versailles, I had the six tallest and best-looking footmen that could be found, but the noisiest, laziest rascals that ever lived. The ringleader of them gave me so much trouble that I was obliged to send him away. The war in America was then beginning, and he asked for letters of recommendation. I gave them [times have changed but little in this respect], and he left with a well-filled purse, and I was glad to get rid of him. A year ago he came to see me, and he was wearing the Order of the Cincinnati.' We all laughed at the story, except the Chevalier de Pontgibaud."

The Chevalier was one of the first twelve among the French to receive the decoration,—which he wrongly sets down as an official one,—and he says of his countrymen, that the "slightest connection with America was considered sufficient basis for a claim to this honor." In his case, however, it was abundantly deserved. A member of the engineer corps which did such inestimable service to the American cause, the Chevalier had a command at the battle of Trenton, was present at the siege of Yorktown, made three voyages across the Atlantic,—the last time as an exile during the French Revolution, for the purpose of getting his back pay, amounting to \$10,000,—and his account of his various sojournings is fascinatingly told. His description of the Continental Army at Valley Forge—the translator leaves it *Forges*—is vivid, if somewhat upsetting: "Instead of the imposing spectacle I expected, I saw, grouped together or standing alone, a few militiamen, poorly clad, and for the most part without shoes;—many of them badly armed, but all well supplied with provisions, and I noticed that tea and sugar formed part of their rations. I did not then know that this was not unusual, and I laughed, for it made me think of the recruiting-sergeants on the Quai de la Ferraille in Paris, who say to the yokels, 'You will want for nothing when you are in the regiment; but if bread should run short, you must not mind eating cakes.' Here the soldiers had tea and sugar.

It was the Chevalier, too, who saved the life of Paul Jones, just after his victory over the *Serapis*, while the naval hero was running away in a great fright from a French sailor named Landais.

The book is prettily printed, with an etching of the author for frontispiece. The translation is adequate, and the narrative interesting in both a personal and historical sense.



MR. ALLEN'S NEW NOVEL

THE CHOIR INVISIBLE. — By James Lane Allen.
16mo. The Macmillan Co. \$1.25.

THE elusive and half-recognized fragrance of *Esmond* hangs about the pages of *The Choir Invisible*, set though the story is in Kentucky of the last century. Beatrix is gone, and Amy Falconer, a fluttering canary-bird of a girl, has a befittingly smaller part to play. But when John Gray's affection passes from her into a deeper love for her aunt, there comes into the story a serene tenderness that brings a memory of Lady Castlewood. For Jessica Falconer, though she is not free, her changeless, wistful love for John Gray is something she can control; but for him, a kind of Puritan knight, duty calls for silence and renunciation. Back across the Alleghanies he travels, never to see her again, but worshipping always at her shrine, as in the days of Malory's *Morte d'Arthur*, when "Men and women could love together seven years, and then was love truth and faithfulness." Nothing could be simpler than the story, yet it is pathetic, and at times almost intolerably sweet. Calm and restrained, it is at the same time passionate, with an emphasis on the spiritual side of love which has been sadly lacking in recent fiction. The story is dynamically pure, clean by more than the mere absence of impurity.

It cannot be said that Mr. Allen has exercised the art of compression. It is a leisurely tale, and sauntering alongside of it Mr. Allen displays for us the pageant of the settlement of the West. Through the town of Lexington surges the stream of conquering pioneers, and to its taverns flock the backwoodsmen, gay with buckskin breeches and turkey-feathers. Pack-trains from Philadelphia bring all kinds of female frippery, and the wives of the officers dance the minuet in a splendor worthy of colonial Virginia and Maryland. The Indian has been finally driven away, and the country-side is settling down to a joy of fruitfulness. In this coruscating, shifting picture the minor characters yield to no temptations of archaic speech, but are vitally comprehensible.

No less extraordinary than the historic vividness is the outdoor atmosphere of the book. Mr. Allen's style has an early-morning freshness about it. The book is drenched in sunlight, and breaks into pink-and-white blossoming on almost every page. No other American writer employs such a varied and joyful imagery in his descriptive passages. Here is a bit of the spring's coming: "He knew of old the pipe of this imperious shepherd, sounding along the inner vales of his being; herding him towards universal fellowship with seeding-grass and breeding herb and every heart-holding creature of the woods." And John Gray's fighting the panther with his empty hands is as stirring a piece of writing as one may wish for.

Mr. Allen's book is almost the only tangible evi-

dence we have had of the alleged reaction from morbid and doubtful literature to something nobler and stronger. *The Choir Invisible* is the work of a delicate and painstaking artist, it is distinctly American, yet with no merely local interest. It is written for love of beauty and humanity, and in the constant discussions concerning the "Great American Novel," this book may, at least, be admitted as evidence.

A STUDENT'S PASTIME

A STUDENT'S PASTIME. — By the Rev. Walter W. Skeat, Lit.D., D.C.L., LL.D., Ph.D. 8vo. The Clarendon Press. \$2.50.

MOST of us have a scholastic acquaintance with Professor Skeat dating back a number of years. It has not always been an enjoyable acquaintance, but there has nevertheless been the feeling that we should like the Professor better if he would disclose a little more of his personality. In this latest volume of his, we continue to go to school to him, and to hear the familiar reproofs of the classroom from his lips, but it is not until we have been admitted to a certain degree of intimacy, through the medium of the autobiographical introduction.

"For myself," he says of earlier days, "I had the special advantage of reading in Cambridge before entering college at all, my private tutor, in mathematics, being the Rev. Harvey Goodwin, afterwards Bishop of Carlisle. It is not many years since I again met the Bishop at Ely, on which occasion I reminded his lordship of his former helpfulness, when he replied with that geniality which made him so attractive: 'Well, do you know I had quite forgotten it!' immediately adding, to my intense surprise, 'I wish you'd teach me something!' And it turned out that he, at any rate, knew my books." But before that the young scholar had had excellent training at the public school at Highgate, where, among other things, he was set to translating Latin into English verse,—the very reverse of the plan customary then—and now, in England. One result, as Doctor Skeat sets it forth, will make a long-suffering public pray for its speedy and unanimous adoption. "A boy who has done English verses at school," so he writes, "soon gets to understand what genius he has in that direction. If he finds it to be very small, he has learnt a most valuable lesson; viz., to refrain, when he comes of age, from publishing a volume of 'poems.'" But that he holds the poetic art in all due honor is learned from others of his statements, as when he advises, "It does not take much longer to read the *Paradise Regained* than a second-rate three-volume novel, and, for my part, I prefer the poem." Then he adds: "I am aware that others are of different opinion."

Young Mr. Skeat was duly entered at Christ College, and of his contemporaries there he gives a happy glimpse: "It was a treat to hear Charles Stuart Calverley, more familiarly known by his own chosen title of 'C. S. C.,' accompany himself on the pianoforte whilst singing his Italian songs. It perchance a line of *La Donna è Mobile* slipped his memory, its place was readily supplied by other words that would suit the scansion, such as 'mezzo-soprano,' or 'la piano forte,' or the English phrase 'mili potaato,' and even such a word as 'celery' sounded like Italian when the *e* before the *c* was duly pronounced like the *ch* in *chin*."

Professor Skeat quotes some interesting information from his first book, now long out of print. He tells us of the beginnings of the Early English Text Society, of the English Dialect Society, and of the steps which led to the publication of the great *Oxford Dictionary*, now so happily inaugurated. Then we come to the body of the book, made up of contributions to *Notes and Queries*, carefully culled, and covering thirty years of investigations. The information thus imparted is so curious, at once so minute and all-embracing, that it is a hopeless task to attempt to give even the baldest notion of it.

The chief defect in the book is what may be called its schoolmasterfulness, "I wish," the author blurts out, "that those who wrote about this word would read my Dictionary. They might then come to know what they are talking about." But even this in reiteration may find offset in such a counter-statement as "I have to thank R. R. for his clear explanation of a most absurd blunder of my own." The exceeding interest of the subject-matter to every student of English makes us hope for the success of this well-digested work, especially as Professor Skeat tells us: "If the reception of the present volume is sufficiently encouraging, it will be easy to produce another, or even two more, of like kind."

THE MODERN PROBLEM

THE WISDOM OF FOOLS.—By Margaret Deland.
16mo. Houghton, Mifflin & Co. \$1.25.

MRS. DELAND is tormented with philanthropy. She feels the need of solving problems for the public; and, perhaps to escape the old-fashioned, she attacks the problems that are known as modern. In this latest book of hers, she struggles to be frank, to appeal straight to those entangled. Here she is knowing, in the four stories as they are arranged, flaunting a hideously increasing perception of the unpleasant. A girl that will not forgive the man she is to marry for a wrong-doing of his youth; a woman that cannot solve the question of the cleanliness of gold; a plumber's daughter who learns at college to despise her "class"; a misguided philanthropic young lady who makes weak attempts to save a woman of the gutter, — these four creatures

of moral strength are studied, explained, analyzed, for the elevation of the public morals. Mrs. Deland is skillful in her choice; she could not well have built a more progressive climax to the pinnacle of hugger-mugger. She discloses these sex-mates of hers cheerfully. There is blitheness in every line. Glimpses of suggestive surroundings and descriptions of limp scenery serve to heighten the bad taste of the whole book. No doubt there is a purpose behind, but there it lurks modestly, too decent to join in the company afforded it.

The craving for the "problem" is insatiable. Mrs. Deland has learned that. She has, on that account, taken advantage almost cruel of the innocent public. She is successful; her books sell. Now, in these stories she has gone deeper into the wilderness of the unnecessary for her tangles. She points them out with proud clearness, and then steps aside to watch the world straighten them. She sees these tangles with appalling vividness, almost with a flippant triviality that suggests familiarity, but she goes no further.

If there be any virtue in this sort of mere formulation of problems, Mrs. Deland will be credited with much; but if it is to him that helps, however little, to show the way out that gratitude is due, Mrs. Deland will find her labor thankless. Few have time to worry over these abstract problems, even for the somewhat sadly inefficient recompense of Mrs. Deland's approbation. The weak shame of Nellie Sherman does not touch most of us closely.

It is worth while to remember that Mrs. Deland has written wonderfully of flowers, and that she is very successful in growing jonquils. Perhaps she may again delight us with a healthy book on horticulture.

BIOGRAPHY WELL DONE

PHILIP AND ALEXANDER OF MACEDON. By David G. Hogarth, M.A. 8vo. Charles Scribner's Sons. \$2.50.

RIGHTLY judging our present needs to lie rather in the direction of an interpretation of the character of Philip than of Alexander of Macedon, Mr. Hogarth devotes more than half of his excellently presented work to the biography of the former, holding, as will his readers, that too little has been said heretofore of that earlier king who assuredly made the career of Alexander possible. In doing this he preserves throughout the book an attitude of fairness and judicial impartiality which would grace a chief justice, and which makes the strongest appeal to the critic.

We are told of Philip's birth, education, and early exile to Thebes; of his aims and broad ambition; at the same time our attention is called to the commingling, in his character, of nobility and self-seeking, of statesmanship and mere chicanery,

hours, a year and more ago, when her mother's house smelled of spices, and this cake was baked for her wedding day.

When they went home again, side by side, the fencing was all done, and David had an after-consciousness of happy playtime. He carried the basket with his ax, and Letty, like an untired little dog, took brief excursions of discovery here and there, and came back to his side with her weedy treasures. Once—was it something in the air?—he called to her:

"Say, Letty, wa'n't it about this kind o' weather the day we were married?"

But Letty gave a little cry, and pointed out a frail white butterfly on a mullein leaf. "See there, David! how cold he looks! I'd like to take him along. He'll freeze to-night." David forgot his question and she was glad. Some fine inner voice was at her heart, warning her to leave the day unspoiled. Her joy lay in remembering; it seemed a small thing to her that he should forget.

"We've had a real good time," he said, as he gave her the basket at the kitchen door. "Now, as soon as thrashin's done, we'll go to Star Pond."

After supper, they covered up the squashes, for fear of a frost; and then they stood for a moment in the field and looked at the harvest moon, risen in a great effrontery of splendor.

"Letty," asked David suddenly, "should n't you like to put on your little ring? It's right here in my pocket."

"No! no!" said Letty hastily. "I never want to set eyes on it again."

"I guess I'll get you another one 't you could wear. I looked 'tother day when I went to market, but there was so many I did n't das't to make a choice unless you was with me."

Letty clung to him passionately. "O David," she cried, with a break in her voice, "I don't want any rings. I want just you."

David put one hand and softly touched the little blue kerchief about her head. "Anyway," he said, "we won't have any more secrets from one another, will we?"

Letty gave a little start, and she caught her breath before she answered.

"No, we won't—not unless they're nice ones!"

ALICE BROWN.

WHAT MAISIE KNEW

By HENRY JAMES

XXIV

IT continued to rain so hard that our young lady's private dream of explaining the Continent to their visitor had to contain a provision for some adequate treatment of the weather. At the *table d'hôte*, that evening, she threw out a variety of lights: this was the second ceremony of the sort she had sat through, and she would have neglected her privilege and dishonoured her vocabulary—which indeed consisted mainly of the names of dishes—if she had not been proportionately ready to dazzle with interpretations. Pre-occupied and overawed, Mrs. Wix was comparatively dim: she accepted her pupil's version of the mysteries of the *menu* in a manner that might have struck the child as the depression of a credulity conscious not so much of its needs as of its dimensions. Maisie was soon enough—though it scarce happened before bedtime—confronted again with the different sort of programme for which she reserved her criticism. They remounted together to their sitting-room while Sir Claude, who said he would join them later, remained below to smoke and to converse with the old acquaintances that he met wherever he turned. He had offered his companions, for coffee, the enjoyment of the *salon de lecture*; but Mrs. Wix had replied, promptly and with something of an air, that it struck her their own apartments furnished them every convenience. They furnished the good lady herself, Maisie could immediately observe, not only that of this rather grand reference—which, already emulous, so far as it went, of her pupil, she made as if she had spent her life in salons; but that of a stiff French sofa where she could sit and stare at the faint French lamp (in default of the French clock that had stopped) as if for some account of the time Sir Claude would so markedly interpose. Her demeanour accused him so directly of hovering beyond her reach that Maisie sought to divert her by a report of Susan's quaint attitude toward what they had talked of after lunch. Maisie had mentioned to the young woman, for sympathy's sake, the plan for her relief, but her disapproval of alien ways appeared, strange to say, only to prompt her to hug her gloom; so that, between Mrs. Wix's effect of displacing her and the visible stiffening of her back, the child had the sense of a double office, an enlarged play for pacific powers.

These powers played to no great purpose, it was true, in keeping before Mrs. Wix the vision of Sir Claude's perversity, which hung there in the pauses of talk and which he himself, after unmistakable delays, finally made quite lurid by bursting in—it was near ten o'clock—with an object held up in his hand. She knew, before he spoke, what it was;



she knew, at least, from the underlying sense of all that, since the hour spent, after the Exhibition, with her father, had not sprung up to reinstate Mr. Farange — she knew it meant a triumph for Mrs. Beale. The mere present sight of Sir Claude's face caused her, on the spot, to drop straight through her last impression of Mr. Farange a plummet that reached still deeper down than the security of these days of flight. She had wrapped that impression in silence — a silence that had parted with half its veil to cover also, from the hour of Sir Claude's advent, the image of Mr. Farange's wife. But as the object in Sir Claude's hand revealed itself as a letter which he held up very high, so there was something in his mere motion that laid Mrs. Beale again bare. "Here we are!" he cried almost from the door, shaking his trophy at them and looking from one to the other. Then he came straight to Mrs. Wix: he had pulled two papers out of the envelope and glanced at them again to see which was which. He thrust one out, open, to Mrs. Wix. "Read that." She looked at him hard, as if in fear: it was impossible not to see that he was excited. Then she took the letter, but it was not her face that Maisie watched while she read. Neither, for that matter, was it this countenance that Sir Claude scanned: he stood before the fire and, more calmly, now that he had acted, communed in silence with his step-daughter.

This silence was, in truth, quickly broken: Mrs. Wix rose to her feet with the violence of the sound she emitted. The letter had dropped from her and lay upon the floor; it had made her turn ghastly white, and she was speechless with the effect of it. "It's too abominable — it's too unspeakable!" she then cried.

"Is n't it a charming thing?" Sir Claude asked. "It has just arrived, enclosed in a word of her own. She sends it on to me with the remark that comment is superfluous. I really think it is — that's all you can say."

"She ought n't to pass such a horror about," said Mrs. Wix. "She ought to put it straight in the fire."

"My dear woman, she's not such a fool! It's much too precious." He had picked the letter up, and he gave it, again, a glance of complacency which produced a light in his face. "Such a document" — he considered, then concluded with a slight drop — "such a document is, in fine, a basis!"

"A basis for what?" Mrs. Wix inquired.

"Well — for proceedings."

"Hers?" Mrs. Wix's voice had become, outright, the voice of derision. "How can *she* proceed?"

Sir Claude turned it over. "How can she get rid of him? Well — she *is* rid of him."

"Not legally," Mrs. Wix had never looked to her pupil so much as if she knew what she was talking about.

"I daresay," Sir Claude laughed; "but she's not a bit less deprived than I am!"

"Of the power to get a divorce? It's just your want of the power that makes the scandal of your connection with her. Therefore it's just her want of it that makes that of hers with you. That's all I contend!" Mrs. Wix concluded with an unparalleled neigh of battle. Oh, she did know what she was talking about!

Maisie had meanwhile appealed mutely to Sir Claude, who judged it easier to meet what she did n't say than to meet what Mrs. Wix did. "It's a letter to Mrs. Beale from your father, my dear, written from Spa and making the rupture between them perfectly irrevocable. It lets her know, and not in pretty language, that, as we technically say, he deserts her. It puts an end forever to their relations." He ran his eyes over it again, then appeared to make up his mind. "In fact it concerns you, Maisie, so nearly, and refers to you so particularly, that I really think you ought to see the terms in which this new situation is created for you." And he held out the letter.

Mrs. Wix, at this, pounced upon it; she had grabbed it too soon even for Maisie to become aware of being rather afraid of it. Thrusting it instantly behind her, she positively glared at Sir Claude. "'See' it, wretched man — the innocent child *see* such a thing? I think you must be mad, and she shall not have a glimpse of it while I'm here to prevent!"

The breadth of her action had made Sir Claude turn red — he even looked a little foolish. "You think it's too bad, eh? But it's precisely because it's bad that it seemed to me it would have a lesson and a virtue for her."

Maisie could do a quick enough justice to his motive to be able clearly to interpose. She fairly smiled at him. "I assure you I can quite believe how bad it is!" She hesitated an instant; then she added: "I know what's in it."

He of course burst out laughing, and while Mrs. Wix groaned an "Oh, heavens!" he produced: "You would n't say that, old boy, if you did! The point I make is," he continued, to Mrs. Wix, with a blandness now re-established — "the point I make is simply that it sets Mrs. Beale free."

She hung fire but an instant. "Free to live with *you*?"

"Free not to live, not to pretend to live, with her husband."

"Ah, they're mighty different things!" — a truth as to which her earnestness could now, with a fine, inconsequent look, invite the participation of the child.

Before Maisie could commit herself, however, the ground was occupied by Sir Claude, who, as he stood before their visitor with an expression half rueful, half persuasive, rubbed his hand sharply up and down the back of his head. "Then why the deuce

Augusta, Mabel's dearest friend, buys him in, or prepares to do so.

Her father objects,—for reasons moral and medical. So Augusta and her mother, who is more beautiful than the daughter, and keener for the social advantages of the match, flee to London, where they sulk at the father, still obdurate and unrelenting in New York. Here Mrs. Atherton gives her plot a most unhackneyed turn, and shows again that freshness of imagination which makes the reading of her books so dreadful. There seems no way to conquer the stern father, so the beautiful mother suddenly discovers herself to be with child. This felicitous event brings the father to London in a melting mood, he purchases the Duke for five million dollars, and St. George's is chastely decorated for the nuptials.

Mrs. Atherton's style is as silly as ever, and her coined words, such as "United Statesians" more ridiculous than usual. She hints at actual happenings in the way of international marriages, and we suspect that she longed to write a *roman à clef*. If she will only do so, we feel sure that the originals, even if they belong to that worst-bred class, "New York's 400," will prove the falsity of Mrs. Atherton's sentimental faith in the complete vulgarity of American life.

HEART-TONES

HEART-TONES, AND OTHER POEMS.—By D. O' Kelly Branden. *The Peter Paul Book Company.* \$1.25.

THE striking series of poems on the visions of St. Paul of the Cross with which this volume concludes have appeared in permanent form before, and there seems to be too little else included to warrant the book's existence. The *Poems of the Sentiments* are unexceptionally commonplace; the *Patriotic Poems* halt and stumble, and the *Religious Poems*, though better conceived than the rest, are altogether outshone by the fervor, somewhat reminiscent of Crashaw's, of the *Visions* spoken of above. The publisher, in a printed slip, sets forth that this "is a very handsome piece of bookmaking." In this we believe him to be misinformed.

BOOKS RECEIVED

FROM THE UPANISHADS.—By Charles Johnston. 18mo. Thomas B. Mosher.

THE EYE OF THE SUN.—By Edward S. Ellis. 12mo. Rand, McNally & Co. \$1.00.

LATIN MANUSCRIPTS.—By Harold W. Johnston. 4to. Scott Foresman and Co. \$2.25.

MAMMON. A SPIRIT SONG.—By Louis M. Elshemus. 16mo. Eastman Lewis.

"LADY" VERE, AND OTHER NARRATIVES.—By Louis M. Elshemus. 16mo. Eastman Lewis.

IN THE TIDEWAY.—By Flora Annie Steel. 16mo. The Macmillan Co. \$1.25.

BETWEEN TWO WORLDS.—By Mrs. Calvin Kryder Reilsnyder. 12mo. The Anna C. Reilsnyder Book Co. \$1.25.

A WOMAN'S PART IN A REVOLUTION.—By Mrs. John Hays Hammond. 16mo. Longmans, Green & Co. \$1.00.

PINE VALLEY.—By Lewis B. France. 12mo. Thomas Y. Crowell & Co.

SKETCHES OLD AND NEW.—By Walter P. Phillips. 12mo. George Munro's Sons.

MY DÉBUT IN JOURNALISM.—By Walter P. Phillips. 12mo. The International Telegram Co.

AMERICAN COLONIAL TRACTS, No. 1.—George P. Humphrey. \$0.25.

THE THIRD VIOLET.—By Stephen Crane. 16mo. D. Appleton & Co. \$1.00.

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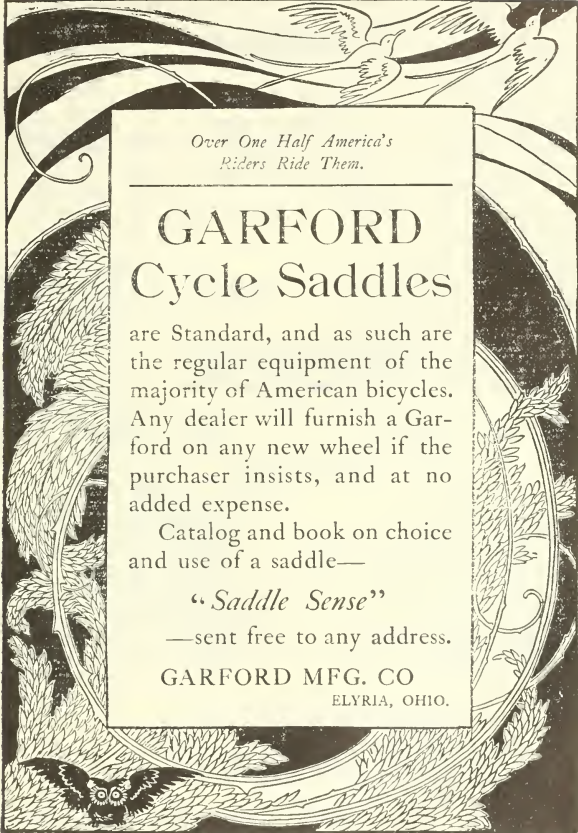
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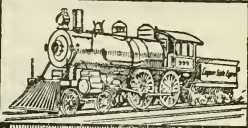
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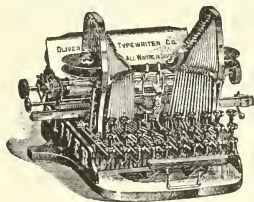
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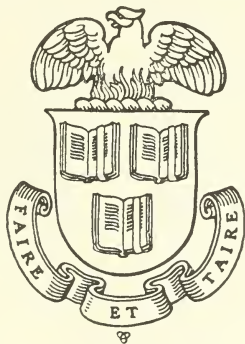
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NOTES



“GOD bless my soul, sir!” exclaimed the Reverend Doctor Folliott, bursting one fine morning into the breakfast-room at Crotchet Castle, “I am out of all patience with this march of mind. Here has my house been nearly burned down, by my cook taking it into her head to study hydrostatics, in a six-penny tract, published by the Steam Intellect Society, and written by a learned friend who is for doing all the world’s business as well as his own, and is equally well qualified to handle every branch

of human knowledge. . . . My cook must read her rubbish in bed, and, as might naturally be expected, she dropped suddenly fast asleep, overturned the candle, and set the curtains in a blaze.” Thus wrote Thomas Love Peacock sixty-six years ago, in derision of Lord Brougham and his Society for the Diffusion of Universal Knowledge. Brougham and Peacock have long since passed away, but the Steam Intellect Society, under one name or another, flourishes still for us to develop our muscles on.

The latest title is “Charles Dudley Warner’s Library of the Best Literature of the World,” a grotesque attempt to include all that is worth reading in thirty volumes, with biographies, criticisms, digests, synopses, and heaven only knows what—all visibly prepared with the object of giving the average ignoramus a full knowledge of nothing and a little knowledge of everything. This is the Steam Intellect Society working at its highest pressure, with all its dynamos booming, the steam-engines seething and snorting, the suck and thud of the pistons, the whirr of the driving-wheels, the spinning of the ball-valves—everything in the finest order, a brand-new, glistening plant, eminently pleasing to the chief engineer, Mr. Warner, and his assistant, Mr. Hamilton Mabie. And all to what end? In the case of cooks, seemingly, to somnolence and the overturning of candles. In the case of less careless persons, to gabble about books they have never read; to half-baked knowledge in its crudest and most indigestible state; to anything but a love of literature. A love of literature? Why, as far as you can, you kill literature itself by exploding on a family circle thirty volumes about books, instead of the books themselves. Five minutes’ conversation will be enough to betray the Warnerite. “Gibbon?” he will say. “Well, no; can’t say I’ve actually read him, you know. Dipped into him, of course, and all that. But Lecky says”—and out he will come with his recollection of what Lecky says about Gibbon in Mr. Warner’s “Library of the Best Literature of the World.” All that the Steam Intellect Society ever taught, or ever will teach, a man to do is to misquote somebody else’s opinions.

From Scotland comes the news of the death of Mrs. Stevenson, the mother of Robert Louis, at the age of seventy. It is not much that we learn about her from her son’s writings and letters. It was to her, naturally, that “R. L. S.” first confided his

ambition to be a writer of romance, — an ambition that he might almost be said to have been born with. He brought to her, when he was six years old, his first attempt at book-making, — a history of Moses, with illustrations representing the Israelites consoling themselves in the wilderness with tobacco pipes. And probably she more or less encouraged him in his revolt against his father's determination to make him an engineer. "Jenkins," he once told her, "has been lecturing to me about strains upon a bridge. I don't want to know what a strain upon a bridge is. I want something with human interest in it." There is, by the by, a very sane and just summary of Stevenson's work in the final volume of Justin McCarthy's *History of Our Own Times*. Mr. McCarthy pokes quiet fun at the "impassioned young writers who clamored that some of Stevenson's novels were beyond any ever written by Sir Walter Scott," and says, truly enough, that "many men and women of less rapturous and hyperbolic temperament were sometimes inclined to question Stevenson's merits, merely because of the wild trumpeting and drum-beating of his adorers." Mr. McCarthy's general conclusion is, that his essays are better than his novels; that in fiction he did not so much start a new chapter as revive an old and brilliant one; and that, "judged impartially by his own work, Stevenson is undoubtedly one of the greatest English writers during the later part of the nineteenth century." That praise is somewhat too qualified for the Stevenson enthusiast, but that it gives a fair estimate of his final position seems to us to admit of little question.

If the London correspondents of our papers were not so much occupied with describing the dresses worn at Mr. Astor's receptions and the appearance of Ambassador Hay's carriages, we might have known over a month ago that to Mr. Quiller Couch, the "Q" of so many pleasing essays and novels, had been intrusted the task of finishing Stevenson's last novel, *St Ives*. Stevenson wrote all but the last two or three chapters, and of these he left a complete outline. "Q"'s work will therefore be one of immense difficulty, far more complex than if he had been allowed to finish the tale in his own way. We are not very hopeful of the experiment, and would greatly have preferred a mere formal summary of Stevenson's intentions to the piece of uninspired and compulsory hack-work which Mr. Couch must inevitably give us. However, "Q" has more than a faint echo of the Stevenson style and manner, and it will be readily admitted that if the thing had to be done at all, no better man could have been chosen to do it.

In a readable, but not particularly original, article on the leading men of the House of Commons in this month's *Harper's*, Mr. T. P. O'Connor makes a curious slip. Speaking of Mr. Chamberlain he

says: "But whether the Tories like him or not, they will have to accept him if he insists on his rights; and on the whole, my expectation is that he will be a prominent member of the next Tory Cabinet." The mistake, of course, may not be Mr. O'Connor's. The article was conceivably written as long ago as 1894, before the coming of Lord Salisbury's government; in which case the editors should have brought it up to date. As every one knows, Mr. Chamberlain has been a "prominent member of the Tory Cabinet" for nearly three years.

Does any one know whether the Euphemia of *Rudder Grange* was sketched from life? If she was, then her original and the Miss Wilton who figures in the following extract from the London *Daily News* should be made acquainted. No two women ever pursued literature amid so many petty vexations.

At Shoreditch County Court, before Judge French, Q. C., a domestic servant named Ada Wilton claimed £2 6s. 8d. for a month's wages and another month's money in lieu of notice from Mrs. Stallbrass, of Graham Road, N. The defendant denied liability, saying that the girl only stopped a week, and was always reading and writing.

The Judge — Why should she not read?

The Defendant — And neglect her work? Oh, my, I wish you had had her for a week.

The Judge — How did she neglect her work?

The Defendant — I was to pay her £14 a year. Just listen how she treated me. I told her to cook some steak for the children when they came home from school. At one o'clock I went into the kitchen. The frying-pan was on the fire red-hot, and the steak was in the pantry. (Laughter.)

The Plaintiff — That is not true.

The Defendant — Oh, you wicked girl. Were you not busy writing a novelette? (Laughter.)

The Plaintiff — What if I were? I did not neglect your work.

The Defendant — I saw the beginning of it. The title was *The Vengeance of the Vicount*. (Laughter.)

The Plaintiff — And a good title too. (Loud laughter.)

The Defendant — And what did you say when I spoke to you?

The Plaintiff — Spoke. Do you call it speaking? You uttered shameful imprecations.

The Defendant — Eh, what?

The Plaintiff — Oh, of course, you don't understand. (Laughter.) You swore. Did I not tell you I had been used to ladies? At the end of my month I was to go. I would not stand a woman who did not sound her "h's." (Loud laughter.)

The Defendant — Your honor, she was most insulting. She used to sniggle when I spoke. She used to say, "Please speak English. I don't understand Whitechapel." (Laughter.) She spilt

a bottle of ink over the breakfast tablecloth. When I asked her about it she said she had an idea in her head and was bound to write it.

The Plaintiff—And I am not going to miss ideas.

The Defendant—When I told her to go she said she did not care; she would leave there and then. She said she had found a publisher, and she would beat Marie Corelli.

The Plaintiff—I never used such slang. I said I would outvie Marie Corelli. I have found a publisher. When I have saved enough money they will print my book. No more caps and aprons for me then.

The Judge—Will you give her the month's money without notice?

The Defendant—Yes, with pleasure. Let her be as writer-fied as she likes.

The Plaintiff—I'll take it. When my novel is published she can have it back. (Laughter.)

Until the Press Clipping Bureau shall have reduced its prices very considerably, there will be a field for such a volume as has just been published, in Paris, on Verlaine. The book is called *Paul Verlaine et Ses Contemporains, Par Un Témoin Impartial*. It is a collection of everything which "friends or adversaries, writers, journalists, artists, critics, professors, sociologists, periodical reviews, publishers, etc., have said, written, or published about Verlaine." The book should be extremely interesting, and indeed such volumes might well be compiled concerning our well-known men.

The Rev. James A. Chamberlin of Newark, New Jersey, means to fight fire with fire. "Yellow" journalism is to be attacked by "yellow" sermonizing, and to his task Mr. Chamberlin brings a talent fully equal to that of the editorial staff of the *World* and *Journal*. With the irreverent intimacy only to be heard from the pulpit, he announced the title of his discourse as, *If Jesus Were an Editor*; propounded the question, "Could Jesus successfully edit a New York daily paper?" and gave as its answer an emphatic No.

According to Mr. Chamberlin's statement of his proposed editor's course, we should have an extremely fearless, clean, and readable paper. But in demonstrating this Mr. Chamberlin gives an extraordinary justification of the new journalism, by trying to prove that such a paper would be an utter failure. "The clergy would all denounce Him," he says, because he would be unsectarian; "the politicians would all oppose him,—the millionaires would be down on him,—the laboring man would refuse to take the paper,—yellow journalists would fight Jesus,—society would work against the paper." Then follow some more extraordinary statements, which we confess our entire inability to comprehend.

"Jesus would be no more popular with college men, for He had no title. His paper would not be popular with professional men of any class. Jesus, when on earth, had only one professional man among His disciples, Dr. Luke; and who knows if he had any practice to leave?"

Mr. Chamberlin succeeds in being sensational (which is what he says Jesus would be), and probably accomplishes his object. But such talk is wickedly foolish and ill-advised. The way to decent journalism is not made by announcing before the event that it cannot exist. A series of such sermons would be an admirable advertisement for Mr. Pulitzer and Mr. Hearst;—if sermons have any effect, one might expect every Christian household to subscribe to *The World* and *The Journal* as the only possible compromise.

Both English and American papers have devoted considerable space to the production of a pantomime, '*Cband d' Habits* (Old Clo'), at Mr. Beerbohm Tree's new theater, and we are likely to hear something of Mme. Jane May's season of pantomime at the Royalty Theatre. It is a real delight to know that this classic art can receive some support in London, even though the performers come from Marseilles and Paris.

In this country we once saw *L'Enfant Prodigue*, and, in spite of great advertising, the performances were not supported. Last winter Mme. Pilar-Morin endeavored to travel through this country, giving performances in pantomime. Her undoubted talent had been proven to us, and although elaborate scenery and costly advertising were not possible to her, her performances were exquisite; in a way, the most satisfying feature of the past theatrical season. But to see them one was forced to go to the vaudeville houses, and to the cheaper outlying theaters. The result was, that charming talent was wasted, nightly cast before unappreciative and vulgar audiences. It can be called nothing short of disgraceful that no first-class theater could count on its patrons to appreciate Mme. Pilar-Morin. The complaint that America does not enjoy many of the advantages of European civilization may apparently be often met by the observation that America does not want them.

A passage in the private annals of *THE CHAP-BOOK*, now made public by the consent of every one concerned, throws a most interesting light upon editorial methods, and upon the means by which it is to be presumed that Mr. Eugene L. Didier has insinuated his articles into the periodical press. Instead of paying \$1 to join a "Contributors' Club," or to have his manuscript revised, Mr. Didier inserts an advertisement. We take great pleasure in printing a communication which has been addressed us by the American Press Company:

THE AMERICAN PRESS COMPANY.

BALTIMORE, MD., May 29, 1897.

MESSE. HERBERT S. STONE & CO., Chicago, Ill.

Gentlemen,—We inclose \$1 to pay our advertisement in THE CHAP-BOOK, May 15th.

We have decided to stop advertising in THE CHAP-BOOK for two reasons:

I. The returns are not worth the small amount spent.
II. Because we believe in reciprocity. You do not. Mr. Didier, our literary adviser, has sent THE CHAP-BOOK three contributions during the last three months, all of which are better than anything that has been published during that time in your magazine; but you have treated them with cool indifference. We must stand up for our own. You do not want us; we do not want you; we are quits. We will send our advertising and our articles to a more appreciative market. Good-by.

Yours respectfully, AMERICAN PRESS COMPANY.

This letter seemed to us to furnish such food for reflection that we wrote at once to the American Press Company, saying that we intended to print their communication, and should be glad if it might be with their permission. The reply we copy for the information it gives concerning Mr. Didier, who might otherwise be unknown to some of our readers:

BALTIMORE, MD., June 3, 1897.

We have no objection to your printing our letter of the 29th of May, from start to finish, but we expect to be allowed the courtesy of a reply, should we deem one called for by any remarks of yours. Mr. Didier has written books which have been successful, both in this country and in Europe (*Life of Edgar A. Poe*—19 editions; *Life and Letters of Madame Bonaparte*, which went through four editions in one month in America, and soon passed into a third edition in England; was also translated into French, and published in Paris, etc.). He has been a contributor to most of the leading American periodicals, daily, weekly, and monthly (newspapers, journals, and magazines).

We have the right to spend our money where it will do us the most good, and be most appreciated.

AMERICAN PRESS CO.

We hope for a sprightly reply from the American Press Company, and we trust they may "deem one called for" by the following remarks.

The inalienable right to spend money where it will do the most good, and be most appreciated, we hoped we were extending to the American Press Company when we accepted their advertisement. The inalienable right to insult editors we must deny, even to them. No more degraded standard of literary judgment is possible than that which Mr. Didier seems to imply he has found in the editors who have accepted his contributions (unless, indeed, the advertisements he inserted were more costly than the one in the May 15th CHAP-BOOK). We do not claim the immaculacy of editors; personal feeling and business considerations do have their unfortunate part in many a literary judgment. But that anything so crass and lacking in self-respect was to be found among authors we did not know until the arrival of Mr. Didier's illuminating epistle. This is the kind of man who occasionally almost persuades the public that log-rolling is all there is in the literary life.

To say that the art of book-making has made tremendous strides during the past few years in the

United States is to make a statement that no one has failed to note. Nevertheless, the regenerate book cover has its drawback. Why, to state the grievance brutally, should so many of the daintily bound volumes be so sticky? By what right does a publisher offer a book for sale whose cover has all the adhesive qualities of liquid glue? The explanation must naturally come from the publishers,—those of them who are the most egregious sinners. Meanwhile, the book-lover has a right to protest against the necessity of putting on a pair of gloves every time he picks up a new book. There is only one publishing crime worse than the sticky cover, and that is the colored cover which rubs off. The Edinburgh Stevenson was rendered intolerable by this defect. Lady Macbeth had no more trouble with the cursed spot than the purchasers of this edition are having with their hands. One asks for little when he insists that fast covers with fast colors be supplied him, as a partial compensation for the outrageously high price at which the books were offered to original subscribers in this country.

The publication of a poem by Mr. Aldrich, on the first page of the Boston *Herald*, at the time of the dedication of the Shaw Monument, is a suggestion to the newer journalism, of which we are beginning to see hints from time to time. The position of public odist given by popular consent is something more dignified than a tawdry laureateship; we are delighted to see Mr. Aldrich in touch with contemporary events. And we know of nothing more elevating to the tone of the press than the temporary suppression of murder news to give place for patriotic verse.

In his preface to the French translation of *John Gabriel Borkman*, Count Prozor describes an interview he had with Ibsen. The part referring to his method of work is particularly interesting. We reprint it from the *Academy*:

"I transfer to the stage certain people whom I have observed, certain events which I have seen or which have been related to me—I throw in a little poetry—and that's how it's done." He claims to have seen in real life every character that he has placed on the stage. Count Prozor mentioned the Rat Wife, to which Ibsen replied: "She was a little old woman who used to come to kill rats at the school where I was educated. She carried a little dog in a bag, and there were tales of children who had followed her and fallen into the sea. That was just what I wanted for bringing about the disappearance of Little Eyolf."

The *Saturday Review* is under the impression that Mr. Hamlin Garland is a woman. It is true that the reviewer was not quite certain, and daintily picked his way without absolutely committing him-

self; yet the evidence is fairly conclusive. The *Saturday's* invariable rule is courteously to prefix Mr. to the names of authors; Mr. Garland is studiously deprived of this mark of distinction, and appears only as Hamlin Garland. "It reads like a piece of autobiography," says the reviewer, "and only an American woman could describe for us the growth of a strong, self-reliant, beautiful, and thoroughly American girl like Rose. . . . It is not often that a woman has ventured to give expression to her delight in the animal and physical beauty of a well-built man so frankly as does Hamlin Garland."

* * * * *

This is only a part of the rather pathetic, and yet comic, picture which London criticism of the moment presents,—adrift on the sea of American fiction. As Americans, we should be glad that it has really slipped its moorings, even though at present it clutches wildly at water and thin air. The *Athenaeum* is now the only important critical journal which is safe at the old anchorage. In general, it still imbeds in a few trivial expressions of ignorance this as the gem of its critical acumen: "We confess we have not liked the American spelling." With all the other reviews there is a distinct move for friendliness to American literature, and a desire to appreciate it. The only difficulty is this: the main value of American novels is supposed to be that they describe a life different from that of England. Curiosity concerning social conditions here is, of course, a legitimate source of interest, but the English reviewer knows so little of America that he is quite at sea as to what is and what is not a true picture of our society. He longs to take refuge in the belief, that the more untrue to life in England a book is, the more true it must be to life in America. And he praises Mrs. Gertrude Atherton. It is a struggle to be just—against great odds. And in the end the reviewer is sure to know a great deal about American life, as we know a great deal about English life, from the innumerable novels we have read.

THE ROSE BOWER

A CRIMSON bower the garden glows,
In overhanging noom, intense and bare,
Enisled and bathed in silence and repose,
As it were mirrored on the azure air;

All molten lies the faint blue-shimmering deep,
Impalpably transparent, smooth with light;
Far in the fragrant pines the hot winds sleep;
And nothing moves, and all dark things are bright.
Yet is this fair round of tranquillity
This swathe of color, wheresoe'er it be,
The burning shell of elemental strife;
And never yet so fleeting seemed sweet life;
So fragile this thin film of human eyes,
In whose slight orb are springtime and sunrise;

So perishable this incandescent frame,
Lone nature's inextinguishable pyre
Of transitory loveliness and bliss,—
This undulating and eternal flame
Of beauty burning in its perfumed fire,
And passion dying in its fiery kiss.

The high-erected vision sinks away,
And from these bathing flames of night and day,
Where fades to ashes this majestic dream,
My soul springs up erect, alone, supreme,
And, passing from this glory, doth survey,
As some spent meteor's low and dying gleam,
This radiant life that burns all else away,
Consuming its own star; a moment where
About its feet morning and evening flare
The spirit gazes, still a stranger there —
Not yet unfolds aloft eternal wings.
Then slowly lapsing into sensuous things,
Once more do I inhale this glorious light,
Breathe the soft air and feel the flowering earth,
And on me comes the everlasting sea,
Purple horizons, emerald-hanging woods,
The rose-bower, and love's blissful solitudes,
Where voices of eternity
Have wandered from my birth,
And nothing save love's mystery
Shines with immortal worth.

G. E. WOODBERRY.

BACCHYLIDAS*

ONCE more will sound a voice that sung,
Though hushed for lengthened centuries;
"Syren of smooth and specious tongue,"
Dear to the heart of Sophocles.

Soon we shall know if Pindar's sneer,
Which silenced other poets' praise,
Is still a judgment we must fear,
Or if thou hast "melodious grace."

The Epinician bards are gone,
An age has come decreeing peace;
But yet no day will ever dawn
Dead to a voice that raptured Greece.
JOEL BENTON.

* The lost rival of Pindar, many of whose poems have been recently discovered in Egypt, and which will soon be published by the British Museum.



THE DECLINE OF IGNORANCE

MOST of us are prepared to admit that the motto suspended over the mantel in the college students' room,

MUCH STUDY IS A WEARINESS TO THE FLESH, is obvious and convincing enough. Some of us might go so far as to be surprised a little, that it took a Solomon to say it. Almost any one could say it. Solomon's wisdom leaves off where a high school girl's begins.

It is a serious question whether the average American youth is ever given a chance to thirst for knowledge. He thirsts for ignorance instead. From the very first he is hemmed in by knowledge on every hand. The kindergarten, stealthily, scientifically, with suave relentlessness, has closed in upon the child's own life with himself. The dear, old-fashioned breathing-spell he used to have after getting here—whither has it gone? The rough, strong, unseemly, ruthless grown-up world crowds to the very edge of every tiny beginning human life. It has no patience with trailing clouds of glory. Flocks of infants every year—new-comers to this planet—who can but watch them sadly, huddled closer and closer to the little strip of wonder that is left, near the land from which they came? No lingering away from us. No infinite holiday. Childhood walks a precipice, crowded to the brink of birth. We tabulate its moods. We register its learning inch by inch. We draw its poor little premature soul out of its body breath by breath. Infants have nerves now. They cannot but think about themselves. It is a mere matter of vocabulary.

Poem. When I Was Weaned.
My First Tooth. A Study.

Being profound, considering how much knowledge awaits us in almost every direction, in these devouring days, would seem to be merely a matter of choice. The choice lies, with most of us, between superficial knowledge and profound ignorance.

That there are worse things than profound ignorance, that ignorance is the only way that profundity of any kind can be acquired, goes without saying. No one says very much about it.

We are busy for the most part—as busy as we can be—in trying to get rid of what profundity we have. Looking at the matter in a large way, the cultivation of a man, his usefulness to his fellows, his general interest to himself, must almost inevitably turn upon the question whether he has the moral courage to be ignorant, to keep his ignorance profound and discriminating enough, and independent enough to insure his being the master of some great human delight before he dies.

An almost superhuman instinct of specialization has made itself the impulse of our modern life. We

are familiar with it in commerce. The principle is universally applied to the vocations of men. It has found its way into the upper levels of our educational institutions. It has sufficiently touched our literature to make specialists of our writers.

The next step is to make specialists of our readers. The centripetal movement of modern society has not yet outgrown its material forms or passed its mighty secret on to the bewildering world of books. We center our lives in cities. We scatter our reading over continents and skies. We are midgets, but are we not bound to be cosmic ones? Half dead, but never-say-die, we read more and more, and then more again. We keep up the fight for infinity to the bitter end. Stunned by what we cannot remember, dizzied by what we cannot forget, we read too much because we cannot stop thinking. Then we read more because we have.

The sweeping centrifugal power which is the awful Soul of this present moment has caught us in its grasp. In the whirl and eddy of endless books we are inexorably borne on—whither? Into idiocy? Insanity? Death? Gentle forgetfulness? Would it were these,—any of these, anything but the ceaseless shallows, where our spirits float and dream—dead, waterlogged, scattered, driftwood things.

As long as our reading is looked upon as something by itself, as long as our reading is done as we do nothing else, the curse of the superficial shall descend upon us and upon our children. If it but came to us to read the way we live,—making a choice of something,—there is not a man among us who would not come, in the course of his life, to a profound insight and habit and necessity and eagerness in his relation to books, who would not be capable in the highest sense of communing with some of the great creators of human life, who would not, by the one door to which he is born the nearest, find his way into the temple of Literature, feel its vastness arching over him, know for himself the galleries where, one above the other, the generations gather in the human heart, where, in the immortal murmur and buzz and whisper of the assembled world—Man, wandering in from his own little nineteenth century, touches eternal life, knows Who he is.

An encyclopædia would be the making of a man if he would read the wrong articles. The curse of our prevailing education is its uniformity. If there were really a limited amount of knowledge in reserve, if we were obliged to economize infinity, there would seem to be a sufficient explanation for this endless chain of human beings repeating one another. But as it is, with all the amazing variety of the knowledge that humanity needs, we bend our whole energies, as a nation, to teaching our young men the same things in the same way. In the business world this would be called over-production and hard

times. In the intellectual world we call it culture. From its public-school system to its typical college course, the whole United States is engaged in making knowledge a drug on the market. He who knows what every one knows has possessed himself of what no one needs. He has unfitted himself for needing what others have.

We are suffering to-day in art and letters, in all the greater gifts of the intellectual life, from a deliberate elaborate organized national defiance of the law of supply and demand. It may be answered that there are plenty of men who know the "wrong things" who never come to anything,—but the wrong things. The *Walking Encyclopædia* may be cited.

It can only be said that the real trouble with "The *Walking Encyclopædia*" is that he never walks. He stands still, turning round and round on his knowledge. If he would apply, however, the same amount of walking to the same amount of knowledge that the rest of his fellow-men are wont to do, it would not take him long to bring the world to his feet. He could hardly help being necessary to it. He would know "the wrong things,"—the things the world had learned as one man, in public school and college, not to know.

GERALD STANLEY LEE.

LEAVES

MYRIADS and myriads plumed their glistering wings,
As fine as any bird that soars and sings.
As bright as fireflies or the dragon-flies,
Or birds of paradise.

Myriads and myriads waved their sheeny fans,
Soft as the dove's breast, or the pelican's,
And some were gold, and some were green, and some
Pink-lipped, like apple-bloom.

A low wind tossed the plumage all one way,
Rippled the gold feathers, and green and gray,—
A low wind that in moving sang one song
All day and all night long.

Sweet honey in the leafage, and cool dew,
A roof of stars, a tent of gold and blue.
Silence and sound at once, and dim green light,
To turn the gold day night.

Some trees hung lanterns out, and some had stars,
Silver as Hesper, and rose-red as Mars;
A low wind flung the lanterns low and high,—
A low wind like a sigh.

Myriads and myriads, more in number than
The sea's sands, or its drops of water wan,
Sang one Name in the rapture that is May;
With faces turned one way.

KATHARINE TYNAN.

A STOLEN FESTIVAL

DAVID MACY'S house stood on the spur of a breezy upland at the end of a road. The far-away neighbors, who lived on the main highway and could see the passin', often thanked their stars that they had been called to no such isolation; you might, said they, as well be set down in the middle of a pastur'. They wondered how David's Letty could stand it. She had been married 'most a year, and before that she had been forever on the go. But there! if David Macy had told her the sun rose in the west, she'd ha' looked out for it there every identical mornin'. The last proposition had some color in it, for Letty was very much in love. To an impartial view, David was a stalwart fellow with clear gray eyes and square shoulders, a prosperous yeoman of the fiber to which America owes her being. But to Letty he was something superhuman in poise and charm. David had no conception of his heroic responsibilities; and he would have owned himself frankly puzzled had he guessed how the ideal of him grew and strengthened in her maiden mind, and how her after-worship exalted it into something thrilling and passionate, not to be described even by a tongue more facile than hers. Letty had a vivid nature, capable of responding to those delicate influences which move to spiritual issues. There were throes of love within her, of aspiration, of an ineffable delight in being. She never tried to understand them, nor did she talk about them; but then, she never tried to paint the sky or copy the robin's song. Life was very mysterious, but one thing was quite as mysterious as another. She did sometimes brood for a moment over the troubled sense that, in some fashion, she spoke in another key from "other folks," who did not seem to know that joy was not altogether joy, but three quarters pain, and who had never learned how it brought its own aching sense of incompleteness; but that only seemed to her a part of the general wonder of things. There had been one strange spring morning in her life when she went with her husband into the woods to hunt up a wild steer. She knew every foot of the place, and yet one turn of the path brought them into the heart of a picture thrillingly new with the unfamiliarity of pure and living beauty. The evergreens enfolded them in a palpable dusk; but entrancingly near, shimmering under a sunny gleam, stood a company of birches in their first spring wear. They were trembling, not so much under the breeze as from the hurrying rhythm of the year. Their green was vivid enough to leave the vision in light; and Letty looked beyond it to a brighter vista still. There, in an opening, lay a bank of violets, springing in the sun. Their blue was a challenge to the skyey blue above; it pierced the sight, awaking new longings and strange memories. It seemed to Letty as if some

invisible finger touched her on the heart and made her pause. Then David turned, smiling kindly upon her, and she ran to him with a little cry, and put her arms about his neck.

"What is it?" he asked, stroking her hair with a gentle hand. "What is it, little child?"

"O, it's nothin'!" said Letty chokingly. "It's only—I like you so!"

The halting thought had no purple wherein to clothe itself; but it meant as much as if she had read the poets until great words had become familiar, and she could say "love." He was the spring day, the sun, the blue of the sky, the quiver of leaves; and she felt it, and had a pain at her heart.

Now, on an autumn morning, David was standing within the great space in front of the barn, greasing the wheels preliminary to a drive to market; and Letty stood beside him, bareheaded, her breakfast dishes forgotten. She was a round thing with quick movements not ordinarily belonging to one so plump; her black hair was short, and curled roughly, and there were freckles on her little snub nose. David looked up at her red cheeks and the merry shine of her eyes, and smiled upon her.

"You look pretty nice this mornin'," he remarked.

Letty gave a little dancing step and laughed. The sun was bright; there was a purple haze over the hills, and the nearer woods were yellow. The world was a jewel newly set for her.

"I am nice!" said she. "David, do you know our anniversary's comin' on? It's 'most a year since we were married—a year the fifteenth."

David loosened the last wheel, and rose to look at her.

"Sho!" said he with great interest. "Is that so? Well, 't was a good bargain. Best trade I ever made in my life!"

"And we've got to celebrate," said Letty masterfully. "I'll tell you how. I've had it all planned for a month. We'll get up at four, have our breakfast, ride over to Star Pond and picnic all day long. We'll take a boat and go out rowin', and we'll eat our dinner on the water!"

David smiled back at her, and then, with a sudden recollection, pursed his lips.

"I'm awful sorry, Letty," he said honestly, "but I've got to go over to Long Pastur' an' do that fencin', or I can't put the cattle in there before we turn 'em into the shack. You know that fence was all done up in the spring, but that cussed breachy cow of Tolman's hooked it down; an' if I wait for him to do it—well, you know what he is!"

"O, you can put off your fencin'!" cried Letty. "Only one day! O, you can!"

"I could 'most any other time," said David, with reason, "but here it is 'most Saturday, an' next week the thrashin'-machine's comin'. I'm awful sorry, Letty. I am, honest!"

Letty turned half round like a troubled child, and

began grinding one heel into the turf. She was conscious of an odd mortification. It was not, said her heart, that the thing itself was so dear to her; it was only that David ought to want immeasurably to do it. She had always put great stress upon the visible signs of an invisible bond, and she would be long in getting over her demand for the unreason of love.

David threw down the monkey-wrench and put an arm about her waist.

"Come now, you do n't care, do you?" he asked, lovingly. "One day's the same as another, now ain't it?"

"Is it?" said Letty, a smile running over her face and into her wet eyes. "Well, then, let's have Fourth of July fireworks next Sunday mornin'!"

David looked a little hurt; but that was only the effect of being puzzled. His sense of humor wore a different complexion from Letty's. He liked a joke, and he could tell a good story, but they must lie within the logic of fun. Letty could put her own interpretation on her griefs, and twist them into shapes calculated to send her into hysterical mirth.

"You sec," said David soothingly, "we're goin' to be together as long as we live. It ain't as if we'd got to rake an' scrape an' plan to git a minute alone, as it used to be, now, is it? An' after the fencin' 's done, an' the thrashin', an' we've got nothin' on our minds, we'll take both horses an' go to Star Pond. Come, now! Be good girl!"

The world seemed very quiet because Letty was holding silence, and he looked anxiously down at the top of her head. Then she relented a little and turned her face up to his—her rebellious eyes and unsteady mouth. But meeting the loving honesty of his look, her heart gave a great bound of allegiance and she laughed aloud.

"There!" she said. "Have it so. I won't say another word. I do n't care!"

These were David's unconscious victories, born, not of his strength or tyranny, but out of the woman's maternal comprehension of him; her lavish concession of all the small things of life to the one which seemed to her great. She had taken him for granted, and thenceforth judged him by the intention and not the act.

David was bending to kiss her, but he stopped midway, and his arm fell.

"There's Debby Low," said he. "By jinks! I ain't more 'n half a man when she's round. She makes me feel so sheepish. I guess it's that eye o' her'n. It goes through ye like a needle."

Letty laughed lightly, and looked down the path across the lot. Debby, a little, bent old woman, was toiling slowly along, a large carpet-bag swinging from one hand. Letty drew a long breath and tried to feel resigned.

"She's got on her black alpaca," said she. "She's comin' to spend the day!"

David answered her look with one of commiseration, and, gathering up his wrench and oil, "put for" the barn.

"I'd stay if I could do any good," he said, hastily, "but I can't. I might as well stan' from under."

Debby threw her empty carpet-bag over the stone wall, and followed it, clambering slowly and painfully. Her large feet were clad in congress boots; and when she had alighted, she regarded them with deep affection, and slowly wiped them upon either ankle, a stork-like process at which David, safe in the barn, could afford to smile.

"If it do n't rain soon," she called fretfully, "I guess you 'll find yourselves alone and forsaken, like pelicans in the wilderness. Anybody must want to see ye to trapse up through that lot as I've been doing, 'an' git their best clothes all over dirt."

"You could ha' come in the road," said Letty, smiling. Letty had a very sweet temper, and she had early learned that it takes all sorts o' folks to make a world. It was a part of her leisurely and generous scheme of life to live and let live.

"Ain't the road dustier 'n the path?" inquired Debby contradictorily. "My stars! I guess 't is. Well, now, what do you s'pose brought me up here this mornin'?"

Letty's eyes involuntarily sought the bag, whose concave sides flapped hungrily together; but she told her lie with cheerfulness. "I do n't know."

"I guess ye do n't. No, I ain't comin' in. I'm goin' over to Mis' Tolman's to spend the day. I'm in hopes she's got biled dish. You look here!" She opened the bag, and searched portentously in its depths, the while Letty, in some unworthy interest, regarded the smooth thick hair under her large poke-bonnet. Debby had an original fashion of coloring it; and this no one had suspected until her little grandson innocently revealed the secret. She rubbed it with a candle, in unconscious imitation of an actor's makeup, and then powdered it with soot from the kettle. "I believe to my soul she does!" said Letty to herself.

But Debby, breathing hard, had taken something from the bag, and was holding it out on the end of a knotted finger.

"There!" she said, "ain't that yours? Vianna said 't was your engagement ring."

Letty flushed scarlet, and snatched the ring tremblingly. She gave an involuntary look at the barn where David was whistling a merry stave.

"O my!" she breathed. "Where'd you find it?"

"Well, that's the question!" returned Debby triumphantly. "Where'd ye lose it?"

But Letty had no mind to tell. She slipped the ring on her finger, and looked obstinate.

"Can't I get you somethin' to put in your bag?" she asked cannily. Debby was diverted, though only for the moment.

"I should like a mite o' pork," she answered, lowering her voice and giving a glance, in her turn, at the barn. "I s'pose ye do n't want *him* to know of it?"

"I should like to be told why!" flamed Letty, in an indignation disproportioned to its cause. Debby had unconsciously hit the raw. "Do you s'pose I'd do anything David can't hear?"

"Law, I did n't know," said Debby, as if the matter were of very little consequence. "Mis' Peleg Chase, she gi'n me a beef-bone, 'tother day, an' she says, 'Do n't ye tell *him*!' An' Mis' Squire Hill gi'n me a pail o' lard, but she hid it underneath the fence, an' made me come for 't after dark. I dunno how you 're goin' to get along with menfolks if ye offer 'em the whip-hand. They 'll take it, anyway. Well, do n't you want to know where I come on this ring?"

Letty had taken a few hasty steps toward the house. "Yes, I do," said she, turning about. "Where was it?"

"Well, Sammy was in swimmin', an' he dove into the Old Hole, to see 'f 't it had any bottom to 't. Vianna made him vow he would n't go in whilst he had that rash; but he come home with his shirt wrong side out, an' she made him own up. But he 'd ha' told anyway, he was so possessed to show that ring. He see suthin' gleamin' on a willer root nigh the bank, an' he dove, an' there 't was. I told Sammy mebbey you'd give him suthin' for 't, an' he said there wa' n't nothin' in the world he wanted but a mite o' David's solder, out in the shed-chamber."

"He shall have it," said Letty hastily. "I 'll get it now. Do n't you say anything!" And then she knew she had used the formula she detested, and that she was no better than Mrs. Peleg Chase or the wife of Squire Hill.

She ran frowning into the house, and down and up from kitchen to cellar. Presently she reappeared, panting, with a great tin pan borne before her like a laden salver. She set it down at Debby's feet, and began packing its contents into the yawning bag.

"There!" she said, working with haste. "There's the solder, all of it. And here's some of our sweet corn. We planted late."

Debby took an ear from the pan, and, tearing open the husk, tried a kernel with a critical thumb.

"Tough, ain't it?" she said disparagingly. "Likely to be, this time o' year. Is that the pork?"

It was a generous cube, swathed in a fresh white cloth.

"Yes, it is," said Letty breathlessly, thrusting it in and shutting the bag. "There!"

"Streak o' fat an' streak o' lean?" inquired Debby remorselessly.

"It's the best we've got; that's all I can say. Now I've got to speak to David before he harnesses. Good-by!"

In a fever of impatience she fled away to the barn.

"Well, if ever!" ejaculated Debby, lifting the bag and turning slowly about to take her homeward path. "Great doin's, I say!" And she made no reply when Letty, prompted by a tardy conscience, stopped in the barn doorway and called to her, "Tell Sammy I'm much obliged. Tell him I shall make turnovers to-morrow." Debby was thinking of the pork and the likelihood of its being properly diversified.

Letty swept into the barn like a hurrying wind. The horses backed, and laid their ears flat, and David, grooming one of them, gentled him, and inquired of him confidentially what was the matter.

"O David, come out here! please come out!" called Letty breathlessly. "I've got to see you."

David appeared with some wonderment on his face, and Letty precipitated herself upon him, mindless of curry-comb and horse-hairs and the fact that she was presently to do better. "David," she cried, "I can't stand it. I've got to tell you. You know this ring?"

David looked at it, interested and yet perplexed. "Seems if I'd seen you wear it," said he.

Letty gave way, and laughed hysterically.

"Seems if you had!" she repeated. "I've wore it over a year. There ain't a girl in town but knows it. I showed it to 'em all. I told 'em 't was my engagement ring."

David looked at it, and then at her. She seemed to him a little mad. He could quiet the horses, but not a woman, in so vague an exigency.

"What made you tell 'em that?" he asked, at a venture.

"Do n't you see? There was n't one of 'em that was engaged but had a ring—and presents, David—and they knew I never had anything, or I'd have showed 'em."

David was not a dull man; he had very sound views on the tariff, and, though social questions might thrive outside his world, the town blessed him for an able citizen. But he felt troubled; he was condemned, and it was the world's voice which had condemned him.

"I do n't know 's I ever did give you anything, Letty," he said, with a new pain stirring in his face. "I do n't believe I ever thought of it. It wa'n't that I begrudged anything."

"O, my soul, no!" cried Letty, in an agony of her own. "I knew how 't was. It wa'n't your way, but they did n't know that. And I could n't have 'em thinkin' what they did think, now could I? So I bought me—David, I bought me that high comb I used to wear, and—and a blue handkerchief—and a thimble—and—and—this ring. And I said you give 'em to me. And I trusted to chance for your never findin' it out. But I always hated the things; and as soon as we were married, I broke the comb, and burnt up the handkerchief,

and hammered the thimble into a little wad and buried it. But I did n't dare to stop wearin' the ring, for fear folks would notice. Then tother day I felt so about it I knew the time had come, and I went down to the Old Hole and threw it in. And now that hateful Sammy's found it and brought it back, and I've sent him your solder, and Debby's promised me she would n't tell you about the pork, and I—I'm no better than the rest of 'em that lie and lie and do n't let their men folks know!" Letty was sobbing bitterly, and David drew her into his arms and laid his cheek down on her hair. His heart was aching too. They had all the passionate sorrow of children over some grief not understood.

"Why did n't you tell me?" he asked at length.

"When?" said Letty chokingly.

"Then—when folks expected things—before we were married."

"O David, I could n't!"

"No," said David sadly, "I s'pose you could n't."

Letty had been holding one hand very tightly clinched. It was a plump hand with deep dimples and firm, short fingers. She unclasped it, and stretched out towards him a wet, pink palm.

"There!" she said despairingly. "There's the ring."

Again David felt his inadequacy to the situation. "Do n't you want to wear it?" he hesitated. "It's real pretty. What's that red stone?"

"I hate it!" cried Letty viciously. "It's a garnet. O David, don't you ever let me set eyes on it again!"

David took it slowly from her hand. He drew out his pocket-book, opened it, and dropped the ring inside. "There!" he said, "I guess 't would do me no hurt to come across it once in a while." And then they kissed each other again, like two children, and Letty's tears wet his face, and he felt them bitterer than if they had been his own.

But for Letty the air had cleared. Now, she felt, there was no trouble in her path. She had all the irresponsible joy of one who has had a secret and feels the burden roll away. She was like Christian without his pack. She put her hands on David's shoulders, and looked at him radiantly.

"O, I'm so glad!" she cried. "I'm just as bad as I was before, but it do n't seem to make any difference now you know it!"

Though David smiled also, he was regarding her with a troubled wonder. He never expected to follow these varying moods. They were like swallow-flights, and he was content to see the sun upon their wings. So he drove thoughtfully off to market, and Letty went back to her work with a singing heart. She was not quite sure that it was right to be happy again all at once, but she could not still her blood. To be forgiven, to find herself free from the haunting consciousness that she could

deceive the creature to whom she held such passionate allegiance—this was enough to shape a new heaven and a new earth. Her simple household duties took on the significance of noble ceremonies. She sang as she went about them, and the words were those of a joyous hymn. She seemed to be serving in a temple, making it clean and fragrant in the name of love.

Saturday was a day born of heavenly intentions. Letty ran out behind the house, where the ground rose abruptly, and looked off, entranced, into the blue distance. It was the stillest day of all the fall. Not a breath stirred about her; but in the maple grove at the side of the house, where the trees had turned early under the chill of an unseasonable night, yellow leaves were sifting down without a sound. Goldenrod was growing dull, clematis had ripened into feathery spray, and she knew how the closed gentians were painting great purple dashes by the side of the road. "O!" she cried aloud, in rapture. It was her wedding day, and a year ago the sun had shone as warmly and benignly as he was shining now, and the same haze had risen like an exhalation from the hills. She saw a special omen in it, and felt herself the child of happy fortune, to be so mothered by the great blue sky. Then she ran in to give David his breakfast, and tell him, as they sat down, that it was their wedding morning. As she ran she tore a spray of blood-red woodbine from the wall, and bound it round her waist.

But David was not ready for breakfast; he was talking with a man at the barn, and half an hour later came hurrying in to his retarded meal.

"I've got to eat an' run," said he; "Job Fisher kept me. It's about that ma'sh. But the time wa'n't wasted. He'll sell ten acres for twenty dollars less 'n he said last week. Too bad to keep you waitin'! You'd ought to eat yours while 't was hot."

Letty, with a little smile all to herself, sat demurely down and poured coffee; this was no time to talk of anniversaries. David ate in haste, and said a hurried good-by.

"I'm goin' down the lot to get my withes," said he. "Whilst I'm gone you put me up a mite o' luncheon. I sha'n't lay off to come home till night."

"O David!" said Letty with a little cry. Then the same knowing smile crept over her face. "No, I sha'n't," added she willfully. "I'm goin' to bring it to you."

"Fetch me my dinner? Why, it's a mile and a half 'cross lots! I guess you won't!"

"You go right along, David," said Letty, decisively. "I do n't want to hear another word. I ain't seen the Long Pastur' this summer, and I'm comin'. Good-by!" She disappeared down the cellar stairs with the butter-plate poised on a pyra-

mid of dishes, and David, having no time to argue, went off to his work.

About ten o'clock Letty took her way down to the Long Pasture; she was a very happy woman, and she could hold her happiness before her face, regarding it frankly and with a full delight. The material joys of life might seem to escape her; but she could have them, after all. The great universe, warm with sun and warm with love, was on her side. Even the day seemed something tangible in gracious being; and as Letty trudged along, her basket on her arm, she reasoned upon her own riches and owned she had enough. David was not like anybody else, but he was better than anybody else, and he was hers. Even his faults were dearer than other men's virtues. She heard the sound of his ax upon the stakes, breaking the lovely stillness with a significance lovelier still.

"David!" she called, long before she reached the little brook that runs beneath the bank, and he leaped the fence, and came to meet her. "David!" she repeated, and looked up in his face with eyes so solemn and so full of light that he held her still a moment to look at her.

"Letty!" he said, "you're real pretty!" And then they both laughed, and walked on together through the shade.

The day knit up its sweet, long minutes full of the serious beauty of the woods. David worked hard, and for a time Letty lingered near him; then she strayed away, and came back to him, from moment to moment, with wonderful treasures. Now it was cress from the spring, now a palm full of partridge berries, or a cluster of checkerberry leaves for a "cud," or a bit of wood-sorrel. By and by, the fall stillness gave out a breath of heat, and the sun stood high overhead. Letty spread out her dinner, and David made her a fire among the rocks. The smoke rose in a blue efflorescence; and with the sweet tang of burning wood yet in the air, they sat down side by side, drinking from one cup, and smiling over the foolish nothings of familiar talk. At the end of the meal, Letty took a parcel from the basket, something wrapped in a very fine white napkin. She flushed a little as she unrolled it, and her eyes deepened.

"What's all this?" asked David, sniffing the air. "Fruit-cake?"

Letty nodded without looking at him; there was a telltale quivering in her face. She divided the cake carefully, and gave her husband half. David had lain back on a piny bank; and as he ate, his eyes followed the treetops, swaying a little now in a rhythmic wind. But Letty ate her piece as if it were sacramental bread. She put out her hand to him, and he stroked the short, faithful fingers, and then held them close. He smiled at her, and for a moment he mused again over that starry light in her eyes. Then his lids fell, and he had a little nap while Letty sat and dreamed back over the

hours, a year and more ago, when her mother's house smelled of spices, and this cake was baked for her wedding day.

When they went home again, side by side, the fencing was all done, and David had an after-consciousness of happy playtime. He carried the basket with his ax, and Letty, like an untired little dog, took brief excursions of discovery here and there, and came back to his side with her weedy treasures. Once — was it something in the air? — he called to her:

"Say, Letty, wa'n't it about this kind o' weather the day we were married?"

But Letty gave a little cry, and pointed out a frail white butterfly on a mullein leaf. "See there, David! how cold he looks! I'd like to take him along. He'll freeze to-night." David forgot his question and she was glad. Some fine inner voice was at her heart, warning her to leave the day unspoiled. Her joy lay in remembering; it seemed a small thing to her that he should forget.

"We've had a real good time," he said, as he gave her the basket at the kitchen door. "Now, as soon as thrashin's done, we'll go to Star Pond."

After supper, they covered up the squashes, for fear of a frost; and then they stood for a moment in the field and looked at the harvest moon, risen in a great effrontery of splendor.

"Letty," asked David suddenly, "should n't you like to put on your little ring? It's right here in my pocket."

"No! no!" said Letty hastily. "I never want to set eyes on it again."

"I guess I'll get you another one 't you could wear. I looked 'tother day when I went to market, but there was so many I did n't das't to make a choice unless you was with me."

Letty clung to him passionately. "O David," she cried, with a break in her voice, "I don't want any rings. I want just you."

David put out one hand and softly touched the little blue kerchief about her head. "Anyway," he said, "we won't have any more secrets from one another, will we?"

Letty gave a little start, and she caught her breath before she answered.

"No, we won't—not unless they're nice ones!"

ALICE BROWN.

WHAT MAISIE KNEW

BY HENRY JAMES

XXIV

IT continued to rain so hard that our young lady's private dream of explaining the Continent to their visitor had to contain a provision for some adequate treatment of the weather. At the *table d'hôte*, that evening, she threw out a variety of lights: this was the second ceremony of the sort she had sat through, and she would have neglected her privilege and dishonoured her vocabulary — which indeed consisted mainly of the names of dishes — if she had not been proportionately ready to dazzle with interpretations. Preoccupied and overawed, Mrs. Wix was comparatively dim: she accepted her pupil's version of the mysteries of the *menu* in a manner that might have struck the child as the depression of a credulity conscious not so much of its needs as of its dimensions. Maisie was soon enough — though it scarce happened before bedtime — confronted again with the different sort of programme for which she reserved her criticism. They remounted together to their sitting-room while Sir Claude, who said he would join them later, remained below to smoke and to converse with the old acquaintances that he met wherever he turned. He had offered his companions, for coffee, the enjoyment of the *salon de lecture*; but Mrs. Wix had replied, promptly and with something of an air, that it struck her their own apartments furnished them every convenience. They furnished the good lady herself, Maisie could immediately observe, not only that of this rather grand reference — which, already emulous, so far as it went, of her pupil, she made as if she had spent her life in salons; but that of a stiff French sofa where she could sit and stare at the faint French lamp (in default of the French clock that had stopped) as if for some account of the time Sir Claude would so markedly interpose. Her demeanour accused him so directly of hovering beyond her reach that Maisie sought to divert her by a report of Susan's quaint attitude toward what they had talked of after lunch. Maisie had mentioned to the young woman, for sympathy's sake, the plan for her relief, but her disapproval of alien ways appeared, strange to say, only to prompt her to hug her gloom; so that, between Mrs. Wix's effect of displacing her and the visible stiffening of her back, the child had the sense of a double office, an enlarged play for pacific powers.

These powers played to no great purpose, it was true, in keeping before Mrs. Wix the vision of Sir Claude's perversity, which hung there in the pauses of talk and which he himself, after unmistakable delays, finally made quite lurid by bursting in — it was near ten o'clock — with an object held up in his hand. She knew, before he spoke, what it was;



she knew, at least, from the underlying sense of all that, since the hour spent, after the Exhibition, with her father, had not sprung up to reinstate Mr. Farange—she knew it meant a triumph for Mrs. Beale. The mere present sight of Sir Claude's face caused her, on the spot, to drop straight through her last impression of Mr. Farange a plummet that reached still deeper down than the security of these days of flight. She had wrapped that impression in silence—a silence that had parted with half its veil to cover also, from the hour of Sir Claude's advent, the image of Mr. Farange's wife. But as the object in Sir Claude's hand revealed itself as a letter which he held up very high, so there was something in his mere motion that laid Mrs. Beale again bare. "Here we are!" he cried almost from the door, shaking his trophy at them and looking from one to the other. Then he came straight to Mrs. Wix: he had pulled two papers out of the envelope and glanced at them again to see which was which. He thrust one out, open, to Mrs. Wix. "Read that." She looked at him hard, as if in fear: it was impossible not to see that he was excited. Then she took the letter, but it was not her face that Maisie watched while she read. Neither, for that matter, was it this countenance that Sir Claude scanned: he stood before the fire and, more calmly, now that he had acted, communed in silence with his step-daughter.

This silence was, in truth, quickly broken: Mrs. Wix rose to her feet with the violence of the sound she emitted. The letter had dropped from her and lay upon the floor; it had made her turn ghastly white, and she was speechless with the effect of it. "It's too abominable—it's too unspeakable!" she then cried.

"Is n't it a charming thing?" Sir Claude asked. "It has just arrived, enclosed in a word of her own. She sends it onto me with the remark that comment is superfluous. I really think it is—that's all you can say."

"She oughtn't to pass such a horror about," said Mrs. Wix. "She ought to put it straight in the fire."

"My dear woman, she's not such a fool! It's much too precious." He had picked the letter up, and he gave it, again, a glance of complacency which produced a light in his face. "Such a document"—he considered, then concluded with a slight drop—"such a document is, in fine, a basis!"

"A basis for what?" Mrs. Wix inquired.

"Well—for proceedings."

"Hers?" Mrs. Wix's voice had become, outright, the voice of derision. "How can *she* proceed?"

Sir Claude turned it over. "How can she get rid of him? Well—she *is* rid of him."

"Not legally." Mrs. Wix had never looked to her pupil so much as if she knew what she was talking about.

"I daresay," Sir Claude laughed; "but she's not a bit less deprived than I am!"

"Of the power to get a divorce? It's just your want of the power that makes the scandal of your connection with her. Therefore it's just her want of it that makes that of hers with you. That's all I contend!" Mrs. Wix concluded with an unparalleled neigh of battle. Oh, she did know what she was talking about!

Maisie had meanwhile appealed mutely to Sir Claude, who judged it easier to meet what she did n't say than to meet what Mrs. Wix did. "It's a letter to Mrs. Beale from your father, my dear, written from Spa and making the rupture between them perfectly irrevocable. It lets her know, and not in pretty language, that, as we technically say, he deserts her. It puts an end forever to their relations." He ran his eyes over it again, then appeared to make up his mind. "In fact it concerns you, Maisie, so nearly, and refers to you so particularly, that I really think you ought to see the terms in which this new situation is created for you." And he held out the letter.

Mrs. Wix, at this, pounced upon it; she had grabbed it too soon even for Maisie to become aware of being rather afraid of it. Thrusting it instantly behind her, she positively glared at Sir Claude. "'See' it, wretched man—the innocent child *see* such a thing? I think you must be mad, and she shall not have a glimpse of it while I'm here to prevent!"

The breadth of her action had made Sir Claude turn red—he even looked a little foolish. "You think it's too bad, eh? But it's precisely because it's bad that it seemed to me it would have a lesson and a virtue for her."

Maisie could do a quick enough justice to his motive to be able clearly to interpose. She fairly smiled at him. "I assure you I can quite believe how bad it is!" She hesitated an instant; then she added: "I know what's in it."

He of course burst out laughing, and while Mrs. Wix groaned an "Oh, heavens!" he produced: "You would n't say that, old boy, if you did! The point I make is," he continued, to Mrs. Wix, with a blandness now re-established—"the point I make is simply that it sets Mrs. Beale free."

She hung fire but an instant. "Free to live with *you*?"

"Free not to live, not to pretend to live, with her husband."

"Ah, they're mighty different things!"—a truth as to which her earnestness could now, with a fine, inconsequent look, invite the participation of the child.

Before Maisie could commit herself, however, the ground was occupied by Sir Claude, who, as he stood before their visitor with an expression half rueful, half persuasive, rubbed his hand sharply up and down the back of his head. "Then why the deuce

do you grant so—do you, I may even say, rejoice so—that, by the desertion of my precious partner, I'm free?"

Mrs. Wix met this challenge first with silence, then with a demonstration the most extraordinary, the most unexpected. Maisie could scarcely believe her eyes as she saw the good lady, with whom she had never associated the faintest form of coquetry, actually, after an upward grimace, give Sir Claude a great giggling, insinuating, naughty slap. "You wretch—you *know* why!" And she turned away. The face that, with this movement, she left him to present to Maisie was to abide with his step-daughter as the very image of stupefaction; but the pair lacked time to communicate either amusement or alarm before their interlocutress was upon them again. She had begun, in fact, to show infinite variety, and she flashed about with a still quicker change of tone. "Have you brought me that thing as a pretext for going over?"

Sir Claude braced himself. "I can't, after such news, in common decency, not. I mean—do n't you know?—in common courtesy and humanity. My dear lady, you can't chuck a woman that way, especially taking the moment when she has been most insulted and wronged. A fellow must behave like a gentleman, damn it, dear good Mrs. Wix. We did n't come away, we two, to hang right on, you know: it was only to try our paces and just put in a few days that might prove to every one concerned that we're in earnest. It's exactly because we're in earnest that, hang it, we need n't be so awfully particular. I mean—do n't you know?—we need n't be so awfully afraid." He showed a vivacity, an intensity of argument, and if Maisie counted his words she was all the more ready to swallow, after a single swift gasp, those that, the next thing, she became conscious he paused for a reply to. "We did n't come, old girl, did we," he pleaded straight, "to stop right away forever and put it all in *now*?"

Maisie had never doubted she could be heroic for him. "Oh, no!" It was as if she had been shocked at the bare thought. "We're just taking it as we find it." She had a sudden inspiration, which she backed up with a smile. "We're just seeing what we can afford." She had never yet, in her life, made any claim for herself, but she hoped that this time, frankly, what she was doing would somehow be counted to her. Indeed she felt Sir Claude was counting it, though she was afraid to look at him—afraid she should show him tears. She looked at Mrs. Wix; she reached her maximum. "I do n't think I should be bad to Mrs. Beale."

She heard, on this, a deep sound, something inarticulate and sweet, from Sir Claude; but tears were what Mrs. Wix did n't scruple to show. "Do you think you should be bad to me?" The question was the more disconcerting that Mrs. Wix's emotion did n't deprive her of the advantage of her effect. "If you

see that woman again you're lost!" she declared to their companion.

Sir Claude looked at the moony globe of the lamp; he seemed to see for an instant what seeing Mrs. Beale would consist of. It was also, apparently, from this vision that he drew strength to return: "Her situation, by what has happened, is completely changed; and it's no use your trying to prove to me that I need n't take any account of that."

"If you see that woman you're lost!" Mrs. Wix, with greater force, repeated.

"Do you think she'll not let me come back to you? My dear lady, I leave you here, you and Maisie, as an hostage to fortune and I promised you by all that's sacred that I shall be with you again, at the very latest, on Saturday. I provide you with funds; I install you in these lovely rooms; I arrange with the people here that you be treated with every attention and supplied with every luxury. The weather, after this, will mend; it will be sure to be exquisite. You'll both be as free as air, and you can roam all over the place and have tremendous larks. You shall have a carriage to drive you; the whole house shall be at your call. You'll have, in a word, a magnificent position." He paused, he looked from one of his companions to the other as if to see the impression he had made. Whether or no he judged it adequate he subjoined after a moment: "And you'll oblige me, above all, by not making a fuss."

Maisie could only answer for the impression on herself, though indeed from the heart even of Mrs. Wix's rigour there floated, to her sense, a faint fragrance of depraved concession. Maisie had her dumb word for the show such a speech could make, for the exquisite charm it could take from his exquisite sincerity; and before she could do anything but blink at excess of light she heard this very word sound on Mrs. Wix's lips, just as if the poor lady had guessed it and wished, snatching it from her, to blight it like a crumpled flower. "You're dreadful, you're terrible, for you know but too well that it's not a small thing to me that you should address me in a fashion that's princely!" Princely was what he stood there and looked and sounded; that was what Maisie, for the occasion, found herself reduced to simple worship of him for being. Yet, strange to say, too, as Mrs. Wix went on, an echo rang within her that matched the echo she had, herself, just produced. "How much you must *want* to see her, to say such things as that, and to be ready to do so much, for the poor little likes of Maisie and me! She has a hold of you, and you know it, and you want to feel it again and—from God knows, or at least I know, what base motive and desire—to enjoy it once more and give yourself up to it! It does n't matter if it's one day or three; enough is as good as a feast, and the lovely time you'll have with her is something you're willing to pay for! I darsay you'd like me to believe that your pay is to get her to give you up; but

that's a matter on which I adjure you not to put down your money in advance! Give *her* up first. Then pay her what you please!"

Sir Claude took this, to the end; though there were things in it that made him colour, called into his face more of the apprehension than Maisie had ever perceived there of a particular sort of shock. She had an odd sense that it was the first time she had seen any one but Mrs. Wix really and truly scandalised, and this fed her inference, which grew and grew from moment to moment, that Mrs. Wix was proving more of a force to reckon with than either of them had allowed so much room for. It was true that, long before, she had obtained a "hold" of him, as she called it, different in kind from that obtained by Mrs. Beale and, originally, by her ladyship. But Maisie could quite feel with him now that he had really not expected this advantage to be driven so home. Oh, they had n't at all got yet to where Mrs. Wix would stop, for the next minute she was driving harder than ever. It was the result of his saying with a certain dryness, though so kindly that what most affected Maisie in it was his patience: "My dear friend, it's simply a matter in which I must judge for myself. You've judged *for* me, I know, a good deal, of late, in a way that I appreciate, I assure you, down to the ground. But you can't do it always: no one can do that for another, do n't you see? in every case. There are exceptions, particular cases that turn up and that are awfully delicate. It would be too easy if I could shift it all off on you: it would be allowing you to incur an amount of responsibility that I should simply become quite ashamed of. You'll find, I'm sure, that you'll have quite as much as you'll enjoy if you'll be so good as to accept the situation as circumstances happen to make it for you, and to stay here with our friend, till I rejoin you, on the footing of as much pleasantness and as much comfort—and I think I have a right to add, to both of you, of as much faith in *me*—as possible."

Oh, he was princely indeed: that came out more and more with every word he said and with the particular way he said it, and Maisie could feel his monitress stiffen almost with anguish against the increase of his spell and then hurl herself, as a desperate defence from it, into the almost admitted inferiority of violence, of iteration. "You're afraid of her—afraid, afraid, afraid! Oh dear! oh dear! oh dear!" Mrs. Wix wailed it with a high quaver, then broke down into a long shudder of helplessness and woe. The next minute she had flung herself again on the stiff sofa and had burst into a passion of tears.

Sir Claude stood and looked at her a moment, he shook his head slowly and almost tenderly. "I've already admitted it—I'm in mortal terror, and we'll let that settle the question. I think you had best go to bed," he added; "you've had a tremendous day, and you must both be tired to death.

I shall not expect you to concern yourselves in the morning with my movements. There's an early boat on; I shall have cleared out before you're up; and I shall moreover have dealt directly, and most effectively, I assure you, with the haughty, but not quite hopeless, Miss Ash." He turned to his step-daughter as if at once to take leave of her and give her a sign of how, through all tension and friction, they were still united in such a way that she, at least, need n't worry. "Maisie, boy!"—he opened his arms to her. With her culpable lightness she flew into them and, while he kissed her, chose the soft method of silence to promise him the silence that, after battles of talk, was the best balm she could offer his wounds. They held each other long enough to reaffirm, intensely, their vows; after which they were almost forced apart by Mrs. Wix's jumping to her feet.

Her jump, either with a quick return or with a final lapse of courage, was also to supplication almost abject. "I beseech you not to take a step so miserable and so fatal. I know her but too well, even if you jeer at me for saying it; little as I've seen her, I know her, I know her. I know what she'll do—I see it as I stand here. Since you are afraid of her, it's the mercy of heaven: do n't, for God's sake, be afraid to show it, to profit by it and to arrive at the very safety that it gives you. I'm not afraid of her, I assure you, you must already have seen for yourself that there's nothing I'm afraid of now! Let me go to her—I'll settle her and I'll take that woman back without a hair of her touched. Let *me* put in the two or three days—let *me* wind up the connection! *You* stay here with Maisie, with the carriage and the larks and the luxury; then I'll return to you, and we'll go off together, and we'll live together without a cloud. Take me, take me," she went on and on—the tide of her eloquence was high. "Here I am; I know what I am and what I ain't; but I say boldly to the face of you both that I'll do better for you, far than ever she will even try to. I say it to yours, Sir Claude, even though I owe you the very dress on my back and the very shoes on my feet. I owe you everything—that's just the reason; and to pay it back, in profusion—what can that be but what I want? Here I am—here I am!" she repeated, spreading herself with an air of exhibition that, combined with her intensity and her decorations, appeared to suggest her for strange offices and devotions, for ridiculous replacements and substitutions. She manipulated her gown as she talked, she insisted on the items of her debt. "I have nothing of my own, I know—no money, no clothes, no appearance, no anything: nothing but my hold of this one little truth, which is all in the world I can bribe you with—that the pair of you are more to me than all besides and that if you'll let me help you and save you, make what you both want possible in the one way it *can*

be: why, I'll work myself to the bone in your service!"

Sir Claude wavered there without an answer to this magnificent appeal; he plainly cast about for one, and in no small agitation and pain. He addressed himself in his quest, however, only to vague quarters until he met once more, as he so frequently and actively met it, the more than filial gaze of his intelligent little charge. That gave him — poor plastic and dependent male — his issue. If she was still a child she was yet of the sex that could help him out. He signified as much by a renewed invitation to an embrace; she freshly sprang to him, and again they inaudibly conversed. "Be nice to her, be nice to her," he at last distinctly articulated — "be nice to her as you've not even been to me!" On which, without another look at Mrs. Wix, he somehow got out of the room; leaving Maisie under the slight oppression of these words as well as of the idea that he had, unmistakably, once more, dodged.

XXV

Everything Sir Claude had prophesied came so true that it was, after all, no more than fair to expect quite as much for what he had as good as promised. His pledges they could verify to the letter, down to his very guarantee that a way would be found with Miss Ash. Roused in the summer dawn and vehemently squeezed by that interesting exile, Maisie fell back upon her couch with a renewed appreciation of his policy; a memento of which, when she rose, later on, to dress, glittered at her from the carpet in the shape of a sixpence that had overflowed from Susan's pride of possession. Sixpences, really, for the forty-eight hours that followed, seemed to abound in her life; she fancifully computed the number of them represented by such a period of "larks." The number was not kept down, she presently noticed, by any scheme of revenge for Sir Claude's flight which should take, on Mrs. Wix's part, the form of a refusal to avail herself of the facilities he had so bravely ordered. It was in fact impossible to escape them: it was, in the good lady's own phrase, ridiculous to go on foot when you had a carriage prancing at the door. Everything about them pranced, the very waiters, even, as they presented the dishes to which, from a similar sense of the absurdity of perversity, Mrs. Wix helped herself with a freedom that spoke to Maisie quite as much of her depletion as of her logic. Her appetite was a sign to her companion of a great many things, and testified not less, on the whole, to her general than to her particular conditions. She had arrears of dinner to make up, and it was touching that in a dinnerless state her moral passion should have burned so clear. She partook largely, as a refuge from depression, and yet the opportunity to partake was just a mark of the sinister symptoms that

depressed her. The affair was, in short, a combat in which the baser element triumphed between her refusal to be bought off and her consent to be clothed and fed. It was not, at any rate, to be gainsaid that there was comfort for her in the developments of France; comfort so great as to leave Maisie free to take, with her, all the security for granted and brush all the danger aside. That was the way to carry out, in detail, Sir Claude's injunction to be "nice"; that was the way, as well, to look, with her, in a survey of the pleasures of life abroad, straight over the head of any doubt.

They shrunk at last, all doubts, as the weather cleared up; it had an immense effect on them and became quite as lovely as Sir Claude had engaged. This seemed to have put him so into the secret of things, and the joy of the world so waylaid the steps of his friends, that little by little the spirit of hope filled the air and finally took possession of the scene. To drive on the long cliff was splendid, but it was perhaps better still to creep, in the shade — for the sun was strong — along the many-coloured and many-odoured *port* and through the streets in which, to English eyes, everything that was the same was a mystery and everything that was different a joke. Best of all was to continue the creep up the long Grand' Rue to the gate of the *haute ville* and, passing beneath it, mount to the quaint and crooked rampart, with its rows of trees, its quiet corners and friendly benches, where brown old women, in such white filled caps and such long gold-earrings, sat and knitted or snoozed; its little yellow-faced houses that looked like the homes of misers or of priests, and its dark Château, where small soldiers lounged on the bridge that stretched across an empty moat and military washing hung from the windows of towers. This was a part of the place that could lead Maisie to inquire if it did n't just meet one's idea of the middle ages; and since it was rather a satisfaction than a shock to perceive, and not for first time, the limits, in Mrs. Wix's mind, of the historic imagination, that only added one more to the variety of kinds of insight that she felt it her own present mission to show. They sat together on the grey old bastion; they looked down on the little new town which seemed to them quite as old, and across at the great dome and the high, gilt Virgin of the church that, as they gathered, was famous, and that pleased them by its unlikeness to any place in which they had worshipped. They wandered in this temple afterwards, and Mrs. Wix confessed that, for herself, she had probably, early in life, made, in not being a Catholic, a fatal mistake. Her confession, in its turn, caused Maisie to wonder rather interestedly what degree of maturity it was that shut the door against an escape from such an error. They went back to the rampart on the second morning; the spot in which they appeared to have come furthest on the journey that was to separate them from every-

thing that, in the past, had been objectionable: it gave them afresh the impression that had most to do with their having worked round to a confidence that, on Maisie's part, was determined and that she could see to be, on her companion's, desperate. She had had, for many hours, the sense of showing Mrs. Wix so much that she was comparatively slow to become conscious of being at the same time the subject of a similar process. The process went the faster, however, from the moment she got her glimpse of it: it then fell into its place in her general, her habitual view of the particular phenomenon that, had she felt the need of words for it, she might have called her personal relation to her knowledge. This relation had never been so lively as during the time she waited with her old governess for Sir Claude; and what made it so was exactly that Mrs. Wix struck her as having a new suspicion of it. Mrs. Wix had never yet had a suspicion — that was certain — so calculated to throw her pupil, in spite of the closer union of these adventurous hours, upon the deep defensive. Her pupil made out indeed as many marvels as she had made out on the rush to Folkestone; and if in Sir Claude's company, on that occasion, Mrs. Wix was the constant implication, so in Mrs. Wix's, in the actual crisis, Sir Claude was — and most of all through long pauses — the perpetual, the insurmountable theme. It all took them back to the first flush of his marriage and to the place he held in the schoolroom in those months of love and pain; only he had himself blown to a much bigger balloon the large consciousness he then filled out.

They went through it all again, and indeed, while the interval lingered with the very weight of its charm, they went, in spite of defences and suspicions, through everything. Their intensified clutch of the future throbbed like a clock ticking seconds; but this was a timepiece that inevitably, as well — at the best, — rang occasionally a portentous hour. Oh, there were several of these, and two or three of the worst on the old city-wall, where everything else so made for peace. There was nothing in the world Maisie more wanted than to be, to Mrs. Wix, as nice as Sir Claude had desired; but it was exactly because this fell in with her inveterate instinct of keeping the peace that the instinct itself was quickened. From the moment it was quickened, however, it found other work, and that was how, to begin with, she produced the very complication she most sought to avert. What she had essentially done, these days, had been to read the unspoken into the spoken; so that thus, with accumulations, it had become more definite to her that the unspoken was, unspeakably, the completeness of the sacrifice of Mrs. Beale. There were times when every minute that Sir Claude stayed away was like a nail in Mrs. Beale's coffin. That brought back to Maisie — it was a roundabout way — the beauty and antiquity of her connection

with the flower of the Overmoors, as well as that lady's own grace and charm, her peculiar prettiness and cleverness, and even her peculiar tribulations. A hundred things hummed at the back of her head, but two of these were simple enough. Mrs. Beale was, by the way, after all, just her step-mother and her relative. She was just — and partly for that very reason — Sir Claude's greatest intimate ("lady-intimate" was Maisie's term); so that what, together, they were, on Mrs. Wix's programme, to give up and break short off with, was, for one of them, his particular favourite, and for the other, her father's wife. Strangely, indescribably, her perception of reasons kept pace with her sense of trouble; but there was something in her that, without a supreme effort not to be shabby, could not take the reasons for granted. What it comes to, perhaps, for ourselves, is that, disinherited and denuded as we have seen her, there still lingered in her life an echo of parental influence — she was still reminiscent of one of the sacred lessons of home. It was the only one she retained, but luckily she retained it with force. She enjoyed, in a word, an ineffaceable view of the fact that there were things papa called mamma, and mamma called papa a low sneak for doing or for not doing. Now this rich memory gave her a name that she dreaded to invite to the lips of Mrs. Beale: she would personally wince so just to hear it. The very sweetness of the foreign life she was steeped in added, with each hour of Sir Claude's absence, to the possibility of such pangs. She watched, beside Mrs. Wix, the great golden Madonna, and one of the ear-ringed old women who had been sitting at the end of their bench got up and potted away. "Adieu, mesdames!" said the old woman in a little cracked, civil voice — a demonstration by which our friends were so affected that they bobbed up and almost courtesied to her. They subsided again, and it was shortly after, in a summer hum of French insects and a phase of almost somnolent reverie, that Maisie most had the vision of what it was to shut out from such a perspective so appealing a participant. It had not yet appeared so vast as at that moment, this prospect of statues shining in the blue and of courtesy in romantic forms.

"Why, after all, should we have to choose between you? Why should n't we be four?" she finally demanded.

Mrs. Wix gave the jerk of a sleeper awakened, or the start even of one who hears a bullet whiz at a flag of truce; her stupefaction at such a breach of the peace delayed for a moment her answer. "Four improprieties, do you mean? Because two of us happen to be decent people! Do I gather you to wish that I should stay on with you even if that woman *is* capable —?"

Maisie took her up before she could further phrase Mrs. Beale's capability. "Stay on as my companion — yes; stay on as just what you were at

mamma's. Mrs. Beale *would* let you!" the child proclaimed.

Mrs. Wix had by this time fairly sprung to her arms. "And who, I'd like to know, would let Mrs. Beale? Do you mean, little unfortunate, that you *would*?"

"Why not?—if now she's free."

"Free? Are you imitating *him*? Well, if Sir Claude's old enough to know better, upon my word I think it's right to treat you as if you also were. You'll have to, at any rate—to know better—if that's the line you're proposing to take." Mrs. Wix has never been so harsh, but, on the other hand, Maisie could guess that she herself had never appeared so wanton. What was underlying, however, rather overawed than angered her; she felt she could still insist, not for contradiction, but for ultimate calm. Her wantonness meanwhile continued to work upon her friend, who caught again, on the rebound, the sound of deepest provocation. "Free, free, free? If she's as free as *you* are, my dear, she's free enough to be sure!"

"As I am?"—Maisie, after reflection and in the face of what, of portentous, this seemed to convey, risked a critical echo.

"Well," said Mrs. Wix, "nobody, you know, is free to commit a crime."

"A crime?"—the word had come out in a way that made the child echo it again.

"You'd commit as great a one as their own—and so should I!—if we were to condone their immorality by our presence."

Maisie waited a little; this seemed so fiercely conclusive. "Why is it immorality?" she nevertheless presently inquired.

Her companion now turned upon her with a reproach softer because it was, somehow, deeper. "You're too unspeakable! Do you know what we're talking about?"

In the interest of ultimate calm Maisie felt that she must be, above all, clear. "Certainly; about their taking advantage of their freedom."

"Well, to do what?"

"Why, to live with us."

Mrs. Wix's laugh, at this, was literally wild. "Us? thank you!"

"Then to live with *me*."

The words made her friend jump. "You give me up? You break with me forever? You turn me into the street?"

Maisie was dazzled by the enumeration, but she bore bravely up. "Those, it seems to me, are the things you do to *me*."

Mrs. Wix made little of her valour. "I can promise you that, whatever I do, I shall never let you out of my sight! You ask me why it's immorality, when you've seen with your own eyes that Sir Claude has felt it to be so to that dire extent that, rather than make you face the shame of it, he has, for months, kept away from you altogether. Is

it any more difficult to see that the first time he tries to do his duty he washes his hands of *her*?—takes you straight away from her!"

Maisie turned this over, but more for apparent consideration than from any impulse to yield too easily. "Yes, I see what you mean. But at that time they were not free." She felt Mrs. Wix rear up again at the offensive word, but she succeeded in touching her with a remonstrant hand. "I do not think you know how free they've become."

"I know, I believe, at least as much as you do!"

Maisie hesitated. "About the Countess?"

"Your father's—temptress?" Mrs. Wix gave her a sidelong squint. "Perfectly. She pays him!"

"Oh, *does* she?" At this the child's countenance fell: it seemed to give a reason for papa's behaviour and place it in a more favourable light. She wished to be just. "I do not say she's not generous. She was so to me."

"How, to you?"

"She gave me a lot of money."

Mrs. Wix stared. "And, pray, what did you do with a lot of money?"

"I gave it to Mrs. Beale."

"And what did Mrs. Beale do with it?"

"She sent it back."

"To the Countess? Gammon!" said Mrs. Wix. She disposed of that plea as effectually as Susan Ash.

"Well, I do not care!" Maisie replied. "What I mean is that you do not know about the rest."

"The rest? What rest?"

Maisie wondered how she could best put it. "Papa kept me there an hour."

"I do know—Sir Claude told me. Mrs. Beale had told him."

Maisie looked incredulity. "How could she?—when I did not speak of it!"

Mrs. Wix was mystified. "Speak of what?"

"Why, of her being so fearful."

"The Countess? Of course she's fearful," Mrs. Wix declared. After a moment she added:

"That's why she pays him."

Maisie pondered. "It's the best thing about her then—if she gives him as much as she gave *me*."

"Well, it's not the best thing about *him*! Or rather, perhaps, it is too!" Mrs. Wix subjoined.

"But she's awful—really and truly," Maisie went on.

Mrs. Wix arrested her. "You need not go into details!" It was visibly at variance with this injunction that she yet inquired: "How does that make it any better?"

"Their living with me? Why, for the Countess—and for her whiskers!—he has put me off on them. I understood him," Maisie profoundly said.

"I hope, then, he understood *you*. It's more than I do!" Mrs. Wix admitted.

"That was a real challenge to be plainer, and our young lady immediately became so. "I mean it is n't a crime."

"Why then did Sir Claude steal you away?"

"He did n't steal—he only borrowed me. I knew it was n't for long," Maisie audaciously professed.

"You must allow me to reply to that," cried Mrs. Wix, "that you knew nothing of the sort, and that you rather basely failed to back me up last night when you pretended, so plump, that you did! You hoped, in fact, exactly as much as I did, and as in my senseless passion I even hope now, that this may be the beginning of better things."

Oh yes, Mrs. Wix was indeed, for the first time, sharp; so that there at least stirred in our heroine the sense not so much of being proved disingenuous as of being precisely accused of the meanness that had brought everything down on her through her very desire to shake herself clear of it. She suddenly felt herself swell with a passion of protest. "I never, *never* hoped I was n't going again to see Mrs. Beale! I did n't, I did n't, I did n't!" she repeated. Mrs. Wix bounced about with a force of rejoinder of which she also felt that she must anticipate the concussion, and which, though the good lady was evidently charged to the brim, hung fire long enough to give time for an aggravation. "She's beautiful, and I love her! I love her, and she's beautiful!"

"And I'm hideous, and you hate me?" Mrs. Wix fixed her a moment, then caught herself up. "I won't embitter you by absolutely accusing you of that; though, as for my being hideous, it's hardly the first time I've been told so! I know it so well that even if I have n't whiskers—have I?—I dare say there are other ways in which the Countess is a Venus to me! My pretension must therefore seem to you monstrous—which comes to the same thing as your not liking me. But do you mean to go so far as to tell me that you *want* to live with them in their sin?"

"You know what I want, you know what I want!"—Maisie spoke with the quaver of rising tears.

"Yes, I do: you want me to be as bad as yourself! Well, I won't. There! Mrs. Beale's as bad as your father!" Mrs. Wix went on.

"She's not—she's *not*!" her pupil almost shrieked in retort.

"You mean because Sir Claude, at least, has beauty and wit and grace? But he pays just as the Countess pays!" Mrs. Wix, who now rose as she spoke, fairly revealed a latent cynicism.

It raised Maisie also to her feet; her companion had walked off a few steps and paused. The two looked at each other as they had never looked, and Mrs. Wix seemed to flaunt there in her finery. "Then does n't he pay *you* too?" her unhappy charge demanded.

At this she bounded in her place. "Oh, you incredible little wail!" She brought it out with a wail of violence; after which, with another convulsion, she marched straight away. Maisie dropped back on the bench and burst into sobs.

(To be continued.)

REVIEWS

LADY BURTON'S ROMANCE

THE ROMANCE OF ISABEL LADY BURTON.—*Told in Part by Herself, and in Part by W. H. Wilkins. Illustrated. 2 vols. 8vo. Dodd, Mead & Co. \$7.50.*

THE Romance of Isabel Lady Burton is admirably named. It combines all the charms of a good love story, an excellent biography, and a narrative of wild and unending adventure. Lady Burton's devotion to her husband was of such large beauty that it seems not of our day. In truth, it is only by the constant insertion of dates of the last decade that we are brought in the end to realize the absolute contemporaneity of its chief events.

The biography was begun by Lady Burton, but, owing to her death, its completion was intrusted to her friend, Mr. W. H. Wilkins. He has carried out the story of her life with notable sympathy, and quite on the lines she would have chosen. His style is similar to hers, and his care in her defense—even against herself—is wholly praiseworthy.

In a sense, the book is a reply to *The True Life of Sir Richard Burton*, written by his niece, Miss Georgiana Stisted, and intended to cast every reflection on Lady Burton when she was no longer living to defend herself. It has been a part of Mr. Wilkins's duty to take up Miss Stisted's cowardly attacks and disprove the charges. His success has been unvarying.

Isabel Lady Burton was an Arundell of Wardour, one of the oldest and best families in England. She was a Romanist by birth and by choice, and her schooling was had at the Convent of the Canonesses of the Holy Sepulchre, New Hall, Chelmsford. When sixteen she was taken from there, and for purposes of economy the family shortly afterward went to Boulogne to live. Just before this time Isabel's horoscope had been cast by a gypsy named Hagar Burton. It was so truthful a prediction that it is worth reprinting.

"You will cross the sea, and be in the same town with your Destiny, and know it not. Every obstacle will rise up against you, and such a combination of circumstances, that it will require all your courage, energy, and intelligence to meet them. Your life will be like one swimming against big waves; but God will be with you, so you will always win. You will fix your eye on your polar star, and you will go for that without looking right or left. You will bear the name of our tribe, and be right proud of it. You will be as we are, but far greater than we. Your life

is all wandering, change, and adventure. One soul in two bodies in life or death, never long apart. Show this to the man you take for your husband. HAGAR BURTON."

In its early chapters the books read not unlike the journal of a new Marie Bashkirtseff: it is from Isabel's own hand, and the girlish enthusiasm of style, the surpassing volubility, and the frankness in discussions of personal appearance all suggest the self-revelations of the gifted Russian.

"This was the ugliest time of my life," she writes, when seventeen. "Every girl has an ugly age. I was tall, plump, and meant to be fair, but was always tanned and sunburnt. I knew my good points. What girl does not? I had large, dark blue, earnest eyes, and long, black eyelashes and eyebrows, which seemed to grow shorter the older I got. I had very white regular teeth, and very small hands and feet and waist; but I fretted because I was too fat to slip into what is usually called 'our stock size,' and my complexion was by no means pale and interesting enough to please me. I had beautiful hair, very long, thick and soft, with five shades in it, and of a golden brown. My nose was aquiline. I had all the material for a very good figure, and once a sculptor wanted to sculpt me, but my mother would not allow it, as she thought I should be ashamed of my figure later, when I had fined down."

At Boulogne, Isabel met Richard Burton. He was twenty-eight years of age, had already published several books, was known as an Oriental scholar, a daring soldier, and a rather wild young man. She loved him at first sight; her fortune was coming true. Richard was apparently not infatuated to an equal degree. The Arundells returned to England, and Burton, after a time, went on his famous pilgrimage to Mecca and Medinah. It was four years before they met again; then quite by accident they came across each other in the Botanical Gardens.

"At the end of a fortnight, [writes Lady Burton,] he stole his arm round my waist, and laid his cheek against mine and asked me, 'Could you do anything so sickly as to give up civilization? And if I can get the Consulate of Damascus, will you marry me and go and live there?' He said, 'Do not give me an answer now, because it will mean a very serious step for you—no less than giving up your people and all that you are used to, and living the sort of life that Lady Hester Stanhope led. I see the capabilities in you, but you must think it over.' . . . At last I found voice, and said, 'I do not want to think it over—I have been thinking it over for six years, ever since I first saw you at Boulogne. I have prayed for you every morning and night, I have followed all your career minutely, I have read every word you ever wrote, and I would rather have a crust and a tent with you than be queen of all the world; and so I say now, 'Yes, yes, yes!'"

Burton started a few weeks later on the African journey which resulted in the discovery of Lake Tanganyika. The engagement was not announced. While he was away Isabel joined her sister and brother-in-law in an extended Continental tour. It was more than two years before they met. Burton at this time was thirty-eight; Isabel twenty-eight.

They had been engaged nearly three years without seeing each other once after the first fortnight. So far, Isabel's *romance* had not been very romantic. Besides, her mother vigorously opposed the match, and definitely refused her permission. Her father

and the rest of the family favored it, and used their influence with Mrs. Arundell, but in vain. Richard was a Protestant. The Arundells were all Romanists. While Isabel was trying to make up her mind what to do, Richard suddenly went off to Salt Lake City to study the Mormons. He was gone for nine months.

On his return in 1860, it was decided that they should be married at once. Mrs. Arundell was not told of the plan, and quietly, in the presence of the rest of the family, they were married in the Bavarian chapel.

Isabel's reflections at this time were as follows:

"The principal and leading features of my future life are going to be:

Marriage with Richard.

My parents' blessing and pardon.

A man-child.

An appointment, money earned by literature and publishing.

A little society.

Doing a great deal of good.

Much travelling."

On her marriage Richard was given the consulate of Fernando Po, which was known as the "Foreign Office grave." It was about the worst position conceivable, but money lacked and Richard accepted it. Isabel could not live there, the climate was too awful, but she visited him once or twice and they saw each other at intervals of perhaps six months. This must have been an unhappy time for the bride. Next, Richard was sent to Santos, in Brazil, and Isabel accompanied him. Her life in South America was pleasing to her, for she was with her husband. After a time she came home, and through untiring labors she secured the consulship at Damascus, with £1,000 a year. This was a considerable advance, and was what they had been longing for. Burton's life in India, his absolute familiarity with nearly every Oriental language, his trip to Mecca, made him *the* man for the place, and it was with great rejoicing and much anticipation that they took up their life in Damascus. They would take long rides in the desert, Isabel dressed as a boy and pretending to be Richard's son. They went to Palmyra, a dangerous journey in those days without a guard; they went to Jerusalem and the Dead Sea, and Lebanon and Mount Hermon. Isabel went to weddings, and into the harems, and was on friendly terms with many of the natives. Abd el Kadir was one of their constant visitors, and the Duchesse de Persigny and Lady Ellenborough, who had married in Damascus. The life was a round of adventure and novelty; they both loved it. They lived in a state of constant excitement; there was always danger of an uprising of the Moslems and a Christian massacre.

Burton's appointment had not been a popular one in England—for he had many enemies. When complaints from people in Damascus began to come in, the Foreign Office looked dubiously at Richard.

These complaints came chiefly from rich Jews, who failed to find the consul as corruptible as his predecessors, and therefore took every opportunity to attack him, and Isabel as well. There were several incidents for which Burton might properly have been criticised: he minded other people's business—the Governor of Syria's, for instance—too much, and before he knew it there was trouble. Isabel did all in her power to make up for the difficulties, and she used all the influence at her command, but to no purpose. In 1871, after a residence in Damascus of two years, Burton was recalled.

"The recall from Damascus was the hardest blow that ever befell the Burtons. They felt it acutely; and when time had softened the shock, a lasting sense of the injury that had been done to them remained. . . . To the end of her life she never ceased to regret Damascus; and even when in her widowed loneliness she returned to England twenty years after the recall, with her life's work wellnigh done, and waiting, as she used to say, for the 'tinkling of his camel's bell,' her eyes would glow and her voice take a deeper note if she spoke of those two years at Damascus. It was easy to see that they were the crowning years of her life."

The Foreign Office tried to make up, in a measure, for the treatment of Burton by offering him the consulship at Para—but he declined it. "Too small a place for me after Damascus," he said.

They settled in lodgings in London and waited for something better. Isabel spent most of her time at the Foreign Office, trying to stir things up. Ten months after the recall, they were offered the consulate at Trieste, just vacant by the death of Charles Lever. They promptly accepted and were soon located in their new home.

After two years, Isabel went to London to transact some business.

"Early in May Burton joined her on a lengthy leave of absence, and they did a great deal of visiting, and enjoyed themselves generally. Isabel's *Inner Life of Syria* was published at this time, and she was very anxious about it. It had taken sixteen months to write. The evening of the day on which it made its appearance she went to a party, and the first person she saw whom she knew was a well-known editor, who greeted her with warm congratulations on her book. She says, 'It made me as happy as if somebody had given me a fortune.'"

When they tired of London and visiting in the English country, Burton asked Isabel where she wanted to go. She promptly replied, "India."

On the return from India, they settled down again at Trieste and once more went to work on their books. Lady Burton published her *A. E. I., (Arabia, Egypt, and India)*, and although it made somewhat of a stir, it was not so popular a success as *Inner Life of Syria* had been.

Burton was forever going off on new expeditions. He made two trips to Midian in search of gold, and entered into a partnership with the Khedive to work the mines. The abdication of Ismail, however, put this at an end. General Gordon, then in Africa, was laboring to have him become Governor-General of Darfur. But Burton's health was bad, and he declined. Indeed, he grew steadily weaker after that, and was soon confined to the house. It

was during this period that he translated the *Arabian Nights*, for which he had been collecting material for many years. In 1885 they went to England together to make arrangements for publishing the translation.

"The production of this book may be described as a joint affair; for though the lion's share of the work of translating, writing, and correcting proofs devolved upon Burton alone, the financial part of the work fell upon his wife, and that it was a big thing no one who has had any experience of writing or publishing would deny. There were several editions in the field, but they were all abridged or 'Bowlerized,' ones, adapted more or less for 'family and domestic reading.' Burton's object in bringing out this great work was not only to produce a literal translation, but to reproduce it faithfully in the Arabian manner. He preserved throughout the orientation of the verses and figures of speech, instead of Anglicising them. It is this, combined with his profound Oriental scholarship, his fine old-world style, and the richness, variety, and quaintness of his vocabulary, which has given to his original edition its unique value.

"At the beginning a publisher had offered Burton £500 for the book; but Isabel said, 'No, let me do it.' It was seventeen months' hard work, and during that time they had to find the means for printing and binding, and circulating the volumes as they came out. The Burtons were their own printers and their own publishers, and they made, between September, 1885, and November, 1888, sixteen thousand guineas, six thousand of which went towards the expenses of publishing, and ten thousand guineas into their own pockets. Isabel writes, 'It came just in time to give my husband the comforts and luxuries and freedom which glided the last five years of his life. When he died there were four florins left, which I put into the poor-box.'"

All his life Burton had looked forward to being consul at Morocco. During his last years, although he was much broken down in health, he was still desirous of getting the post, and Isabel devoted herself to seeing the proper persons and bringing all the influence possible to bear. The appointment never came, however, but about that time he was made a K.C.M.G. in reward for his services.

Burton cared nothing for the honor. He felt his life had been wasted. He had been forty-four years in the service and had been a failure. He was discouraged. They kept up their little journeys, however. Lord Salisbury was very generous in the matter of absences, and so to the last Burton indulged his roving gypsy tastes. In 1890 he was engaged in translating the *Scented Garden*, and had completed it, except for the last page. Then he died.

That is the end. Isabel's life was so entirely wrapped up in her husband, that there was nothing but desolation for her after his death. She returned to England, occupied herself much with settling his affairs, bringing out his works and building his tomb. It was only last year that she died herself.

Isabel Lady Burton was in a way an ideal wife; certainly no man of any history ever had a wife who was more untiring in her efforts to complete his life, or more zealous in fulfilling his desires. She was an admirable woman in every respect; her biography shows her many qualities and leaves the reader with nothing but respect. He may at times object to her evident theatrical taste, he may disagree with her decisions and thought, but he can hardly fail to think highly of her.

FOR THE SILLY SEASON

THE SUN OF SARATOGA.—By *Joseph A. Altiseller.*

THE BEAUTIFUL WHITE DEVIL.—By *Guy Boothby.*

A GALAHAD OF THE GREEKS.—By *S. Levett Yeats.*
Appleton's Town and Country Library. 12mo.
\$0.50.

THESE are such volumes as the train "butcher" brings with commendation; the light amusement of a hasty hour, aboard or afloat, which offer to the reader little more than the absurd sense of satisfaction which the mere act of reading engenders in us, as if it were an inherent virtue.

The *Sun of Saratoga* announces itself as a "romance of Burgoyne's surrender," but it has neither the perspective of time nor the historical sense. It is sliced quite clear of before and after, and its battles have no proper portent. It is only the everlasting I of a bumptious, platitudinous young "sub," who gorgeously deserves the kicking which his superiors courteously deny him. Style, humor, and grammar have a homeogenous badness, but among the chaff are some kernels of a sound and stimulating kind. These are bits of war. They are not the Crane thing called war, but seem to be pieces of honest experience, lifting the word, for the time, to the dignity and the height of the event.

A white yacht, a white lady—large, but dimpled, and a devil—and a white bulldog—all with the blackest of black records—this is the beginning. How, between them, they induced a "white" young doctor to leave his pegs and his practice; how, together, they fought smallpox, and orang-outans, and the police—this is the middle. And how they all lived happy ever on an island that never was or will be charted—this is the end. And for those who like this sort of thing, it is surely the sort of thing they will like.

The two tales which make up the last of the trio deserve a more sober word. If Mr. Kipling had never been born, they might pass for a pretty enough pair of Oriental stories. The East, with its eternal unknowableness and its strange charm, supports with unending patience the burden of the garrulous, of the much that is not the best. So many Galahads have died of it; so many good and ugly missionaries have returned, broken in hope and spirit; so many priests have bought English honor with jewels taken from the feet of the old gods; so many native women have poured themselves as water for their faithless foreign lovers—all this has become usual, has become a cult. And because it is all different, and because one cannot be sure, it is tremendously interesting, even when only half well done.

Mr. Yeats's is the traveler's view, and he well understands how to make it lively, even though signs of coarseness and slovenly writing abound in the last of the stories, which is inferior in its whole texture. The tales are not mere imitations of a greater than himself: they are the East by an amateur observer—of feeling. As far as he sees, the author sees sincerely; as far as he can, he tells truly.

A PLUCKY WOMAN

A WOMAN'S PART IN A REVOLUTION.—By *Mrs. John Hays Hammond.* Longmans, Green & Co.
\$1.00.

WHAT gives this little book its value, quite apart from the humor, vivacity, and tenderness Mrs. Hammond has thrown into it, is its air of reality. The study of history would be a very different thing if at every crisis a clever, sympathetic woman were at hand to jot down its leading incidents in Mrs. Hammond's easy and natural style. She gives us, of course, merely the outside husk, the casual personal trappings of the Johannesburg revolt. The book does not profess to sum up the Transvaal situation, or to give any narrative of the events which led up to the formation of the Reform Committee and made an appeal to arms both just and necessary. It is simply a record of what Mrs. Hammond saw and did and endured during those exciting months in the first half of 1896. Few women could have suffered more, and fewer still could have borne themselves through it all with such admirable courage. Quite unconsciously Mrs. Hammond shows herself to be one of those rare women that men like to have around when there is serious work to be done. "A woman's part in a revolution," says Mrs. Hammond at the end of her book, "is a very poor part to play. There is little hazard and no glory in it." We should prefer to have Mr. Hammond's opinion on that point.

After a capital description of the arming of Johannesburg and the consternation produced by Dr. Jamieson's defeat, Mrs. Hammond comes to the day when her husband, with the three other leaders of the Reform Committee, was arrested, and thrown into the Pretoria Prison. "The four leaders were put into a cell 11' x 11', which was closed in by an inner court. There was no window, only a narrow grille over the door. The floor was of earth and overrun by vermin. Of the four canvas cots, two were blood-stained and all hideously dirty. They were locked in at 6 o'clock—one of them ill with dysentery—and there they remained sweltering and gasping through the tropical night until 6 of the morning. For two weeks they remained in this cell. Meanwhile I knew nothing of my husband's plight, being mercifully deceived by both him and our friends; every day Mr. Heath bringing to Parktown telegrams from my husband, assuring me of his good

treatment by the government, and imploring me not to worry." Mr. Hammond's health completely broke down and acute symptoms of dysentery developed. At the end of a fortnight Mrs. Hammond received permission to remove him into a cottage, with a Boer officer and a guard of thirteen men to keep strict watch over them. "Efforts to induce Mr. Hammond to take a little exercise in the garden I soon gave over. After a few steps (a guard only two feet behind him) he would be utterly exhausted, and would almost faint away on reaching his chair again. Under these petty irritations my husband showed an angelic patience and fortitude that alarmed me. It was so unlike his normal self. I longed to hear him cuss a cozy swear; it would have braced us both. But he was gentle and appreciative of little kindnesses; so, to keep from weakening tears, I took to swearing myself." Leave was at length granted to move Mr. Hammond to his own home in Johannesburg. Thence he was allowed to go on to Cape Town. An untimely sea-bath brought back all his serious symptoms, and the journey to Pretoria, where he insisted on returning sooner than break his parole, was one long torture. Two days later he was sentenced to be hanged, by a judge especially imported from the Orange Free State for that purpose, and in defiance of a definite pledge that the Reformers should not be tried by the old Dutch code, which punished treason with death. The President's failure to promptly commute this vicious sentence roused the whole of South Africa against him. What Mrs. Hammond suffered during this intolerable delay may be guessed from one pathetic sentence: "The day was without hours to me—a dry, aching stretch of time; I had no tears to shed!" Scarcely less hard to bear were the seven wearisome weeks that followed, the prisoners still in jail and the President putting off from day to day his promise to pass a final verdict. There is a very bright and amusing description of the wholesale smuggling practiced by the Reformers' wives. "Mrs. Solly Joel as she passed daily through the prison gate was a complete butterfly. The crown of her hat was filled with cigars; suspended from her waist, under her dainty summer silk skirt, hung a bottle of cream. Tied to her back, by way of a bustle, was a brace of duck, or a roasted fowl wrapped neatly in linen. She said this gave her a slightly out-of-date appearance, but she did not mind that." Ultimately Mr. Hammond was released on the payment of a fine of \$125,000, and after pledging himself not to interfere in Transvaal politics again. Our own opinion is that the trials he and his wife underwent were cheap at the price of this brisk and excellent book. But that, as Mrs. Hammond would say, is "a man's view." It is a reviewer's also.



FOR THE GAITY OF NATIONS

IN JOYFUL RUSSIA.—By John A. Logan, Jr. 8vo. D. Appleton & Co. \$3.50.

THAT Mr. John A. Logan, Jr., attended the coronation of the Czar, that he enjoyed himself thoroughly during his sojourn in Muscovy, and that upon his return to America he wrote a book, are events which rightly add to the gaiety of nations. Mr. Logan went there for a good time, and had it—in a perfectly proper way, be it understood, for when others were drowning their meals "in bumpers of champagne," this young countryman of ours, no less brave morally than fearless physically, drank nothing stronger than claret (p. 33). And having had his good time, and being most grateful to the Russian Empire, at whose expense it was had, what could be more reasonable than that Mr. Logan should seek to repay the kindness of his hosts by saying pleasant things of them in the pleasantest possible way? This he does; and so exuberant are the feelings of rejoicing he manifests in his book, that we cannot but suppose Russia less joyful since he left it—except, possibly, in those circles where his visit is held in the closest remembrance.

Next to this feeling of rejoicing—and there is nothing which reflects this admirable quality to anything like the same degree in English literature since the Elizabethan lyrists—we must assuredly set Mr. Logan's manifestations of gratitude. It appears that the young traveler sat up until four o'clock on the morning of the Czar's birthday, merely to wish him, "from afar, many happy returns of the day." Admitted to a view of the imperial baby, it is to be learned that "it was a sweet little thing. We were allowed to look at it, and indeed it was allowed to look at us, which it did in a very witching way, smiling sweetly." Then he philosophizes: "After all, when one gets down to the buff, we are all very much alike. I have often seen my own babies smile quite as sweetly." This might be imputed to Mr. Logan for arrogance had he not placed himself on record in respect of the Czar on parade thus: "A hush fell over all. I was reminded—I hope not sacrilegiously—of that triumphant line, 'Lift up your heads, O ye gates, and let the King of Glory come in!' Who is the King of Glory? Look! A fair-haired boy, slightly built, with blonde and silken beard. . . . this is the King of Glory."

Those familiar with the twenty-fourth of the *Psalms* of David cannot fail to notice how, by the simple change and insertion of a word or two, Mr. Logan has contrived to improve the Biblical language in the quotation given above.

Lest the citations from the book heretofore given do not sufficiently indicate Mr. Logan's mastery of English speech and style, the reader must reflect upon words of his, like "equineology"; phrases

like "every scale in the social ladder," and such a sentence as this, respecting the decorations of Moscow during the ceremonies, "I used to think, when I was a boy, that the visions of *Lalla Rookh*, drawn by the pen of Moore, were but the creation of the fantastic imagination of a fevered poet." Those who enjoy gems of as perfect a luster will find them, side by side with sentences attesting the keenness of the traveler's observation, as when he writes, "All the Russians have large feet," and discovers, once for all, that the leather used in Russia is really "Russia leather," together with many other things which lose nothing by their not being particularly intentional. And finally, we predict that it will be difficult indeed for any person reading *In Joyful Russia* to keep out of the predicament in which Mr. Logan found himself when gazing upon the throne of the Czar, "and suppress all reflections of a sociological nature."

FROM 1880 TO THE DIAMOND JUBILEE

A HISTORY OF OUR OWN TIMES.—By *Justin McCarthy, M.P.* Vol. III. *Harper & Brothers.*

IT was hardly to be expected that, as he drew nearer and nearer to the present year, the final volume of Mr. McCarthy's *History of Our Own Times* would possess the value of its predecessors. The first two volumes, if they contained no thoughts above the level of the average man, and owed their success simply to the easy vivacity of the author's style and his attractive skill in character-sketching, were at least overspread with a mild political philosophy and made some attempt to trace the causes and effects of the movements of the time. No such attempt has been made in the present volume; indeed, no such attempt was possible. A man who publishes in May a history of England up to the preceding April cannot hope to be received seriously as a historian. He is not a historian; he is, at best, a chronicler of events, a gossip, a raconteur, and so long as he does not bore us, may be congratulated on having done all that could be expected of him. Let it be said at once that if Mr. McCarthy's pen has lost some of its cunning, he is never flat or stale, but always readable and entertaining; and that the ordinary reader will find in this volume almost all the qualities that delighted him in the other two. Give Mr. McCarthy a matter like the Bradlaugh episode to describe, and he is excellent; give him a man like Stafford Northcote or Sir Charles Dilke to discuss, and he is just, discriminating, and often charming; but for anything deeper, for any serious grappling with the political forces of the day, we must go elsewhere. The book has more of the portrait-gallery about it than anything else. It is all very pretty and superficial and captivating; anything, in fact, but history.

Towards the finish, whether from illness or sheer boredom, Mr. McCarthy loses some of his liveliness, and the last 160 pages, from Chapter XVI to the end, appear labored and diffuse, as though the hand that wrote them had grown weary of its task. They are full of unnecessary digressions on quite secondary topics, such as female franchise, the English prison system, and "Essays and Reviews." Here, if anywhere, Mr. McCarthy becomes a little wearisome. One misses, too, in this concluding portion, that sense of perspective and proportion that distinguished the earlier volumes. A whole chapter, for instance, is given to the Benin expedition, a trifling affair for which a couple of pages would have been sufficient. Mr. McCarthy was always rather given to stating a thing several times over so as to avoid all possible doubt on the subject; but in these final pages his insistence on the perfectly obvious is almost insulting.

The last seventeen years in England seem to us far richer in personal than in political interest. That perhaps is the instinctive view of a contemporary of any period in which there was no supreme crisis. The Home Rule agitation nearly reached the dignity of a crisis in 1886, but appears now to have passed quietly away, with the breaking up of the Liberal party as its only political memento. There have, too, been many important measures placed upon the statute book since 1880. The Franchise Bill of 1884, the Free Education Bill of 1890,—of which, by the by Mr. McCarthy makes no mention,—the Parish Councils Bill of 1894, and Sir William Harcourt's Budget of the same year, must all be considered important measures. But of far more interest to us are the careers of Mr. Chamberlain, Lord Randolph Churchill, and Mr. Parnell. To Mr. Chamberlain, perhaps, Mr. McCarthy hardly does sufficient justice. One cannot, of course, expect a Nationalist to feel kindly toward the man who broke the back of the Home Rule movement in 1886. Not that Mr. McCarthy is absolutely unjust, but he puts in a depreciatory sentence here and there, an occasional sneering reference, and altogether overlooks the fact that Mr. Chamberlain's secession from the Gladstonian party was applauded by the vast majority of Englishmen as an act of disinterested patriotism. Nor does he make any allusion to Mr. Chamberlain's work at the Colonial Office, though one would have thought that the advent of the first Colonial minister with a policy of his own was an event well worth chronicling.

The meteoric careers of Lord Randolph Churchill and Mr. Parnell are sketched adequately and with sympathy; though not enough stress is laid upon the democratic impulse which the young nobleman gave to the Conservative party, lifting it out of its rut and winning for it, to the scandalized disgust of the Gladstonians, the support and confidence of the working classes. Mr. McCarthy's account of the Home Rule agitation and Mr. Gladstone's extra-

ordinary conversion is written frankly from a Nationalist standpoint. He makes no effort to notice or account for the demoralization and gradual disruption of the Liberals, which have been steadily setting in since 1880, and have now broken up a once powerful and united party into half a dozen factions, each intent on its own particular measure, and bound to one another only by the tie of self-interest,—a state of things which, as John Bright foresaw, must prove fatal to political honesty and morality. Side by side with this, and as a natural outcome of it, has been the rise of the Conservative party in popular confidence and sympathy, perhaps, on the whole, the most remarkable phenomenon in recent English history. Yet on this point, too, Mr. McCarthy has nothing to say. His narrative of the condition of affairs in the Transvaal, and of the events that led up to Jamieson raid, is ludicrously inadequate; and we notice various other omissions and defects. But all this is taking Mr. McCarthy too seriously; he has written a very bright, entertaining book, quite on a level with *Phroso* or *The Prisoner of Zenda*.

COMMONPLACE PHILOSOPHY

COLLEGE TRAINING FOR WOMEN.—By Kate Helladay Clagborn, Ph.D., Yale. 16mo. T. Y. Crowell & Co. \$1.25.

THIS very pretty volume is a series of pleasant essays on such related phases of the general subject as "What the College Can Do"; "The Preparation"; "Choosing a College"; "Life at College"; etc. It contains a considerable fund of useful fact and reflection, and is generally marked by good sense and moderation of views and of style. The reader who opens it expecting to find anything new or especially interesting on the main theme will be distinctly disappointed. We strike the note of the book in such a paragraph as this: "In summing up the results of the college discipline, we may say that we look to the college to give its students, by direct teaching, some command of fact and some idea of a method. It teaches directly a more or less perfect code of morals and manners, different from that taught in the community in some respects, and in some respects better and higher"; or in a sentence like this: "A background of good literature, absorbed at home, not as a task, but as a spontaneously sought pleasure, gives that touch of distinction, that breadth and ease, that denote culture, and that are painfully lacking in the average student." Much deserved insistence is placed on the influence of the student body as a whole, and incidentally the notion of "the collective person" or "social personality" is set forth, but not in such a way as to make that extremely indefinite abstraction more tangible or more intelligible. The need of good food and

plenty of it for the college student is strongly emphasized. This, in the writer's opinion, is even more important than plenty of suitable exercise. For some reason that is not apparent, one of the most interesting statements that we have found in the book is relegated to the humble place of a footnote. It is this: "Some indication of the relative value of food and exercise in promoting good health may be found in the fact that girls going to college from country communities (which are, as a rule, not so well nourished, but are more accustomed to exercise) do not show as high an average of health as girls going to college from city communities (which are, in general, better nourished, but less accustomed to exercise). This may be true; certainly, we do not propose to deny it. But we should have been glad to see the evidence, or at least some of the evidence, upon which the generalization rests. The book will no doubt find an audience, but not among people who are abreast of the foremost thought on college training for women. The philosophy of the commonplace is its great practical value.

A CHAMPION OF HER SEX

SYMPHONIES.—By George Egerton. 12mo. John Lane. \$1.25.

FEW books have made more stir, among women at least, than George Egerton's *Keynotes and Discords*. Thousands of ill-used women, we are told, flashed out boldly in response to these fiery sparks. There, with the accumulated passion of years, she burst out against brutal man. She climbed high into full view, and bewailed, in harsh, shrill notes, the suffering of her sex.

Now, in *Symphonies*, she has calmed, though her sneers, if more covert, are bitter still. Much of the intense passion of her former stories is to be found here, with an exotic lue of color. George Egerton is traveled; she lays scenes in Chile, in Ireland, in Norway, in England, in France, and shows astounding knowledge of people and speech. The breadth of her knowledge of the world indeed, and her willingness even eagerness, to exhibit it, are almost unpleasantly noticeable. Yet she knows how to tell a story. Virility, perhaps the maturer growth of that earlier brazen boldness and dash, that belonged, we had thought, to men, is present here, always requiring attention, and often demanding admiration. If sometimes, in her struggles for colloquialism, she slips into the vulgar, misguided earnestness must serve as her apology.

The keenness of her observation of detail, and the intricacies of her descriptions of it become, at times, almost painful. Yet few know better how to write interestingly, if many have chosen more wisely. At least, here she spares us purpose-pieces.

MR. CRANE'S VIOLETS

THE THIRD Violet.—By Stephen Crane. 16mo. D. Appleton & Co. \$1.00.

IF Mr. Stephen Crane will make his next book *all* padding, he will be seen at his best. Had he cut from *The Third Violet* its chief theme, the book would be admirably brisk, readable, and unimportant. His dialogue is the unusual combination of smartness and naturalness, his slang is absolutely contemporaneous, and all his minor characters are lively. The circle of struggling, clever, if somewhat cheapish, artists and their model, Florinda, who sustains agreeably the rôle of Miss O'Ferrall in her prehypnotic days, are caught from life, and cleverly displayed to us. The chief episode is a preposterous venture into region of hazy psychology. The affection which an impressionistic painter feels for a vague young heiress manifests itself solely in inexplicable fits of sulkiness. Mr. Hawker rages and lowers through page after page, and Miss Fanhall seems as little able and as little eager to understand him as the average reader. From the exceptionally cryptic pages which conclude the volume, we have gathered that she intended to marry him.

Mr. Crane has expended a great deal of vigorous writing, brilliant phrasing, and admirable taste on a somewhat slender and unworthy subject.

ALONG WHICH ROAD?

THIRTY STRANGE STORIES.—By H. G. Wells. Edward Arnold. \$1.50.

THIS collection of tales—one or two of which appeared first in *THE CHAP-BOOK*—is a fair sample of all that Mr. Wells has written, and to any one who has not read *The Time-Machine* and *The Wheels of Chance*, may be recommended as a good introduction to the freshest and most distinctive of the younger English writers. Mr. Wells, up to now, has worked two veins with about equal success. He is at his best when he leaves the purely imaginative and occupies himself with the worries of a henpecked tradesman or the love affairs of a servant-girl. That, surely, is the line along which Mr. Wells's future lies. If he ever writes the great novel that a good many of his admirers expect from him, it will be a novel of the humors and trials of the lower middle classes. Mr. Wells puts away the better half of himself when he takes hold of some possibility of science and presents it to us as he did in *The Island of Dr. Moreau*. Take, for instance, in this new volume, the two tales, *The Plattner Story* and *The Purple Pileus*. They may serve as types of Mr. Wells's two styles. The first is the tale of a man who chemically and regretfully exploded himself into an outer space, where he spent several days, along with numberless spirits of

the dead, watching, unseen, the transactions of his friends on earth. It is a fine tale, capitally told. Indeed, on all such themes Mr. Wells's style assumes a strength and picturesque precision, and his method a feeling for dramatic unity not always to be found in his other writings. He has all that sanity and control over himself, that sense of distance and proportion, that are the very essence of good imaginative productions. The unflagging matter-of-fact fashion in which he burns his fancies into our minds, and the calm elaborateness of detail, show how well the writer can handle his weapons. The contrast between what he says and the manner in which he says it—the thrilling tale and the unmoved teller—is as effective, only in another way, as Mr. Stockton's intense gravity in the midst of his funniest yarns. *The Plattner Story* is clever, well written, and makes very good reading; but—there is just the difference between it and literature that there is between Coventry Patmore's verse and poetry.

It is the ablest kind of juggling. Now, read *The Purple Pileus*,—a tale of a weak little tradesman, driven forth from his home on Sunday afternoon by the shameless piano-playing of a lady caller and her fiancé, friends of his wife's. He wanders into the woods, vowing he will stand it no longer, and, with some vague hope of a successful suicide, eats a poisonous fungus. He returns in a state of friendly tipsiness, raises Cain in the parlor, gives the fiancé the severest kind of thrashing, and by this single display of unwonted ferocity cures his wife into a state of obedient and helpful usefulness. The tale, in form and construction, is a nearly perfect example of what a short story should be like, and that is a good deal more than can be said for all Mr. Wells's tales. Too often he goes outside his plot to make a clever but disturbing point, for the pleasure, apparently, of showing what clever points he can make. *A Slip Under the Microscope* is full of these unnecessary excursions, so much so that you begin to wonder whether he had any clear plot in his head when he sat down to write it. But in *The Purple Pileus* he sticks closely to his text. The humor comes from the characters themselves, and is not thrown at them. And the quality of the humor is so good for the most part, and mingles so fittingly in this impressionist sketch of lower middle-class life, that you cannot doubt that here Mr. Wells is giving you the measure of his powers. There can be no question as to which is the better tale—*The Plattner Story* or *The Purple Pileus*. Of the other tales in this volume, none is a failure. *A Moth*, *The Cone*, *Pollock* and *The Porrob Man*, all suffer from a certain over-elaborateness. *The Reconciliation*, on the other hand, is compressed to the point of obscurity. It looks like the *précis* of what was once a longer and clearer tale. Mr. Wells, too, should beware of such barbarisms as "Who do you collect for?" and "different to," which does

not become good English merely because Thackeray used it. But it is safe to say that at least twenty out of these thirty tales are exceptionally good; that five or six are quite brilliant.

STORIES FROM FRANCE

PINE VALLEY.—By Lewis B. France. 12mo. Thomas Y. Crowell & Co.

TO those who judge mining-camp stories of to-day by the work of Mr. Harte, these tales of Pine Valley seem sadly thin. Whatever sentiment of chivalry, however crude, won us to the *Gambler of Poker Flat* is impressively absent with Mr. France. He has not been able to bring to his sketches qualities that encourage, much less demand, admiration. His characters seldom show anything of the human; Colonel Herrick perhaps touches closer on the interesting than his fellows in Pine Valley. They are, for the most part, insipid representatives of the worst.

Pathos, occasionally tried by Mr. France, weakens in his unsure hand into tawdry sentiment. The Holy Cross especially figures unpleasantly.

It seems an unavoidable fact that Mr. France writes bad English.

If the purpose of the illustrations is to rouse interest, they are pathetically inadequate.

BOOKS RECEIVED

SYMPHONIES.—By George Egerton. 12mo. John Lane. \$1.25.
DERELICTS.—By W. J. Locke. 12mo. John Lane. \$1.50.
THE WHITE HEGATOMB.—By W. C. Scully. 18mo. Henry Holt & Co. \$0.75.
SPANISH CASTLES BY THE RHINE.—By David Skaats Foster. 18mo. Henry Holt & Co. \$0.75.
WOODWARD'S BOOK ON HORTICULTURE.—\$0.25.
THE GRIMM-WEBSTER GERMAN-ENGLISH AND ENGLISH-GERMAN DICTIONARY.—18mo. Laird & Lee. \$1.00.
THE MORTARBOARD.—Published by the Junior Class of Barnard College.
MARIA CANDELARIA.—By D. G. Britton. 16mo. David McKay: Philadelphia.
A CHANGE WITH THE SEASONS.—By Duncan Cumming. 12mo. Dunsmuir, Cal.
THIRTY STRANGE STORIES.—By H. G. Wells. 12mo. Edward Arnold. \$1.50.
THE BEAUTIFUL MISS BROOKE.—By Z. Z. 16mo. D. Appleton & Co. \$1.00.
SKETCHES IN LAVENDER, BLUE, AND GREEN.—By Jerome K. Jerome. 12mo. Henry Holt & Co. \$1.25.
SVEGALI'S DIARY.—By Alfred Welch. 18mo. Henry Holt & Co. \$0.50.
THE EARL'S ATONEMENT.—By Bertha Clay. 12m. Rand, McNally & Co. \$0.25.
STORM SIGNALS.—By Richard Henry Savage. 12mo. Rand, McNally & Co. \$0.25.
CALAMUS.—A Series of Letters Written During the Years 1868-90 by Walt Whitman to a Young Friend (Peter Doyle). Edited, with an Introduction, by Richard Maurice Bucke, M.D. 16mo. Laurens Maynard. \$1.00.

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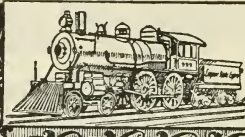
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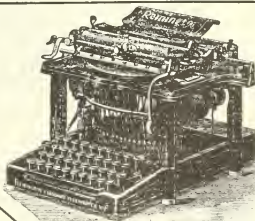
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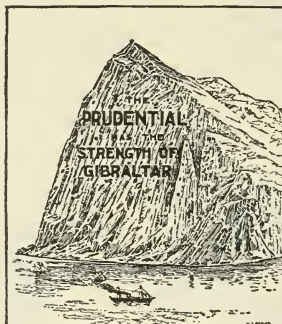
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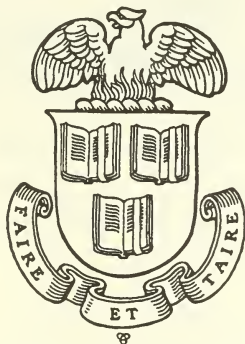
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The Chap-Book

Vol. VII, No. 5

Semi-Monthly

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THE announcement that the jubilee honors are likely to include the name of an English publisher, and that Mr. George Smith, senior partner in the firm of Smith, Elder and Company, is to be the gentleman distinguished, can hardly fail to appeal to reasonable persons as a very proper part of this year's celebration. It is the first time such a thing has occurred, and it has been interesting—since the first rumor of the matter—to speculate on whom the honor would fall. Under ordinary circumstances the name of Mr. Murray would naturally come first, but it was doubtful if the present head of the house had done enough to entitle him to the tribute. Other possibilities would have been Mr. George Allen, Ruskin's publisher, or one of the Macmillans. The selection of Mr. George Smith seems peculiarly happy, in view of the admirable service he has done, not only to England, but to all nations, by the publication of the *Dictionary of National Biography*, which it is said was undertaken solely at his own cost.

We did not believe it possible. Indeed, for a whole fortnight we waited confidently for a denial, but the guilt is unhappily now only too apparent. Boston has used a Latin infinitive to express a purpose! This is worse than pronouncing *Bacchante* in two syllables. For a whole fortnight we declared that everything that is noble and grand and liberal and cultured in our rational life has originated in Boston, and that she must have used *ut* with the subjunctive. She did not. There it is on the Shaw monument. "*Omnia relinquit servare rempublicam.*" However, now that Mr. MacMonnies' statue is finally out of the way, there will be plenty of room in the library for some elementary Latin grammars. But that fatal infinitive will eat into Boston's life for all time; the bark of her canine Latin will echo down the corridors of time forever. A Latin infinitive to express a purpose and — Boston. *O tempora! O mores!*

The *Critic* is certainly right in condemning the subscription fund started by the New York *Herald* for the benefit of Mark Twain. Nothing could be more tactless and undesirable. In spite of the sensational tales about his poverty and ill-health which

have been cabled over from London, Mr. Clemens is moderately well off and able to get through an immense amount of work. It is extremely unlikely that he would care to have the *Herald's* assistance in any way. All that he has asked for is the opportunity to make good his losses by his own work, and the *Herald's* proposition must appear to him, as it does to every one else, as a mere blundering indignity.

The three plays of the year in Paris unanimously extolled by the critics as bringing in a renaissance of French dramatic literature, and enthusiastically enjoyed by the public at large, cannot be transferred to the English-speaking and the English-behaving stage. They are brilliant, strong studies of French life, but they only show to the stranger within the gates how extraordinarily different French life, or perhaps we ought rather to say Parisian life, is from that of England, America, Germany, and doubtless all other European countries. The best of the three—though not the most amusing—is *La Loi d'Homme* played at the Français, written by Paul Hervieu. Its theme is marital infidelity. The second in point of success is *La Douleur*, played by Rejane at the Vaudeville. Its theme is ante-marital infidelity. But in the course of its four acts it deals with every other kind, and with nearly, if not all, the wickedness of Paris salons. *La Douleur* is written by Maurice Donnay. He and Hervieu are the two very most promising of the new French dramatists. Both realists, and Hervieu decidedly the more serious of the two. The third brilliantly successful comedy is *La Carrière*, at the Gymnase, and this also—for a change—deals with marital infidelity.

But there is one rather extraordinary thing about these plays in Paris. They end happily. In spite of all the infidelity of thought and deed,—and the worst of it is that in most cases the infidelities are not singular in any sense of the word, but plural,—all ends happily. There is a short fourth act, in which husband and wife fall into each other's arms (finding them the most comfortable after all, "the best fit," so to speak), and one is reminded of the old child's rhyme,

"They lived in peace,
And died in Greece

And went to Heaven in a frying-pan."

There may be some question about the "Heaven" for them, but there cannot be any manner of doubt, one would think, about the frying-pan.

It used to be that the French were the only audiences who would smilingly accept an "unhappy ending." In those days the denouement pointed a moral, which condoned for critical English minds the usual subject of the drama. Later, however, given such a subject, English audiences (and by English I mean English-speaking) have been willing to accept it, *provided* there was an "unhappy ending" to weigh in with a moral. This has ap-

parently frightened the French, and fearful of reaching what is to them the prudish state of the English-speaking stage, they seem to have gone a step farther to preserve the well-established reputation of their own theater. In fact, they have gone two steps: the first in leaving the moral out entirely. But they did not stop there, evidently realizing that if they left their play "unfinished" there would be certain minds sure to end it for themselves in a didactic fashion; so they took a second step, and preached the gospel of the unpunished in a fourth act. In Act III—if not before—nearly everybody is sinning, and the lives of all are broken, but in Act IV there is a mutual overlooking, and the broken lives are so happily mended, it's impossible to "find the place." There can be no question about the absolute immorality of these fourth acts,—nor of the dullness of them too,—which is something.

La Loi d'Homme, as was said in the beginning, is the best play of the year,—and granted its theme, it is strongly moral. But then, it is in *three* acts. Had there been a fourth act, the result would have been different. Just now, in Paris, it is apparently largely a matter of Acts.

New Yorkers are waiting with some curiosity to see whether the *Sun* will go under, or whether it will be able to stand the enormous expense of collecting its own news, and so gradually form a little press association of its own. The general opinion is that the paper is wantonly ruining itself. We should be sorry for many reasons to see the *Sun* commit suicide. It is in many ways a type so unmitigatedly American. Its editorial columns have all the swagger, the vulgarity, and the bumptious ignorance of the ordinary American politician. The news columns show the childish inquisitiveness and desire to be "smart" which always strike a foreigner as typical of the worst side of our private life. On the other hand, its general articles and sketches and stories are of an astonishingly high average, probably the best things in their way to be found in the whole American daily press. It is a clever, cynical, interesting, blackguardly production, and would drive any one mad who was to take it seriously. And it is a really curious tribute to the power of Mr. Dana's character, to his fascinating ability to impress his own hopeless, cynical temperament on a body of clever young men. Therefore we should be sorry if the *Sun* were to rush to its own destruction. At present it is making a desperate battle for existence; how desperate may be judged from the fact that it has taken a leaf out of the *Journal's* copy-book and is busily printing sensational lies from London.

The announcement is made that a journal to be called *The Philistine* is to be started in London within the month. It will comment on books and literary matters "in the American manner." This

manner we take to be a certain flippant radicalism which has been developed in America by the pamphleteering craze of the last three years. Before the days of miniature magazines, English criticism was much more outspoken than American. Now we have developed frankness to such an extent that we can export an "American manner" to startle the native Britisher.

A curious thing has happened in the matter of criticism of Mr. Stephen Crane's *The Third Violet*. American reviews and newspapers, almost without exception, have dismissed the book as either bad or unimportant. The English reviewers almost universally welcomed it as momentous and judged it good. Is this an attempt on the part of the London critics to bolster up their claim of having "discovered" *The Red Badge of Courage*?

It seems to us more probably due to the demoralization of London criticism due to the prevailing "boom in Americans." The theatrical invasion of England is the most striking feature of the situation,—in fact, it is melodramatic. With Mr. William Gillette delighting all hearts in *Secret Service*, Mr. Neil Burgess pleasing audiences and even critics with his grotesque *County Fair*, and Mr. Charles Frohman, according to cable reports, considering England's plea that he should remain there and establish a managerial despotism like his American syndicate monarchy, it is only fair to believe that half our players are planning London seasons. The descent of the American novelist upon Britain is less pyrotechnical, but almost as sure. And it is causing a flurry of vaguer unrest in the dovecoat of critics. At present the only established rule—which is about as good a one as that ancient whist fallacy, "When in doubt, lead trumps,"—seems to be, "When in doubt, praise local color." And this, we take it, has made the English acclaim of *The Third Violet* so general.

There is, however, apropos of this matter of "local color" an occasional word of criticism so sane and so honest as to deserve special notice! A reviewer in the London *Daily Chronicle*, in writing of Mr. William Allen White's book, *The Real Issue*, makes so frank and intelligent a confession of his state of mind in dealing with outlandish fiction that a quotation will be truly helpful in understanding international criticism.

"Again, to our thinking at least," he says, "Mr. Lewis Macnamara's book of *Irish Idylls* and Mr. William Allen White's *Book of Kansas Stories* are impossibilities, because the phases of life they deal with are so alien to our experience that it would require rich and vivid treatment by the authors to make us realize them, to make us understand and sympathize; whereas in both books the authors' treatment seems to us thin and ineffectual, and certainly leaves us unmoved."

In short, "I do not understand the conditions of the life here depicted, I cannot read into the book anything between the lines. It seems to me only moderately successful." What was almost a consensus of American opinion declared that Mr. White *had* treated Kansas life "richly and vividly." And is it not possible that both criticisms were honest and discerning?

How, for example, should a reviewer born and bred in Wheeling, West Virginia, judge of the accuracy of Mrs. Steel's *On the Face of the Waters*? First, because she had come to know her Kipling-India, and then because the book had been out in England some little time before its American publication. This gave time for an army of Anglo-Indians to write protesting letters to the newspapers. But as no letters came, it was fair for the reviewer—although she knew nothing of India, and less of the historical accuracy of Mrs. Steel's account of the Mutiny—to conclude that local color might be taken for granted, and that her judgment might proceed on somewhat broader lines.

There are times when instinct tells the reader that the "local color" is not accurate, and when she unhesitatingly labels the volume unconvincing. But a critic should recognize, as did the *Chronicle's* reviewer, as Mr. Crane's English critics do not, the limitations of being a foreigner.

Mr. Morley Roberts, in the *Humanitarian* for June, is wonderfully concerned about the physical disabilities of literary men, "creatures of the pen," as he calls them. "They wander in back streets, seclude themselves in bar-rooms, exhibit long hair in odorous boudoirs, mouth anæmic verse in soft arm-chairs, and have few physical attributes of the man of the open air. Imagine," he says, with the fine contempt of a man who has wielded a pick-axe in the Rockies,—“imagine a regiment of our poets opposed to the most wretched company of the loud-mouthed Greeks; conceive a brigade of actors recruited from the stages of the Strand in real combat with the Boers.” A great national ordeal, he thinks, will banish these toy poets to the cupboard, and the country will rely on its drapers, apothecaries, and bricklayers. Certainly, it is hard enough to imagine Mr. Alfred Austin heading a raid into the Transvaal, even with the enjoyable prospect of being sung of in rhyme by Dr. Jameson afterwards. And it is quite conceivable that the London poet, as he passes from bar-room to boudoir,

“With an armful of girl
And a heart full of song,”

as Mr. Le Gallienne sympathetically puts it, may not look particularly well in a soldier's uniform. Why should he? He is a great deal more ornamental and amusing in a velvet coat and a meander-

ing necktie, mouthing his anæmic verse in a soft arm-chair. And really, in spite of his quiet manner, he is a very courageous fellow. For, as is proved by the universal teaching of all who have never been under fire, the courage to stand up and be shot at is a very small affair, and ought not to be called courage at all, properly. But the courage to pose as a genius and publish several volumes of minor verse is, for a weak-kneed, long-haired, curved-spine young man, something that approaches the divine. Mr. Roberts quite fails to understand the position of minor poets in our social economy. The Minor Poet exists for our enjoyment, not our use. He should be — to do him justice, he usually is — a sort of woman. He might wear skirts and braid his hair. The main thing is, that he should look as unlike a man as possible. And really the same thing applies to the great poets. Robert Browning froze the poetry out of many earnest souls by appearing fat and prosperous, and relishing his dinner, and talking of policies and shares. A well-dressed poet should be a contradiction of terms. We are speaking now of England. Here, in America, a poet has to justify himself, in the eyes of respectable people, by playing billiards or taking an interest in the tenement-house question. He is a sort of ticket-of-leave man, and a watchful public keeps a stern eye on his vagaries. It is only in England and France that a man can be a poet, and nothing else, without exciting comment, and any attempt to regulate the cut of his hair or clothes ought to meet with emphatic disapproval.

An Englishman, being asked which of our papers he considered most characteristically American, replied "*Life*," — an answer which rather disposes of *Life's* own statement that England could not understand it. *Life* is indeed the only humorous paper of which we have any reason to be proud. In good sense and sobriety it stands absolutely alone. *Puck* and *Judge* are mere vulgar, screeching buffoons when placed by its side. No two papers have done more by their farcical extravagance to bring American humor into disrepute. *Life* has none of that insane passion for hunting jokes to death, for taking characters like the hotel clerk and the bicycling girl and grinding out a million absurdities about them, till the whole country is sick. *Life's* mirth is clean and always under control; when it is witty, and it often is, it is witty in a polished and easy fashion; and the whole tone of the paper is extremely pleasant and refined. No journal of its class has produced better artistic work. It is possible that *Life* will never mean as much to America as *Punch* does to England, but for all that it seems to us to be unquestionably the best comic paper in the world.

The latest issue of *The Dial* affords the spectacle of a poet inventing a new and ingenious scheme for

bookselling. In the advertising columns is found the following notice:

A NEW BOOK SENT FREE.

A new book of verse, issued by a well-known publishing house at one dollar, will be sent free to any address upon receipt of a postal-card request. If you wish to keep the book, sixty cents in stamps or money-order will make it yours. If you do not wish to keep it, return by mail, and the postage (four cents) is the price you will have paid for the privilege of reading a new book. Address F. A. L., Box 84, Evanston, Ill.

The buying of books by unknown poets has always been a venturesome thing, as little certain as the traditional purchase of a pig in a poke. Mr. F. A. L. is willing to submit this volume on approval. If the reader dislikes the verse, he has only risked four cents; and if he likes it, there is a seductive forty per cent discount tempting him to permanent possession of it. Many a poet has felt that could the public see his poems it would appreciate them. And the supposition is, that if a man likes a book of poetry, he wants to own it and re-read it. If that were not true, Mr. F. A. L. might only receive a certain but small revenue of four cents a copy.

The plan would probably not work so well in the case of fiction. The average novel is rarely re-read. There is, it is true, a large class, the intellectual *nouveaux riches*, who buy a considerable number of books simply to avoid reading them. Adornment of the library table and use as subjects of fluent and dilute conversation are the end to which these persons destine books, not reading. But the volumes which the world forces them to buy are by Mr. Crockett, Dr. Doyle, not slender volumes by some obscure F. A. L. If F. A. L. had written fiction, the best he could hope for would be the profits of a circulating library; those who read his book would not think it necessary to own it. So, in a way, it is better to be a poet.

Mr. John Lane is sometimes a refreshingly audacious publisher. He succeeds in persuading the authors who publish with him that any advertising in any form is desirable, induces them to lampoon each other, and then he prints the lampoons. His latest exploit is the announcement of a second "Bodley Booklet," entitled *The Quest of the Gilt-Edged Girl*, by Richard De Lyrienne. It will be remembered that Mr. Lane published Mr. H. D. Trail's *The Barbarous Britsibers, A Tip-Top Novel*, after bringing out Mr. Grant Allen's book. This only goes to prove our reiterated claim that the modern author prefers publicity to praise.

The choice of Mr. Bancroft for jubilee honors, as representative of the theatrical world, is a notably safe one. Mr. and Mrs. Bancroft are the representatives, in the public mind, of the long success of the "teacup and saucer" drama. From 1865, when they opened the Prince of Wales Theatre in, Tottenham Court Road, with T. W. Robertson's *Society*, they have been engaged in elevating the

drama to the level of the British matron. It cannot be denied that at the time of their first production, *Society, Caste, Ours, School*, had vitality. They were pictures caught from the real life, and did much to rescue the theater from the chaotic condition which had preceded Robertson. Yet in time anemia prevailed; the plays are dead, although this very night, at 8:20, in London, Mr. John Hare's admirable company wastes its strength and galvanizes the corpse of *Caste*. From an artistic movement came ultimately prudishness and stagnation. Mrs. Kendall, for example, instead of trusting to the admirable technique of her art as an actress, relied upon the equally admirable technique of her virtue as a British wife and mother. This point of view is a legacy of Robertson,—Robertson leading an existence prolonged past the proper time. And for this the Bancrofts have been largely responsible, of course for the most part as the unwitting tool of the British Matron.

For the finish and refinement of rather conventional acting Mr. Bancroft deserves honors; but it cannot but be a matter for regret that he did not use the influence of his position for something newer and more vital to the modern stage than revivals of Robertson and early Sardou comedies. His jubilee honor is a tribute as much to conventionality as to talent.

It appears that we were guilty of bestowing undue praise upon the Province of Ontario, when we lately asserted that there alone were any signs to be seen of a decrease in the reading of fiction. From some figures we obtain from *The Bookseller, Newsdealer and Stationer*, we find that the decrease in the publication of fiction has been very great this spring, and the supposition is that the reading of it is lessened throughout the whole country.

In the first six months of this year 455 novels and books of stories were published, of which 239 were new, the rest being reprints or new editions. The figures for the same period of 1896 were 317 new books, and 724 all told. Forty-six of the publishers of last year's list are unrepresented in this, which contains the names of only twenty-eight publishers not included last year, of whom, however, barely half a dozen are actually in the publishing business.

It will be gratifying to Boston to hear of the way in which Geneva, the home of Calvin, has endeavored, in its humble way, to have its Comedietta of the Bacchante. The *Rarb-Museum* of that town sustains the role of the Boston Public Library, and *The Crouching Woman*, by Rodin, plays the part of Mr. MacMonnie's statue. The Genevese authorities were enabled to obtain, on very favorable terms, a casting of this work, and then refused to exhibit it, on the ground that it was indecent. There was a sharp, but unavailing, storm of protest from dis-

tinguished artists and critics, and Geneva delightedly held the attention of the moment, as had Boston before her.

It is announced that Dr. Nansen will make no less than \$150,000 out of *Farthest North*. Editions have already appeared in England, Germany, France, and America, and the Dutch and Norwegian editions are just coming out. It would seem that Arctic exploration on funds partly furnished by the government or by subscription is not altogether an unprofitable undertaking. Indeed, it offers an excellent opening for young men, and we doubt not that before long ambitious youths will select it as a profession, in place of the law or the ministry.

A SUMMER'S DREAM

I

WHAT that dead summer was thou knowest well—

Thou knowest its sad joy, its joyous pain—

For pain or joy it cannot come again,
With bitter sweetness we alone could tell:—
Time when I only thought to say farewell,
To break the links of Love's long-during chain—
That I the stars should pass, and thou remain,
Held fast to earth by some malignant spell.

Procession of long days, and longer nights—
When suns rose mocking, and the moon was cold—

When Hope and I lay dying, as I thought,
Still could I bless Love's vanishing delights,
And reach pale hands to clasp him as of old,
Though each dread hour with Death's dismay
was fraught.

II

So Summer, with her slow, reluctant feet,
Went by, and lingering smiled, as loth to part,
While fond delusions warmed my lonesome heart:—
Though lives were severed, winged dreams could meet;

So met we, dear, as bodiless spirits greet—
Met, and were blind, foreseeing not the smart
Of hopes that hope not, and of tears that start
From eyes that say what lips may not repeat.

One brief day here, then gone beyond the sun—
How short the way, how soon the goal is won—
So less or more of love why need we measure?
But Fate avenges pleasant things begun,
And Retribution spares not any one,
And no Gods pity those who steal their treasure.

LOUISE CHANDLER MOULTON.

ON THE PROPOSED ABOLITION OF DOGS

A DISTINGUISHED writer in the London *Chronicle*, the vehicle of "the things that are more excellent," not long ago put forth an original argument, which may be cut into the following theses: That man has tamed and befriended the dog, to his own jeopardy; that it were well now, and that a perfected society will see that it is well, in spite of all traditional sentiment which clings to the thought of the dog's companionship, in spite of his own great and acknowledged worth, to avenge, or to avert, the death of one child from rabies, by eradication of the offending species from the earth. At first blush, such a theory has almost the look of a grim and dim colossal joke, like Dean Swift's famous proposal to cook the surplus infant population in Ireland. But Mrs. Meynell is not joking: she is calmly and fairly announcing a verdict, with her usual pensive, attractive air of having thought it all out before you were born. And it is a very grave thing, this weighing of the long service and the endearing personality of a domesticated animal, to balance, in him, the commission, or even the capacity, of a crime against man which involves such horrible agony in the unit, and such mortal dread and disturbance in the aggregate. Now, what is the dog's case? He, in his excesses, is but vicarious: notoriously the creature of the people with whom he lives. It was once suggested that licenses to keep dogs should be granted to those alone who are able to bring them up in the moralities: the salutary social principle of Sparta narrowed to the kennel. Wise ladies seldom have daft pets, sitting smug and senile, goggle-eyed and vacant, in their laps. The ungoverned master owns the ungoverned mastiff. When the latter gets into the rowdy mood, being harassed, his "snap" is a literal translation of his exemplar's punch or kick, and no more. However vicious the biter, it may be said, and with great emphasis, that when fear is absent from the bite, the catastrophe commonly refuses to come off. Dealers in pedigree stock, attendants at bench shows, men most exposed to the danger in question, laugh at it as at a belated superstition. That an insane or criminal class may exist among dogs is allowed: else were they lacking in the art of imitation; but it would be difficult indeed to place it nearer than the streets of Constantinople, where a dog is as much of a vagrant and a castaway as "a dog of a Christian." "Mad" dogs, the world over, are dogs crazed, for the moment, by thirst, anxiety, or persecution, and these have been known to retaliate. The laws take small account, too, of a canine intention; that, however harmless the upshot, is intently construed at its worst, and sets thereby a fine premium on human cowardice. An

indiscreet pup, let us say, runs up a knoll where a woman-child is plucking clover, alone; and, charmed with the pastoral situation, proceeds to kiss her boots and her ear, and to execute a ballet-figure in between salutations. The woman-child roars; its alarmed mother, not far away, screams as the sophisticate world at the sight of Pan; there are footsteps, and faintings, and a lurid spread of excitement, during which the puppy continues to dance delightedly, until he is led away, with the stain upon his character of having frightened the poor little darling innocent almost to death! The fright, and the ignorant protest of fright, win the day. (Not so does the apple-round wee peasant in one of Maurice Boutet de Monvel's happiest drawings receive the impact of a stranger collie's long wet tongue, but rather with brave awe, and non-committal baby legs stiffened into an ogee arch, as something out of the eternal unknown, under demonstration. Clearly, here is one who, as dear M. Aurelius Antoninus recommends, endeavors to welcome everything that happens.) Again, a plumber comes to plumb in a Saint-Bernard house. He has been told, on all sides, that the beast is not only gentle, but hospitable as a monk, and deplorably empty of the proper ideas of exclusion and discrimination, in his nominal office of warden. However, the too canny sloop prefers not to enter the walk by the gate, but clambers over a shed, hoping thus, by aid of the trellis, to get into the back yard undetected by the resident giant. No sooner is his form on the roof than, attracted by the extraordinary spectacle, and roused to vigilance at last, said giant appears on the gallop, uplifting a challenging glance, and uttering, as he comes to a standstill, a sound which is like unto nothing save the rote of the sea. Plumber, after the orchestral strain, has no curiosity for developments, and will not wait to have the curtain rise: he shifts about, incontinently loses his balance, falls into the next area, and breaks some heroic bones. The whole matter goes before the court. The judge hears testimony of neighbors, testimony of carters, school-boys, postmen, even beggars. Plainly, the dog is a blameless dog, on his own estate or off; he has at no time before moved a hair to oppose the suspicious, the unusual; burglars have but to know him to love him dear. Nevertheless, as a matter of course obese damages are awarded to the acrobatic plaintiff. A dramatic imagination has filled his pocket, and a fit of the shivers, founded on defective premises, becomes more to him than much lead and many pipes. So stands our legal code: expedient, and iniquitous, and comic. Plead but timidity of dogs, or hatred of them, and the shameful blemish takes on, in many eyes, the look of public spirit and lofty self-respect. The "doggy" citizen, on the other hand, plays a losing game. He may play it for justice, not for dogs: none will believe his motive, nor rise to it. Sooner or later his loyal

attitude has the devil to pay. A growl, a paw on the shawl or trousers of the unwelcome, a Napoleonic occupation of a wagon of which master, in his present profession, is, as it happens, not at all in need—and shekels may still smooth over the ethic difficulty. But let there be a nip, an immaterial nip of rough sport or sheer equity, and capital punishment must follow, and dogdom be accursed and banned by the intemperate, whom we have always with us. Circumstances, agencies, which man hopes may color his deed at the divine assizes, that illiberal autocrat disallows as extenuation to the dog, who, according to Stevenson, is “but a little superior to him in virtue.” Since a dog, no matter how, has been the cause of the loss of a single child in the world, our poet-philosopher in *The Chronicle* would have all dogs annihilated, that all children may be the more secure. A common objection might well be, that, on land and water, dogs are continually saving children from death. Mrs. Meynell thinks that the statement would have greater accuracy if otherwise worded. For a life “saved” is but a prorogued death; no dog “saves” a child, except relatively. Quite so. But the rule reacts: and a life taken—a hydrophobic murder, to put the word at its Pasteur worst—is but a death precipitated. So convertible a plea destroys itself. No young life, which it is our most precious duty to protect and prolong, can be so precious as is the exercise of courage and control in the race, nor to be maintained at the cost of the growth of the mercy, loyalty, and rational tenderness which spring up wherever a man and a dog go down a hillside together. “La protection des faibles,” says Massillon, “est le seul usage légitime du crédit de l'autorité.” It cannot be that the application of this fine saying is human only. The habit of converse with the brute creation is a singular school of piety; and, according to some expert observers, begets in right-tempered beings marked consideration and compassion towards their fellows. The love of animals, pushed to the ultimate analysis, is really a question of culture. Moreover, as it is, from its nature, abstract, disinterested, and extra-religious, it is, by so much, the more essential love, whether or not it be the finer principle. Let not policy part what romance hath joined! Maida, Boatswain, Dash, Diamond, gallant Boy, the colleagues of genius in English tradition, confer a glory, as well as share it. To walk modestly at a dog's heels is a certificate of merit. Teach him an inch of your excellence, he will take an ell; act or speak unguardedly, his dumb amazement confounds you; extreme circumspection will sit handsomely on one who is the vision of Providence to those gold-brown eyes. As for the menace in such companionship, if we go upon the argument used of the Hell in Seneca's *Troas*: it is real enough, since individual imaginations have given it body, and imposed it! Let it count for something that we invite and handle dan-

gers a thousand-fold more imminent, for mere whim's sake. The trolley-car is thought to be a modern convenience; sacred and unabolished, it reigns, the very Turk and Herod of babes. For various reasons, we abide war, weddings, the Welsh language, and posthumous cheese. Nor is it unconceivable that the Roman may yet survive, who could endure even the namelessly cruel fate of his own offspring, without conceiving a wish to exile man's best ideal of fidelity from the hearthstones of civilization.

LOUISE IMOGEN GUINEY.

A BIT OF BOHEMIAN GLASS

A YOUNG woman let herself into the room with a latch-key, and taking off her boa, looked at the fire. She stirred the dull coals, filled the half-empty grate, put the blower on, and sank into a chair with her hands behind her head. Then, becoming conscious that she still had on her hat, she jumped up with a half laugh at her absent-mindedness. “I think I'm losing my mind,” she said to herself; “or else I'm in love! Love!” she repeated with an odd little laugh. “I! O, no; the day of miracles is over! But I'm tired, so deadly tired, to-night, and lonely. Look here, Natalie,” she went on with a change of tone, “this will never do, never! One might think you were a lonely little child, instead of an independent young woman. What would the managing editor say to see such a collapse of the pride of the *Planet*? Well, it is reaction and hunger,” she continued philosophically, “and I shall have some coffee.”

From a beer-stein on the mantel she drew forth a burner, which she put over the gas, placing thereon a small tin kettle; then seated herself by a low table bearing a coffee equipment. Into the delft pot she poured the coffee-grounds with reckless prodigality, and was re-covering the caddy when there came a knock at the door.

A man came into the room; she did not turn her head.

“Am I mal-à-propos?” he asked; “the boy told me to come up.”

Miss Morris turned around; “Is it you, Jack? come in, of course! I thought it was the man bringing coals. Sit down and have some coffee. You have dined, of course?”

“Thank you, yes. Here, dear, the kettle is boiling. Let me do it,” as she was about to reach for the water. “I can make famous coffee—I am in demand at the Parnassus Club whenever coffee is wanted! Do you expect to sleep any to-night?” he went on, “this will be strong enough to knock you out of running!”

“I'm out now, thank you,” she said lightly; “perhaps it will be the other way and send me back again.”

Drayton regarded her keenly a second. "What is the matter?"

"Matter? Nothing!" She rose as she spoke and took the blower from the fire. "I am tired, that is all."

"You were not at the Grahams' last night," Drayton said irrelevantly.

"Busy!" Miss Morris remarked succinctly.

"Nor at the Sandersons' the night before."

"Busy," she repeated.

Drayton compressed his lips before he spoke again. "Is it always to be this way?"

"I hope so," stirring her coffee. "I am too busy now to be social,—that is, to make engagements. I have declined things systematically for a month. The coffee is delicious, Jack! It saves my life."

"What did you have for dinner?" the man asked suddenly.

"Have n't had any!"

"What!"

"I had only a dollar, and one of the girls is quite ill, so I spent that in flowers for her. Do n't look so horrified, Jack; it is nothing!"

"My dear, my dear," Drayton exclaimed, "Why do you do it?" To think of your having had no dinner! Come out with me at once and have some," he said, rising. "Get your things."

But Miss Morris did not move.

"Jack dear, I would not go out for the best dinner that ever was served! Sit down. I do n't mind not dining; I was used to it once," she went on brightly, with unconscious pathos.

"Natalie, you defy us all—every one who would help you! Me, your brother, every one!"

"Jack," she broke in, "I want you to listen! I do n't go without, now; I did once, more than any one will ever know, but to-night I could have borrowed money easily. My credit is quite good, Jack, though you may not believe it, and I am regarded as a rising light in journalism! Even I, who was supposed to know nothing, and to be merely a social butterfly!"

"You reversed the order of things pretty well," the man said grimly. "You have turned yourself into a grub!"

"Perhaps. But my cocoon is n't half bad to look at, is it? and so comfortable! And I have earned it all myself, you know. Everything here is full of association. See, here is a new picture of Calvé—she autographed it after the luncheon last Sunday. What a fascinating woman she is!"

"Natalie, what made you do it?" Drayton asked.

"Do what?"

"Cut the old life and take up this? Why do you hold yourself aloof?"

"I do n't hold myself aloof, Jack. It is only that I am busy now; you scarcely know what that means. And after what happened, how could I help cutting the old life?"

"Your brother wanted you to live with him."

"Yes, but it was impossible! After the crash came, and papa died, I thought until I nearly went mad. Paul did want me, but pride is my besetting sin. My brother had not a penny of his own, and was being supported by his wife. I do n't mean to criticise him," she exclaimed, "but I could not live with Paul and be indebted to his wife for the money I put in the church plate! My relatives wanted me, and two men asked me to marry them. They were in love with me, I think, but it was a very chivalrous thing for them to do. And the man whom I would have married would not ask me then."

"Natalie!"

"You did not know, did you? No one did. But I was really very much in love, and he would undoubtedly have proposed to me if we had not gone to pieces. But later, when I saw him, he intimidated delicately that while his income was comfortable for one, it was not large enough for two—to live as he liked! No doubt I had a very lucky escape," she continued with the same calm voice, her eyes fixed on the fire, "but I did not think so then,—not for a long while!"

"He ought to have been cowed!"

"Really, he was not worth it, Jack. And he has since married a woman who bullies him frightfully. I quite pity him, for he preferred to do the bullying himself. And I—well, years ago I had written in my copy-book that work was a panacea for all ills, and I determined to try it. They all jeered at me, of course, but I did not mind. I had a frightful grind at first, and hungry—how hungry I have been! It was the suppers I had at cotillions that kept me going at that time," she said reflectively; "for though I expected the old set to cut me when I began living in Bohemia, they invited me as much as ever. I think they regarded me in the light of a freak, and I amused them. That's all they wanted."

"My dear,"—Drayton was pacing the floor restlessly,—"have you any idea how your words hurt me?"

"They need not, Jack. All that is past, and it has done me good. I am a much better and broader woman for what I have been through, and there is great satisfaction and happiness in my life. It is mine; I made it without a 'pull,' alone, and I am proud of it. But you won't meet me about as often now, for I am busy all the time. I am the 'star' woman of the *Planet*,—fancy; and I am as likely to be in Washington to-morrow night, or on my way to Europe, as I am to be here. I was six years doing it, Jack, but I have succeeded."

"And you are twenty-eight!"

"And I am twenty-eight!"

"Do you expect to live this way always?"

"A bachelor maid? O, no, probably not; I may chum with another like myself after a time—"

in any event I shall grow old and evolve into a bachelor woman!"

"Why not evolve into a married woman?"

"Eh?"

"Suppose you marry me, instead!"

"Marry you, Jack!"

"Does the idea seem so astonishing? I won't bully you; you may —" Drayton lost the light tone. He stood before her, holding out his hand almost timidly. "I love you, Natalie! You never suspected it, did you? I tried so hard to make you think of me only as an old friend, for fear you would send me away with the others. But lately I have wanted you to know."

"Jack —"

"Ah, wait," he implored. "I wanted to tell you at the first, but I was afraid. You wanted to prove you could do something; you would not be satisfied until you had accomplished it, and only a man whom you loved very deeply could have turned you from the resolve. I knew you did not love me. But it turned me sick to think of a delicate young girl carrying on the fight that you were!"

"Jack dear —"

"Let me finish, Natalie; do, dear. You do not know how I have controlled myself for years. And you do not know how all the time I followed your career. Once I tried to help you by getting you advanced faster on the paper, but you refused the offer —"

"Was it you who did that?" the woman broke in. "I knew it was some one's pull; that is why I refused!"

"I did n't try again. I only waited and hoped. All this past year, Natalie, ever since you justified yourself, I have been trying to teach you to love me. Probably I've been clumsy about it. When one's heart and mind are set on one thing, it cannot always be done with judgment. But if you do n't love me now, give me another chance to teach you. I suppose it seems Quixotic to ask a woman to abandon a career when she is on the outset of one, but I do believe, dear, there is no career in the world that can bring to a woman the happiness a man can if she loves him!"

"I know that," Miss Morris said slowly.

"I have tried to be patient," Drayton went on, "while you proved what you could do. But that is done now, dear; will you give it all up for me?"

"Poor Jack!" Miss Morris hesitated. "I wish I loved you, Jack! I would throw over the whole thing to-night if I did. No woman's life is rounded out as long as she lives alone and for herself. That sounds odd, coming from me, I suppose, but it is so; I know. But I can't marry you, Jack. I am too proud. I do n't love you; not that way. If I did, I should like to be dependent upon you, to feel that I was indebted to you for everything; but as I am, it would be unbearable. Why, I have not a

cent in the world, Jack; not one! If I should marry, my husband would have to give me my pocket handkerchiefs, and it either makes a woman supremely happy to be so dependent upon a man, or it degrades her, and I should feel degraded."

"Natalie!"

"I do not mean to hurt you, Jack, and I am very fond of you, dear. I love you far better than I do Paul; but I could n't live with Paul, you know," with a feeble attempt at a smile.

"It is so different —" Drayton broke in.

"Yes, it is different, and it is the same too. You will see that presently. I — I wish this had not happened, Jack. I care for so few people; I do not want to lose you."

"But is it hopeless?"

"Yes, dear; for, try as I might, I could not make it different. Sometimes I think my capacity for loving was exhausted in my one affair, for I have never felt that way toward any man since."

"You love him still!" Drayton exclaimed jealously.

"No," Miss Morris contradicted quietly. "You may not believe me, but I am as indifferent to him as to any stranger. But he simply seems to have killed my power of loving."

Drayton looked at the woman a moment dumbly, and then rose.

"I am going," he said. "Good-by."

"You will come back again some time?" Miss Morris asked.

"Later," he said with an effort; "after a time."

"Dear old Jack." She stood facing him and put her face a moment on his arm. "I am so tired, dear, and so lonely. I do not want you to go, but I cannot ask you to stay!"

He stroked her hair quietly.

"We are odd people," he said, "and I understand you. I cannot make your loneliness less, although I would give anything to do it; but I cannot wish that any other man should!"

"That is the pity of it. No one can. Good-by!"

She heard the door close and she stood blankly with a curious ache she did not quite understand. The coffee-cup was still half full, and mechanically she picked it up and drained it. Was it always to be so? was she always to lose the people who cared for her? what was it that made it impossible for her to hold her friends?

Another rap at the door roused her, and this time she opened it herself. A shade of annoyance passed over her face as she saw her visitor.

"Ah, Mr. Howland! Will you come in?"

"Thank you. I am singularly fortunate in finding you," the man said as he entered.

"I am rather a difficult person to catch," Miss Morris remarked. "Some of my friends do n't understand why I do n't have a 'day.' They cannot grasp the fact that the time of a newspaper-woman is not her own to appoint."

"No," Mr. Howland agreed absently. "I— I wanted to see you about something rather special," he continued.

"Yes?" Visions of "notices" in the Sunday edition floated before Miss Morris's brain; she knew Howland's weakness for seeing his name in print. "What is it?"

Her guest hesitated a moment. "I want you to marry me," he said.

"What!" Miss Morris was sitting upright now on the chair she had been lounging in, and regarded the man with undisguised amazement.

"Yes, I know," he said hurriedly, "but I'm not drunk or crazy. It is this way: I admire you very much, Miss Morris. I might say I was madly in love with you, but that is n't so. I never was in love in my life, and I do n't think I can be, judging from the men I've known who were. And I do n't for an instant fancy you are in love with me,—O, no; but I think we can hit it off together all right!"

"What for?" the woman demanded.

"Why should we?" Well, why should n't we?"

"I fail to see any reason either way," Miss Morris said suavely.

"I had much better be frank about it!" Howland exclaimed. "Well, this is my reason: I've quite a bit of money, Miss Morris, and I'm making more all the time. I am a gentleman bred, I hope, as well as born," he interjected with no braggadocio, "but my family has gone to seed. Until two years ago I had the hardest kind of a grind. I do n't know anybody,—anybody I want to," he amended, "and I'm not a clever chap who can go in for books and that sort of thing, and so I'm pretty well stranded."

"A curious state for a rich man to be in," Miss Morris remarked cynically.

"You mean that I might do as other men about town? True, but it does n't appeal to me somehow! Well, if I'm not intellectual, all that is left for me is society —"

"Society would feel complimented at your tone!"

"It will not hear, and I do not underrate it, I assure you. Quite the contrary! I want to get into society, into the smart set, you understand. That is why I want to marry you. That sounds rather brutal, but, believe me, I do not mean it so. I really have a great regard for you, Miss Morris, and the most intense admiration for your pluck. I know what the world is when it is to be fought and conquered."

"And you want to marry me because you wish your money can support the social position which I have given up."

"That is it," he said quietly. "It seems to me we can make an arrangement that would suit. I do n't pretend to talk about love,"—he broke off,— "because neither of us feel it."

"You are quite right," the woman said coldly; "if you did, I should not listen."

"I want an establishment with a lady at the head of it—I want you there. In return for what you will do, I want to make you perfectly independent of me in money matters. Every year I will put to your account a certain sum of money, large enough to pay your personal expenses and give you pocket-money. I think it would make you more comfortable not to have to ask me for money."

Miss Morris roused herself. "Yes," she said.

"You shall be free to come and go—to make any engagements. Live the life of a society woman, that is all, and give me the position of a society man." The man finished speaking and waited, but the silence was unbroken. A clock somewhere struck the half-hour, but there was no other sound. "Miss Morris?" he said at last.

"Pardon me, I had forgotten you were waiting. You want to know if I agree? Yes, I do; though I want to tell you that only for a reason like yours would I marry any man. A woman whose spirit is as independent as mine, Mr. Howland, has a truly difficult time. I could take no man's money (if I did not love him), unless I gave an equivalent for it, and the time has come when I have lost my grip on my work." She stopped to give Howland an opportunity of speaking, but he said nothing, and she continued: "I can see now that the reason I worked as I did and succeeded was in order to show that I could; now that the fact is proved, my heart is out of it. I do not care for it, or myself, or—any one, not in the least. I feel like a bit of cracked glass that does not ring true any more."

"You are all used up, and I am going," Howland said, rising, "but I want to thank you. And may I come again to-morrow?"

"About five; yes. It is good of you to go. I am very tired!"

As Howland went out, he stood aside to admit a boy. "Here is something for you," he said, and went away.

The boy handed Miss Morris a note, and placed a covered tray on the table. She opened the envelope, while the messenger busied himself in uncovering a dainty little supper,—a couple of birds from which the steam was yet rising, a crisp salad, and a bottle of wine. Then he stood awaiting orders. And Miss Morris was reading for the second time: "My dear,—Eat the supper, though you may not want it. I cannot ask you to do it for my sake, for that would weigh nothing with you, but perhaps because my heart aches at the thought of your loneliness. Let me feel I have looked after you a little,—so very little, in the face of what I should like. If you want anything, send word by the boy. I shall be at the club waiting. Jack."

A great wave of feeling surged over her. She clutched the note tightly, and caught her breath.

WHAT MAISIE KNEW

By HENRY JAMES

XXVI

She understood the loneliness now,—the reason of it. The unexpected proof of Drayton's care for her, when she had believed him gone, came to her with a force and conviction she had never felt before. Her face was burning, and in her heart was a curious pain that almost suffocated her.

"Any answer, ma'am?"

It was a moment before Miss Morris could steady her voice.

"Yes," she said.

She sat at her desk and took out a piece of paper. Later she remembered that it was "copy" paper, and hitherto she had been careful not to use it in correspondence, but now she did not notice, and began to write feverishly:

"I want you, Jack, right away, now! It is all a mistake—it is n't like Paul in the least,—not in the least, and I've found it out in time, thank God! I'm keeping the supper until you can come and help me eat it, and I'll ask you for pocket-handkerchiefs ten times a week, if you like, and be perfectly happy in doing it. Only come—

"NATALIE."

She sealed and directed the note hurriedly, and a great blot fell on the envelope—but she let it go: "Take this and hurry," she said. "Here," slipping a coin into his hand, "this will make you go faster!" And as the door closed after him, she turned and put the birds down on the fender, where they would keep warm.

EDITH CARRUTH.

GOD BLESS YOU, DEAR, TO-DAY!

IF there be graveyards in the heart
From which no roses spring,
A place of wrecks and old gray tombs
From which no birds take wing,
Where linger buried hopes and dreams
Like ghosts among the graves,
Why, buried dreams are dismal things,
And lonely ghosts are knaves!

If there come dreary winter days,
When summer roses fall
And lie, forgot, in withered drifts
Along the garden wall;
If all the wreaths a lover weaves
Turn thorns upon the brow,—
Then out upon the silly fool
Who makes not merry now!

For if we cannot keep the past,
Why care for what's to come?
The instant's prick is all that stings,
And then the place is numb.
If Life's a lie and Love's a cheat,
As I have heard men say,
Then here's a health to fond deceit—
God bless you, dear, to-day!

JOHN BENNETT.

NOTHING so dreadful, of course, could be final or even, for many minutes, provisional: they rushed together again too soon for either to feel that either had kept it up, and though they went home in silence it was with a vivid perception, for Maisie, that her companion's hand had closed upon her. That hand had shown, altogether, these twenty-four hours, a new capacity for closing, and one of the truths the child could least resist was that a certain greatness had now come to Mrs. Wix. The case was indeed that the quality of her motive surpassed the sharpness of her angles; both the combination and the singularity of which things, when, in the afternoon, they used the carriage, Maisie could borrow from the contemplative hush of their grandeur the freedom to feel to the utmost. She still bore the mark of the tone in which her friend had thrown out that threat of never losing sight of her. This friend had been converted, in short, from feebleness to force; and it was the light of her present power that showed from how far she had come. The threat in question, sharply exultant, might have produced defiance; but before anything so ugly could happen another process had insidiously forestalled it. The moment at which this process had begun to mature was that of Mrs. Wix's breaking out with a dignity attuned to their own apartments, and with an advantage now measurably gained. They had ordered coffee, after luncheon, in the spirit of Sir Claude's provision, and it was served to them, while they awaited their equipage, in the white and gold saloon. It was flanked moreover with a couple of liqueurs, and Maisie felt that Sir Claude could scarce have been taken more at his word had it been followed by anecdotes and cigarettes. The influence of these luxuries was, at any rate, in the air; it seemed to her, while she tiptoed at the chimney-glass, pulling on her gloves and, with a motion of her head, shaking a feather into place, to have had something to do with Mrs. Wix's suddenly saying: "Have n't you really and truly *any* moral sense?"

Maisie was aware that her answer, though it brought her down to her heels, was vague even to imbecility, and that this was the first time she had appeared to practice with Mrs. Wix an intellectual inaptitude to meet her—the infirmity to which she had owed so much success with papa and mamma. The appearance did her injustice, for it was not less through her candour than through her playfellow's pressure that, after this, the idea of a moral sense mainly coloured their intercourse. She began, the poor child, with scarcely knowing what it was; but it proved something that, with scarce an outward

sign save her surrender to the swing of the carriage, she could, before they came back from their drive, strike up a sort of acquaintance with. The beauty of the day only deepened, and the splendour of the afternoon sea, and the haze of the far headlands, and the taste of the sweet air. It was the coachman indeed who, smiling and cracking his whip, turning in his place, pointing to invisible objects and uttering unintelligible sounds—all, our tourists recognized, strict features of a social order principally devoted to language; it was this polite person, I say, who made their excursion fall so much short that their return left them still a stretch of the long daylight and an hour that, at his obliging suggestion, they spent, on foot, on the shining sands. Maisie had seen the *plage* the day before with Sir Claude, but that was a reason the more for showing, on the spot, to Mrs. Wix, that it was, as she said, another of the places on her list and of the things of which she knew the French name. The bathers, so late, were absent, and the tide was low; the sea-pools twinkled in the sunset, and there were dry places, as well, where they could sit again and admire and expatiate: a circumstance that, while they listened to the lap of the waves, gave Mrs. Wix a fresh fulcrum for her challenge. "Have you absolutely none at all?"

She had no need now, as to the question itself at least, to be specific; that, on the other hand, was the eventual result of their quiet conjoined apprehension of the thing that—well, yes, since they must face it—Maisie absolutely and appallingly had so little of. This marked more particularly the moment of the child's perceiving that her friend had risen to a level which might—till superseded, at all events—pass almost for sublime. Nothing more remarkable had taken place in the first heat of her own departure, no phenomenon of perception more inscrutable by our rough method, than her vision, the rest of that Boulogne day, of the manner in which she figured. I so despair of tracing her steps that I must crudely give you my word for its being, from this time on, a picture literally present to her. Mrs. Wix saw her as a little person knowing so extraordinarily much that, for the account to be taken of it, what she still did not know would be ridiculous if it had not been embarrassing. Mrs. Wix was in truth more than ever qualified to meet embarrassment; I am not sure that Maisie had not even a dim discernment of the queer law of her own life that made her educate to that sort of proficiency those elders with whom she was concerned. She promoted, as it were, their development: nothing could have been more marked, for instance, than her success in promoting Mrs. Beale's. She judged that if her whole history, for Mrs. Wix, had been the successive stages of her knowledge, so the very climax of the concatenation would, in the same view, be the stage at which the knowledge should overflow. As she was condemned to know more and more, how could

it logically stop before she should know Most? It came to her, in fact, as they sat there on the sands, that she was distinctly on the road to know Everything. She had not had governesses for nothing: what in the world had she ever done but learn and learn and learn? She looked at the pink sky with a placid foreboding that she soon would have learnt All. They lingered in the flushed air till at last it turned to grey, and she seemed fairly to receive new information from every brush of the breeze. By the time they moved homeward it was as if, for Mrs. Wix, this inevitability had become a long, tense cord, twined by a nervous hand, on which the counted pearls of intelligence were to be neatly strung.

In the evening, upstairs, they had another strange session, as to which Maisie could not afterwards have told you whether it was bang in the middle or quite at the beginning that her companion sounded with fresh emphasis the note of the moral sense. What mattered was merely that she did exclaim, and again, as at first appeared, most disconnectedly: "God help me, it does seem to peep out!" Oh, the queer confusions that had wooed it at last to such peeping!—none so queer, however, as the words of woe, and it might verily be said of rage, in which the poor lady bewailed the tragic end of her own rich ignorance. There was a point at which she seized the child and hugged her as close as in the old days of partings and returns; at which she was visibly at a loss how to make up to such a victim for such contaminations; appealing, as to what she had done and was doing, in bewilderment, in explanation, in supplication, for reassurance, for pardon and even, outright, for pity.

"I do not know what I've said to you, my own: I do not know what I'm saying or what the turn you've given my life has rendered me, heaven forgive me, capable of saying. Have I lost all delicacy, all decency, all measure of how far and how bad—? It seems to me, mostly, that I have, though I'm the last of whom you ever would have thought it. I've just done it for *you*, precious—not to lose you, which would have been worst of all: so that I've had to pay, with my own innocence—if you do laugh!—for clinging to you and keeping you. Do not let me pay for nothing; do not let me have been thrust for nothing into such horrors and such shames. I never knew anything about them, and I never wanted to know! Now I know too much, too much!"—the poor woman lamented and groaned. "I know so much that, with hearing such talk, I ask myself where I am; and, with uttering it too, which is worse, say to myself that I'm far, too far, from where I started! I ask myself what I should have thought, with my lost one, if I had heard myself cross the line! There are lines I've crossed with *you* that I should have fancied I had come to a pretty pass—!" She gasped at the mere supposition. "I've gone from one thing to another, and all for the real love of you;

and now what would any one say—I mean any one but *them*—if they were to hear the way I go on? I've had to keep up with you, have n't I?—and therefore what could I do less than look to you to keep up with *me*? But it's not *them* that are the worst—by which I mean to say it's not *him*: it's your dreadfully base papa and the one person in the world whom he could have found, I do believe—and she's not the Countess, Duck!—wickerder than himself. While they were about it, at any rate, since they *were* ruining you, they might have done it so as to spare an honest woman. Then I should n't have had to do—whatever it is that's the worst: throw up at you the badness you have n't taken in, or find my advantage in the villainess you *have*! What I did lose patience at this morning was at how it was without your seeming to condemn—for you did n't, you remember!—you yet did seem to *know*. Thank God in his mercy, at last, *if* you do!"

The night, this time, was warm, and one of the windows stood open to the small balcony, over the rail of which, on coming up from dinner, Maisie had hung a long time in the enjoyment of the chatter, the lights, the life of the quay made brilliant by the season and the hour. Mrs. Wix's requirements had drawn her in from this posture and Mrs. Wix's embrace had detained her, even though, midway in the outpouring, her confusion and sympathy had permitted, or rather had positively helped, her to disengage herself. But the casement was still wide, the spectacle, the pleasure was still there, and from her place in the room, which, with its polished floor and its panels of elegance, was lighted from without more than from within, the child could still take account of them. She appeared to watch and listen; after which she answered Mrs. Wix with a question. "If I do know —?"

"If you do condemn." The correction was made with some austerity.

It had the effect of causing Maisie to heave a vague sigh of oppression, and then, after an instant and as if under cover of this ambiguity, to pass out again upon the balcony. She hung again over the rail; she felt the summer night; she dropped down into the manners of France. There was a café below the hotel, before which, with little chairs and tables, people sat on a space enclosed by plants in tubs; and the impression was enriched by the flash of the white aprons of waiters and the music of a man and a woman who, from beyond the precinct, sent up the strum of a guitar and the drawl of a song about "amour." Maisie knew what "amour" meant too, and wondered if Mrs. Wix did: Mrs. Wix remained within, as still as a mouse and perhaps not reached by the performance. After a while, but not till the musicians had ceased and begun to circulate with a little plate, her pupil came back to her. "Is it a crime?" Maisie then asked.

Mrs. Wix was as prompt as if she had been crouching in a lair. "Branded by the Bible."

"Well, he won't commit a crime."

Mrs. Wix looked at her gloomily. "He's committing one now."

"Now?"

"In being with her."

Maisie had it on her tongue's end to return once more: "But now he's free"; she remembered, however, in time, that one of the things she had known for the last entire hour was that this made no difference. After that, and as if to turn the right way, she was on the point of a blind dash, a weak reversion to the reminder that it might make a difference, might diminish the crime, for Mrs. Beale; till such a reflection was, in its order, also quashed by the visibility in Mrs. Wix's face, of the collapse produced by her inference from her pupil's manner that, after all her pains, her pupil did n't even yet adequately understand. Never so much as when just so confronted had Maisie wanted to understand, and all her thought, for a minute, centered in the effort to come out with something which should be a disproof of her simplicity. "Just trust me, dear: that's all!"—she came out finally with that; and it was perhaps a good sign of her action that, with a long, impartial moan, Mrs. Wix floated her to bed.

There was no letter the next morning from Sir Claude—which Mrs. Wix let out that she deemed the worst of omens; yet it was just for the quieter communion they so got from him that, when after the coffee and rolls which made them more foreign than ever, it came to going forth for fresh drafts upon his credit, they wandered again up the hill to the rampart instead of plunging with the crowd on the sands into distraction or with the semi-nude bathers into the sea. They gazed once more at their gilded Virgin; they sank once more upon their battered bench; they felt once more their distance from the Regent's Park. At last Mrs. Wix became definite about their friend's silence: "He *is* afraid of her! She has forbidden him to write." The fact of his fear Maisie already knew; but her companion's mention of it had at this moment two unexpected results. The first was her wondering, in dumb remonstrance, how Mrs. Wix, with a devotion not, after all, inferior to her own, could put into such an allusion such a grimness of derision; the second was that she found herself suddenly drop into a deeper view of it. She too had been afraid, as we have seen, of the people of whom Sir Claude was afraid, and by that law she had had her due measure of latent apprehension of Mrs. Beale. What occurred at present, however, was that, whereas this sympathy appeared vain as for him, the ground of it loomed dimly as a reason for selfish alarm. That uneasiness had not carried her far before Mrs. Wix spoke again, and with an abruptness so great as almost to seem irrelevant. "Has it never occurred to you to be jealous of her?"

It never had, in the least; yet the words were scarce in the air before Maisie had jumped at them. She held them well, she looked at them hard; at last she brought out with an assurance which there was no one, alas, but herself to admire: "Well, yes—since you ask me." She hesitated, then continued: "Lots of times!"

Mrs. Wix glared, an instant, askance; such approval as her look expressed was not wholly unqualified. It expressed, at any rate, something that presumably had to do with her saying once more: "Yes, he's afraid of her."

Maisie heard, and it had afresh its effect on her, even through the blur of the attention now required by the possibility of that idea of jealousy—a possibility created only by her feeling that she had thus found the way to show she was not simple. It stuck out of Mrs. Wix that this lady still believed her moral sense to be interested and feigned; so what could be such a gage of her sincerity as a peep of the most restless of the passions? Such a revelation would baffle discouragement, and discouragement was in fact so baffled that, helped in in some degree by the mere intensity of their need to hope, which also, according to its nature, sprang from the dark portent of the absent letter, the real pitch of their morning was reached by the note, not of mutual scrutiny, but of unprecedented frankness. There were broodings indeed and silences, and Maisie sank deeper into the vision that, for her friend, she was, at the most, superficial, and that also, positively, she was the more so the more she tried to appear complete. Was the sum of all knowledge only to know how little, in this presence, one would ever reach it? The answer to that question luckily lost itself in the brightness suffusing the scene as soon as Maisie had thrown out, in regard to Mrs. Beale, such a remark as she had never dreamed she should live to make. "If I thought she was unkind to him—I don't know *what* I should do!"

Mrs. Wix dropped one of her squints; she even confirmed it by a wild grunt. "I know what I should!"

Maisie, at this, felt that she lagged. "Well, I can think of *one* thing."

Mrs. Wix more directly challenged her. "What is it then?"

Maisie met her expression as if it were a game with forfeits for winking. "I'd *kill* her!" That, at least, she hoped as she looked away, would guarantee her moral sense! She looked away, but her companion said nothing for so long that she at last turned her head again. Then she saw the straighteners all blurred with tears which, after a little, seemed to have sprung from her own eyes. There were tears, in fact, on both sides of the spectacles, and they were even so thick that it was presently all Maisie could do to make out through them that slowly, finally, Mrs. Wix put forth a hand.

It was the material pressure that settled that, and even, at the end of some minutes, more things besides. It settled in its own way one thing, in particular, which, though often, between them, heaven knows, hovered round and hung over, was yet to be established without the shadow of an attenuating smile. Oh, there was no gleam of levity, as little of humour as of deprecation, in the long time they now sat together or in the way in which, at some unmeasured point of it, Mrs. Wix became distinct enough for her own dignity and yet not loud enough for the snoozing old women.

"I adore him. I adore him."

Maisie took it well in; so well that in a moment more she would have answered, profoundly, "So do I!" But before that moment passed something took place that brought other words to her lips; nothing more, very possibly, than the closer consciousness, in her hand, of the significance of Mrs. Wix's. Their hands remained linked in unutterable sign of their union, and what Maisie at last said was, simply and serenely: "Oh, I know!"

Their hands were so linked and their union was so confirmed that it took the far, deep note of a bell, borne to them on the summer air, to call them back to a sense of hours and proprieties. They had touched bottom and melted together, but they gave a start at last; the bell was the voice of the inn, and the inn was the image of luncheon. They should be late for it; they got up; and their quickened step, on the return, had something of the swing of confidence. When they reached the hotel the *table d'hôte* had begun: this was clear from the threshold, clear from the absence, in the hall and on the stairs, of the "personnel," as Mrs. Wix said—she had picked *that* up—all collected in the dining-room. They mounted to their apartments for a brush before the glass, and it was Maisie who, in passing and from a vain impulse, threw open the white and gold door. She was thus first to utter the sound that brought Mrs. Wix almost on top of her, as, by the other accident, it would have brought her on top of Mrs. Wix. It had, at any rate, the effect of leaving them bunched together in a strained stare at their new situation. This situation had put on, in a flash, the bright form of Mrs. Beale: she stood there, in her hat and her jacket, amid bags and shawls, smiling and holding out her arms. If she had just arrived it was a different figure from either of the two that, for *their* benefit, waned and tottering and none too soon to save life, the Channel had recently disgorged. She was as lovely as the day that brought her over, as fresh as the luck and the health that attended her: it came to Maisie on the spot that she was more beautiful than she had ever been. All this was too quick to count, but there was still time in it to give the child the sense of what had kindled the light. That leaped out of the open arms, the open eyes, the open mouth; it

leaped out with Mrs. Beale's loud cry at her—
 "I'm free, I'm free!"

XXVII

The greatest wonder of all was the way Mrs. Beale addressed her announcement, so far as could be judged, equally to Mrs. Wix, who, as if from a sudden failure of strength, sank into a chair, while Maisie surrendered to the visitor's embrace. As soon as the child was liberated she met, with profundity, Mrs. Wix's stupefaction and actually was able to see that, while, in a manner, sustaining the encounter, her face yet seemed, with intensity, to say: "Now, for God's sake, do n't crow, 'I told you so!'" Maisie was somehow, on the spot, aware of an absence of disposition to crow: it had taken her but an extra minute to arrive at such a quick survey of the objects surrounding Mrs. Beale as showed that among them was no apurtenance of Sir Claude's. She knew his dressing-bag now—oh, with the fondest knowledge!—and there was an instant during which its not being there was a stroke of the worst news. She was yet to learn what it could be to recognize, in some perception of a gap, the sign of extinction, and therefore remained unaware that this momentary pang was a foretaste of the experience of death. It passed, in a flash, of course, with Mrs. Beale's brightness and with her own instant appeal. "You've come alone?"

"Without Sir Claude?" Strangely, Mrs. Beale looked even brighter. "Yes—in the eagerness to get at you. You abominable little villain!"—and her step-mother, laughing clear, administered to her cheek a pat that was partly a pinch. "What were you up to and what did you take me for? But I'm glad to be abroad, and, after all, it's you who have shown me the way. I might n't, without you, have been able to come: that is, so soon. Well, here I am, at any rate, and in a moment more I should have begun to worry about you. This will do very well"—she was good-natured about the place and even presently added that it was charming. Then, with a rosier glow, she made again her great point: "I'm free—I'm free!" Maisie made, on her side her own: she carried back her gaze to Mrs. Wix, whom amazement continued to hold; she drew, afresh, her old friend's attention to the superior way she did n't take that up. What she did take up, the next minute, was the question of Sir Claude. "Where is he? Won't he come?"

Mrs. Beale's consideration of this oscillated, with a smile, between the two expectancies with which she was flanked: it was conspicuous, it was extraordinary, her unblinking acceptance of Mrs. Wix, a miracle of which Maisie had even now begun to read a reflection in that lady's long visage. "He'll come, but we must make him!" she gaily brought out.

"Make him?" Maisie echoed.

"We must give him time—we must play our cards."

"But he promised us—awfully," Maisie replied.

"My dear child, he has promised *me* awfully: I mean lots of things, and not—in every case—kept his promise to the letter." Mrs. Beale's good-humour insisted on taking for granted Mrs. Wix's, to whom her attitude had suddenly grown prodigious. "I daresay he has done the same with you and not always come to time. But he makes it up in his own way; and it is n't as if we did n't know exactly what he is. There's one thing he is," she went on, "which makes everything else only a question, for us, of tact." They scarce had time to wonder what this was before it was, as they might have said, right there. "He's as free as I am!"

"Yes—I know," said Maisie; as if, however, independently weighing the value of that. She really weighed also the oddity of her step-mother's treating it as news to *her*, who had been the first person, literally, to whom Sir Claude had mentioned it. For a few seconds, as if with the sound of it in her ears, she stood with him again, in memory and in the twilight, in the hotel garden at Folkestone.

Anything Mrs. Beale overlooked was, she indeed divined, but the effect of an exaltation of high spirits, a tendency to soar that showed even when she dropped—still quite impartially—almost to the confidential. "Well, then; we've only to wait. He can't do without us long. I'm sure, Mrs. Wix, he can't do without *you*! He's devoted to you; he has told me so much about you. The extent I count on you, you know, count on you to help me": was an extent that even all her radiance could n't express. What it could n't express, quite as much as what it could, made, at any rate, every instance, her presence, and even her famous freedom, loom larger; and it was this mighty mass that once more led her companions, bewildered and scattered, to exchange with each other, as through a thickening veil, confused and ineffectual signs. They clung together, at least, on the common ground of unpreparedness, and Maisie watched, without relief, the havoc of wonder in Mrs. Wix. It had reduced her to perfect impotence, and, but that gloom was black upon her, she sat as if fascinated by Mrs. Beale's high style! It had plunged her into a long, deep hush; for what had happened was the thing she had least allowed for and before which the particular rigour she had worked up could only grow limp and sick. Sir Claude was to have reappeared with his accomplice or without her: never, never his accomplice without *him*. Mrs. Beale had gained, apparently, by this time, an advantage she could pursue: she looked at the droll, dumb figure with jesting reproach. "You really won't shake hands with me? Never mind; you'll come round!" She put the matter to no test, going on immediately and, instead of offering her hand, raising it with a pretty gesture that her head bent, to a long black pin that played

a part in her back hair. "Are hats worn at luncheon? If you're as hungry as I am we must go right down."

Mrs. Wix stuck fast, but she met the question in a voice her pupil scarce recognized. "I wear mine."

Mrs. Beale, swallowing at one glance her brand-new bravery, which she appeared at once to refer to its origin and to follow in its flights, accepted this as conclusive. "Oh, but I've not such a beauty!" Then she turned rejoicingly to Maisie. "I've got a beauty for you, my dear."

"A beauty?"

"A love of a hat—in my luggage. I remembered *that*—she nodded at the object on her stepdaughter's head—"and I've brought you one with a peacock's breast. It's the most gorgeous blue!" It was too strange, this talking with her there already not about Sir Claude, but about peacocks—too strange for the child to have presence of mind to thank her. But the felicity in which she had arrived was so proof against everything that Maisie felt more and more the depth of the purpose that must underlie it. She had a vague sense of its being abysmal, the spirit with which Mrs. Beale carried off the awkwardness, in the white and gold salon, of such a want of breath and of welcome. Mrs. Wix was more breathless than ever; the embarrassment of Mrs. Beale's isolation was as nothing to the embarrassment of her grace. The perception of this dilemma was the germ, on the child's part, of a new question altogether. What if, *with* this indulgence—? But the idea lost itself in something too frightened for hope and too conjectural for fear, and, while everything went by leaps and bounds, one of the waiters stood at the door to remind them that the *table d'hôte* was half over. "Had you come up to wash hands?" Mrs. Beale hereupon asked them. "Go and do it quickly, and I'll be with you: they've put my boxes in that nice room—it was Sir Claude's. Trust him," she laughed, "to have a nice one!" The door of a neighbouring room stood open; and now, from the threshold, addressing herself again to Mrs. Wix, she launched a note that gave the very key of what, as she would have said, she was up to. "Dear lady, please attend to my daughter."

She was up to a change of deportment so complete that it represented—oh, for offices still honourably subordinate, if not too explicitly menial—an absolute coercion, an interested clutch, of the old woman's respectability. There was response, in Mrs. Beale's view, I may say at once, in the jump of that respectability to its feet: it was itself capable of one of the leaps, one of the bounds, just mentioned, and it carried its charge, with this momentum and while Mrs. Beale popped into Sir Claude's chamber, straight away to where, at the end of the passage, pupil and governess were quartered. The greatest stride of all, for that matter, was that, within a few

seconds, the pupil had, in another relation, been converted into a daughter. Maisie's eyes were still following it when, after the rush, with the door almost slammed and no thought of soap and towels, the pair stood face to face. Mrs. Wix, in this position, was the first to gasp a sound. "Can it ever be that *she* has come—?"

Maisie felt still more bewildered. "One what?"

"Why, moral sense."

They spoke as if you might have two, but Mrs. Wix looked as if it were not altogether a happy thought, and Maisie did n't see how even an affirmative from her own lips would clear up what had become most of a mystery. It was to this she sprang pretty straight. "*Is* she my mother now?"

It was a point as to which an horrific glimpse of the responsibility of an opinion appeared to affect Mrs. Wix like a blow in the stomach. She had evidently never thought of it; but she could think and rebound. "If she is, he's equally your father."

Maisie, however, thought further. "Then my father and my mother—!"

But she had already faltered, and Mrs. Wix had already glared back. "Ought to live together—? Do n't begin it again!" She turned away with a groan, to reach the washing-stand, and Maisie could by this time recognize with a certain ease that that way, verily, madness did lie. Mrs. Wix gave a great untidy splash, but the next instant had faced round. "She has taken a new line."

"She was nice to you," Maisie concurred.

"What *she* thinks so—'go and dress the young lady.' But it's something!" she panted. Then she thought out the rest. "If he won't have her—why, she'll have you. *She'll* be the one."

"The one to keep me abroad?"

"The one to give you a home." Mrs. Wix saw further; she mastered all the portents. "Oh, she's cruelly clever! It's not a moral sense." She reached her climax: "It's a game!"

"A game?"

"Not to lose him. She has sacrificed him. To her Duty."

"Then won't he come?" Maisie pleaded.

Mrs. Wix made no answer; her vision absorbed her. "He has fought. But she has won."

"Then won't he come?" the child repeated.

Mrs. Wix hesitated. "Yes—hang him!" She had never been so profane.

For all Maisie minded! "Soon?—to-morrow?"

"Too soon—whenever. Indecently soon."

"But then we *shall* be together!" the child went on. It made Mrs. Wix look at her as if in exasperation; but nothing had time to come before she precipitated: "Together with *you*!" The air of criticism continued, but took voice only in her companion's bidding her wash herself and come down. The silence of quick ablutions fell upon them, presently broken, however, by one of Maisie's sudden reversions. "Mercy, is n't she handsome?"

Mrs. Wix had finished; she waited. "She'll attract attention." They were rapid, and it would have been noticed that the shock the beauty had given them acted, incongruously, as a positive spur to their preparations for rejoining her. She had, none the less, when they returned to the sitting-room, already descended; the open door of her room showed it empty, and the chambermaid explained. Here again they were delayed by another sharp thought of Mrs. Wix's. "But what will she live on meanwhile?"

Maisie stopped short. "Till Sir Claude comes?"

It was nothing to the violence with which her friend had been arrested. "Who'll pay the bills—?"

Maisie thought. "Can't she—?"

"She? She has n't a penny."

The child wondered. "But did n't papa—?"

"Leave her a fortune?" Mrs. Wix would have appeared to speak of papa as dead had she not immediately added: "Why, he lives on other women!"

Oh, yes: Maisie remembered. "Then can't he send—?" She faltered again: even to herself it sounded queer.

"Some of their money to his wife?" Mrs. Wix gave a laugh still stranger than the weird suggestion. "I daresay she'd take it!"

They hurried on again; yet again, on the stairs, Maisie pulled up. "Well, if she had stopped in England—!" she threw out.

Mrs. Wix considered. "And he had come over instead?"

"Yes, as we expected." Maisie launched her speculation. "What then would she have lived on?"

Mrs. Wix hung fire but an instant. "On other men!" And she marched downstairs.

(To be continued.)

SONG TO POLLY

I SAW six eggs within a nest,
And loved the sparrow as she flew.
Ah, Mistress Polly, love is best;
I'll build a nest with you.

I saw the pollen from the pine
Go seeking up the windy hill,
And thought its fate as hard as mine,
Unless it had its will.

Why, Polly, every lovely flower
Is just a woman, too, and waits
Until the bee, the wind, the shower,
Shall bring their happy freights.

When all the world is full of spring,
And Hymen, Hymen, all, O!
Is all the song the creatures sing
You shall not answer no.

P. H. SAVAGE.

REVIEWS

THE RENEWED PROMISE OF MR. THOMPSON

NEW POEMS. — By Francis Thompson. 12mo.
Copeland & Day. \$1.50.

FILLED with promise as is this latest volume of Mr. Francis Thompson's verse, it is still promise rather than performance.

Amid much that is praiseworthy, it is discouraging to note that even here it is held necessary to indicate a commendable breadth of thought, a deepening profundity that places the intellectual content of the verse very high, by an involution and obscurity of diction that must be met with open condemnation. Mr. Thompson's most serious work shows him to hold the conviction that high thinking cannot consort with simple phrasing,—a conviction against which others of his verses can be cited with crushing disproof.

This we believe to be one sufficient reason for considering Mr. Thompson's poetic stature by no means attained. And there is still another to be added: there is hardly a poet-predecessor with marked individuality of thought or style who has not left some reflection of his genius on these mirror-like pages. Shakespeare is represented by glowing sonnets, Dr. Donne by stately and God-fearing lyrics, Herrick by an occasional archness, Lovelace by a fine suiting of high morals and human love, Keats by lusciousness of diction, Poe by soft cadences and melodious repetitions, Swinburne by an onrush and flow of melody, Stevenson by deep insight into the childish mind, the Rossettis by an elaborate religiosity and great simplicity of expression, and so of many and many another. This amenability to external influences is a sign of the highest encouragement to the lovers of Mr. Thompson's writings, because of its very plasticity,—if his growth be not attained; for his singing or speaking with the voice of another assuredly means that he has not yet learned, but is earnestly seeking for a medium wherein he shall best develop his own powers. Where he does give these scope, as we are to see, he will be found caroling with true distinction—and that of a kind, moreover, which stamps him as a poet of his time, holding himself with and not aloof from his contemporaries, standing with them in the ranks, awaiting, let us hope, speedy promotion.

Mr. Thompson appears to pin his faith upon his odes. He seems to believe that here his genius is at its best. The places of honor in the book are largely given up to these odes, seven appearing in the first of the five chapters, while the third is wholly given up to them. They abound, let us freely admit, in mellifluous language, in happy phrasing, in poetic fervor, and in grandly conceived ideas; but, on the other hand, they indicate an unholy love for adjectives, a superfluity of adornment which prefers an

explanatory footnote to unmixed metaphors, a puerile love for paradox, a predilection for inversion which is almost monomaniacal, a paucity of vocabulary which permits words like *bloomy*, *coerule*, and the technical terms of falconry to appear on every page, while some of the involutions positively require textual emendation to make the meaning intelligible. Such an aggregation of words as this, the first strophe of *By Reason of Thy Law*, safely defies complete interpretation:

Here I make oath—
Although the heart that knows its bitterness
Here loath,
And credit less—
That he who kens to meet Pain's kisses fierce
Which hiss against his tears,
Dread, loss nor love frustrate,
Nor all iniquity of the froward years
Shall his inured wing make idly bate,
Nor of the appointed quarry his staunch sight
To lose observance quite;
Seal from half-sad and all-clate
Sagacious eyes
Ultimate Paradise;
Nor shake his certitude of haughty fate.

Passages quite as unintelligible in detail are to be met in nearly all the more pretentious efforts.

After this, not a great deal remains, it is true; but much of it is compact with the genius which gives hope for the future. There is the *Ore Ex Infantium*, not to be excelled in all English for complete and childlike simplicity and devotion; *A Question*, which might have been the work of a scholastic minnesinger; *Field Flower*, a conceit as virile as that of many an Elizabethan; the almost perfect lyricism of *July Fugitive*, of which the first and last stanzas must be given:

"Can you tell me where has hid her,
Pretty Maid July?
I would swear one day ago
She passed by;
I would swear that I do know
The blue bliss of her eye:
'Tarry, maid, maid,' I id her;
But she hastened by.
Do you know where she has hid her?
Maid July? . . .

"Shake the lilies till their scent
Over-drip their rims;
That our runaway may see
We do know her whims:
Sleek the tumbled waters out
For her travelled limbs;
Strew and smooth blue night thereon,
There will—O not doubt her!—
The lovely sleepy lady lie,
With all her stars about her!"

Following this are the lines *To a Snow-Flake*, with the ring of a Saga:

"What heart could have thought you?—
Past our devisal
(O fligree petal!)
Fashioned so purely,
Fragilely, surely,
From what Paradisal
Imagineless metal,
Too costly for cost?
Who hammered you, wrought you,
From argentine vapor?—
'God was my shaper.
Passing surmisal,
He hammered, He wrought me,
From curled silver vapour,
To lust of His mind;—
Thou couldst not have thought me!
So purely, so palely,
Tinily, surely,
Mightily, frailly,
Insculped and embossed,
With His hammer of wind,
And His graver of frost.'"

Take, too, the gracious naturalness of the lines *To the Sinking Sun*, instinct with real fire; and so of poem after poem. If it be asked what constitutes the peculiar distinction of these highly praised lines,—wherein the difference lies which separates them from those written to-day by a mentionable score of young men and women,—it must be answered that the difference is always of degree, not of kind: Mr. Thompson is a poet of and not above his time.

We hold that the product of this hour of poetry, whether it be of the first consequence or not, is to be told from that of all the ages preceding by two characteristics (or three), actually, though not apparently, interrelated. There has descended upon mankind an appreciation of the beauties of childhood which never found place in English verse before; there has been an investment of the lyric with ethical dignity and new melody,—what, for lack of a later phrase, must be called "sweetness and light." It would seem as if the slow awakening of adult man to the recollections of his own childhood, his final apprehension of the meaning of the words of the Saviour, had given him the ability to view the universe with the great grave eyes of the little ones,—eyes which see only God and His Wonders there. This it is which has thrown such illuminatory "light" upon our vision; the "sweetness" comes partly from the new beauty of the theme, partly from such a command of the melodious resources of the language as may have been known empirically to our elders, but hardly to the extent that is within grasp to-day. Lyrics have been written from the beginning, combining the ethical note with their own proper cry, as may be seen in *Blow*,

Northern Wind, or they have been granted great beauty of sound and musical phrasing, or they have hinted at the child-nature, with all its privileges and restrictions; but never was there such a combination of these virtues as at the present moment. And if this lovely rejuvenation stands first subjectively speaking, objectively the most marked advance is in what we may call "intellectual onomatopœia"—for the sake of distinction from the technical term of the philologist. In both these developments Mr. Thompson is a past master; but it is, at most, as *primus inter pares*:—he does not stand alone.

This is the third volume of verse from his pen. The first was an agreeable surprise, the second held little of disappointment; and now comes the last, bigger with both delight and disappointment. It is now to be seen plainly that a tendency has existed from the beginning to mistake matters unintelligible for matters recondite, confusion for profusion, paradox for climax, and misarrangement for emphasis. It is to be noted, in the same glance, that Mr. Thompson has high talent for dealing with the priceless things of life, its tendernesses and finalities. If he can but restrain that tendency, and cultivate this talent, fulfilling the hope now held out by the work he holds in least favor, the future will assuredly bring him to a place among the immortals.

A SCHOOLMASTER ADRIFT

THE FORMS OF DISCOURSE, WITH AN INTRODUCTORY CHAPTER ON STYLE. By William B. Cairns. A.M. 12mo. Ginn & Co.

IN an illuminating preface Mr. Cairns tells his readers why he wrote this book. He noticed that when a boy is set to do a composition, he always asks, "What shall I write about? What shall I say about it? and How shall I say it? or as Mr. Cairns prefers, "How shall I express my thoughts to suit this particular occasion?" He observed further, that a boy writes better "when he writes on a well-chosen subject and in accordance with a carefully prepared plan."

It is possible that without the flying start this preface gives him, Mr. Cairns would have come to earth sooner; but it is improbable. In the *Introductory Chapter on Style* he discloses the quaint fondness, which pervades the book, for dividing everything into two classes: those-which-are and those-which-are-not; e.g., all authors are of two kinds, Mr. Cairns and not Mr. Cairns, or all books are of two kinds: the one he has written and *les autres*. Thus you learn in this first chapter that the laws of discourse are of two varieties: those that apply to any composition and those that do not. Under the first head he remarks a "difference between a memorial oration and a reporter's story of a dog-fight." This he accounts for "by the general rule that words should be chosen to fit the subject,"—

a statement at once clean-cut and in no sense invidious. Under the second category he draws attention to the neglected fact that "the word 'jam' calls to our mind a preparation of fruit," and that the reason is not far to seek, "because we are used to associating the word and the idea." But others are not so fortunate, so he hastens to add, "to Cicero the same combination of letters meant something entirely different,"—a matter of sufficient importance, it would seem, to be recalled at times in regard to Virgil and Fabius Cunctator as well.

Here many other details of importance are appropriately gathered. Among them may be noted a perfectly safe rule: "If the necessity is great enough to justify the means, no one should hesitate to use an expression that has not its full credentials; but the occasions for doing so are rare." Nothing but due consideration reveals the fact that the principle underlying this dictum is applicable to human affairs generally, from salt on oysters to civil war. Similarly safe is the remark devoted to the exemplifying quotations used at the ends of the chapters, of which he says: "Some of them are models of style, and may be studied as such; others have serious faults, which the student should point out." Here is embodied the real method of writing successful text-books.

The chapter on *Narration* gives another opportunity for categorical division. "Narration," Mr. Cairns states, "is divided into two great classes, narration without plot and narration with plot." Newspapers come under the first class, with correspondence, *Gulliver's Travels* and *Robinson Crusoe*; under the second we find *King Lear*, *Ben Hur*, and *Gallegber*. History and biography also have plots, a plot being "the choice and arrangement of occurrences in such a way that all parts of the narrative work toward and center in a final outcome or culmination." Thus the definition itself is a narrative with a plot, the "final outcome or culmination" lying in the discovery that the central interest of anything is at its farther end. A discussion of *Description*, "portrayal by means of language," follows. Under this, Mr. Cairns suggests that a novel may be told from a book of travels; all that is needed for purposes of discrimination being the question, "What is the purpose of the work?"

There are three other chapters, on *Exposition*, *Argumentation*, and *Persuasion*; but as the same pellucid character prevails to the end of the index, further citations will not be necessary. It is in the preface that the author sets forth his conviction "that this text-book differs, in scope and general plan, from any other [note the significance of this word "other"] now before the public." This we have tried to demonstrate:

"The feathered hawk with pinions skim the air;
Not so the mackerel, and still less the bear."



A SCOTS OLIVIA

LAD'S LOVE. — By S. R. Crockett. 12mo. D. Appleton & Co. \$1.50.

SOONER or later, every ambitious young sculptor turns his hand to the modeling of an ideal *Ophelia*, and no young figure-painter can long withstand the temptation to outdo both his contemporaries and the old masters by a new *Madonna and Child*. In the same way, things have now come to such a pass that no novelist rests content until he has given the public his version of *The Vicar of Wakefield* or *Tess of the D'Urbervilles* or whatever else you may care to call it. The episode of the well-dressed villain and the innocent country maiden is, perhaps, a trifle older than the hills, but that it is still a winsome subject for a novelist is shown by Mr. Crockett's latest volume, entitled *Lad's Love*. To be fair, it is there only the minor theme, but novelty in the chief story is lacking to such a degree, that anything else in the book, however slight, seems important.

It would be absurd for even the most ardent admirers of Mr. Crockett to claim that *Lad's Love* is either a great or a remarkable production. On the other hand, no one can deny that, as novels go, it is both satisfactory and readable. The good old stories are retold with the skill of a man confident in his craft, and in a language which, while Scots in part, is yet sufficiently like English to be comprehensible, and this, judged by Kailyard precedent, is no insignificant quality. Into the bargain, the story is agreeably adequate in characterization, wholesome in morals, and picturesque in background and surroundings.

A grumpy old man has three daughters: the eldest, Nance, is the heroine of the book. She is beautiful and good and coquettish and feminine and lovable. The youngest daughter is wild, honest, straightforward, and utterly and exquisitely lacking in sentimentality. The other is colorless, and has no more part in the story than the last act has in *Rosemary*. The hero tells the story, and on his own word is clever and spirited and affectionate. He is very much in love with Nance. She loves him. The father wishes her to make a grand match, and opposes the hero. But the lovers triumph, with the help of the youngest daughter, and in the end they marry. This is the main story. The minor theme deals with a rather dishonest young merchant and a poor girl. He swears to marry her, in language which doubtless thrilled us longer ago than we can recall, and she believes him. Incidentally they go through the Scots form of marriage, which the hero and heroine and the youngest daughter (three witnesses being necessary) overhear from the concealment of some neighboring trees.

The dishonest merchant eventually denies the marriage and casts off his victim. Her father discovers the state of affairs and breaks in the young

man's skull. She herself tries to commit suicide, but is rescued at just the right moment by the heroine. The witnesses come forward and proclaim the legality of the marriage, the villain recovers his health, although his memory is gone, and he and his wife and their child go to housekeeping. The grumpy father gives Nance an acceptable dowry and they all live happily.

If Mr. Crockett's future books require as much ingenuity and mental exertion in the devising of a plot as his present volume, we fear his rate of production will only equal that of Mr. Marion Crawford, Miss Adeline Sargent, and the late Oliver Optic.

HOW TO READ THE BIBLE

HOW TO READ THE BIBLE: HINTS FOR SUNDAY SCHOOL TEACHERS AND OTHER BIBLE STUDENTS.

By Walter F. Adeney, M.A. 12mo. Thomas Whittaker \$0.50.

ADVICE the most elementary, couched in language "easily to be understood of the people," fills the 135 pages of Professor Adeney's book. It is a wholly unreserved and manly invitation to deal with the Holy Scriptures as they are. No attempt is made to conceal manifest errors which have crept in, through human fallibility or otherwise; no effort undertaken to close doors set ajar by modern scientific research. Everywhere authorities are quoted to substantiate positions assumed, who represent almost the extremes of Biblical criticism and exposition, and, though most of them are of the type sufficiently indicated by the term "orthodox," neither the school of Tuebingen nor of Leyden is neglected. Such candor as this is rare, combined as it is with insistent instructions to treat this Book reverently always, as containing God's best revelation to man, but none the less as a book compiled from the writings of various authors, which is to be read, adjudged, and interpreted by the same rules of common sense as guide the readers of all worthy books. And though these instructions are many and minute, they are always given with the admirable reservation that "it is not desirable to read the Bible through another man's spectacles." The work is therefore likely to awaken interest in the Scriptures among students of all schools of thought, which is its highest praise.



HOW TO READ LATIN MANUSCRIPTS

LATIN MANUSCRIPTS.—By Harold W. Johnston, Ph.D., Professor of Latin in the University of Indiana. Chicago: Scott Foresman & Co. \$2.25.

TO the average college student, nothing seems so dreary as what is called a critical apparatus at the foot of a page of his classical author. He is, at least he used to be, content to take the text which his editor gave, and to ask no more about it.

Yet such an apparatus, or account of the readings of the more important manuscripts wherever they differ from one another, or wherever they make—as they too often do—pure nonsense, is the material out of which scholars determine, so far as it is possible to determine, what the author wrote. And it would not seem to be either an unimportant or an uninteresting matter to determine what Horace, for example, had to say, or what Virgil. If the subject were rightly presented to him at the outset, any educated man, and any young man worth educating, is sure to find interest in the matter of the transmission of ancient authors to our time. We have no manuscript of any Roman author that was written within two hundred years of his death, and, for most of our authors, we have to depend upon manuscripts written a thousand years or more after they were done with the pen. Moreover, most of these manuscripts were the work of more or less ignorant scribes. What we have, is, not what the author wrote, but a copy of a copy of a copy, etc., etc., each copy being plentifully provided with mistakes of its own.

It is evident that, in order to be able to restore corrupt places, we must know a good deal about the way in which books were written in ancient and mediæval times in order to proceed, in the case of a given author, to the determination of the relationship and comparative value of all existing manuscripts, and the discovery from these texts always considerably corrupted, what were the *ipsissima verba* of the author. These things are the subject of Professor Johnston's admirable and attractive book. He treats of the making and distribution of the manuscripts, and of the way in which they have been preserved, so far as they have been; of styles of writing, and of the errors of the scribes; of methods of criticism in determining the value of existing manuscripts, and of principles of emendation. His exposition is illustrated with many cuts, including fifteen facsimiles of specimen pages of Roman manuscripts, among which is to be found a facsimile, here first published, of a page of the great Caullus manuscript discovered last year, in Rome, in the course of the work of the American School of Classical Studies. His treatment is clear and attractive. It is a gratifying thing to see such a piece of work done—and so well done—by an American professor, and so excellently set before the public by publishers who can-

not have foreseen the remarkable success which the book actually had in advance of its appearance.

GLOOM FROM THE SHETLANDS

PRISONERS OF CONSCIENCE.—By Amelia E. Barr. 12mo. The Century Co. \$1.50.

IT is difficult to bring to the reading of Mrs. Barr's book a mind unprejudiced by memories of the praise which sentimental girls for a decade have bestowed upon her story, *The Bow of Orange Ribbon*. But it is only fair to say that a single chapter suffices to show that this is quite another affair. *Prisoners of Conscience* is an honest, gloomy story of the Shetlands, a picture of life in those northern islands before the invasion of modern influence. If it lacks supreme merit, it is equally devoid of the more obvious faults of novels.

Since the first appearance of the story in the *Century*, Mrs. Barr has prefixed the tale of Liot Borson to the life of David, his son. Strictly speaking, the form did not demand this, but there is a certain shapeliness gained from the telling of the workings of fate and environment through two generations. Because, also, Liot Borson's story is to our mind of finer quality than his son's, we congratulate Mrs. Barr on her addition.

In those days the inhabitants of the Shetlands were Norsemen and Icelanders (some of them only ten generations removed), and at the same time the most rigid Calvinists. Liot Borson is pursued at once by an ancestral curse and by the doctrine of election. He had faltered when a word would have saved Bele Trenby from drowning. Bele was the riotous, insulting, scapegrace skipper of a Holland trading-ship, and Liot's rival for Karen's love. The manner of Bele's death was not discovered, but Karen's aunt, who had loved him and hated Liot, swore wildly that Bele had been murdered, and called down upon Liot the old curse of his family. For the time, no evil came; in spite of her aunt, Karen married Liot. With the birth of David, however, she faded away and died, hearing on her deathbed the manner of Bele's death. Then Liot, restless, and longing to see the world, planned to leave David with kinsfolk at Stornoway, in the Hebrides, and go himself a-roaming. So far, he had held fast to the hard theology of his church, upheld by the faith that God's elect may stumble, but cannot sin. After violent storms repeatedly beat him back from Stornoway and cast him upon an island inhabited by uncouth Celtic fishermen, he bowed to the will of God. His sin was evidently not forgiven, and with a grim yielding to the Divine power, he stayed there. At his death, he told David his story, and sent him back to Shetland. The conception of the conquering of Viking instincts by the Calvinistic theology is finely

conceived and honestly told. A slight archaic rigidity in the style and its conciseness carry one back to the first quarter of the century, and really make an atmosphere for the story.

As we have intimated, this first part is the best of the book. With David, Mrs. Barr is more modern and more diffuse. Her one startling and central theme, Nanna's refusal to marry David, she barely succeeds in making credible to the imagination. It is hard to believe that a woman, even when grieving for a child that had died unbaptized, could refuse a man she loved passionately in such words as these: "Can you, can the minister, can any human being give me assurance they will be elect children? If you can, I will be your wife to-morrow; if you cannot, as the God of my father lives I will not bring sons and daughters into life for sin and sorrow here and for perdition hereafter. The Devil shall not use my body to people hell! No, I will not, not even for your love, David!" The situation is almost too extraordinary for Mrs. Barr's powers.

SANSKRIT HYMNS

FROM THE URANISHADS.—By Charles Johnston.
32mo. Thomas B. Mesher.

TWO objects appear to have guided Mr. Johnston in giving the world his admirable rendering of these three little glosses on the fairly untranslatable Vedic hymns: he wished, first, to enable the reader to trace the parallelism between these ancient thoughts and that depth of reflection and fervor of aspiration which give Ralph Waldo Emerson's *Essays* their eminence; and secondly, to gratify an old and purely personal ambition to learn the Sanskrit account of the beginnings of things, which was made possible at last by an extended sojourn in the far East. This very human combination of self-seeking and disinterestedness has resulted in an equilibrium or mental poise which enables us to follow quite closely indeed the divagations of the Hindu mind about what are probably the oldest records of human thought. Conceptions of the most recondite nature are expressed with childlike simplicity; mysteries past expression find illustration in natural phenomena the most usual; and everywhere the spirit of the original is interpreted in symbols so easily apprehended that their full purport may be reserved for after-reflection. We are indebted to Mr. Johnston for an admirably devised addition to our philosophic thought, and to the publisher for the manner of its presentation.



PRIEST-MUSICIAN

DOCTOR TUCKER: PRIEST-MUSICIAN.—By Christopher W. Knauff, M.A. 12mo. The A. D. F. Randolph Co. \$1.50.

THAT "pattern of priests and pioneer of preceptors," as the Reverend Doctor John Ireland Tucker was accurately, if not melodiously, styled by Bishop Doane, has had his personal virtues and profound services to the cause of sacred music in America set forth with reverent appreciation in these pleasant pages. Mr. Knauff exhibits an interest in his distinguished subject which transcends that of the biographer of the day; and his selections from the private papers of Doctor Tucker, and his comments on a life so fraught with beneficence, are judicious.

For more than half a century Dr. Tucker was rector of the parish of the Holy Cross in Troy, New York, and the honorable title was accorded the seat of his ministry of being "The Church of First Things." Here the choral service of the Church was first heard in America, "at a time when no cathedral in England was so honored"; here the practices of wearing the surplice in the pulpit, and of offering flowers upon the altar, took their rise. Still more notable were the hymnals which received Dr. Tucker's revision and contain so many of his compositions,—works of love, skill, and devotion, by which it may be said that the final blow was given to the nation's cacophonous inheritance from the Puritans.

Doctor Tucker was beloved throughout his life, and mourned at its close, far beyond the usual lot of the sons of men, and even with this admirable biography, he has received less than his deserts.

ON THE TRAIL OF POMONA

THE BURGLAR WHO MOVED PARADISE.—By Herbert D. Ward. 16mo. Houghton, Mifflin & Co. \$1.25.

MR. HERBERT WARD'S talent for being Mr. Frank Stockton is not quite equal to Mr. Stockton's own gift in that direction, yet it has, nevertheless, given us a very readable small story, which has already had the widespread popularity which Mr. Bok is able to confer upon a work of fiction.

When Mrs. Elizabeth Stuart Phelps-Ward entrusted to her husband the writing of a sequel to *An Old Maid's Paradise*, the nomenclature of this volume forced him into competition with Mr. Stockton. It will be remembered that the summer cottage on the Massachusetts coast called "Paradise" was built for Corona and cooked in by Puelvir. Such names point in but one direction, and this Mr. Ward took without flinching.

Towards the end of the earlier volume, as Corona sat calculating her loss in one burglary, a widower appeared upon the scene, and Corona's biographer raised the question, "Had the most dangerous burglar of all climbed up to Paradise?" It appears that he had not; for the same widower appears at the very beginning of this new book, very shortly marries Corona, and after a futile attempt at a wedding journey, settles down for the honeymoon in "Paradise." This period is diversified by the quaint doings of Puelvir, the servant; Zero, the "boy of all laziness," and Matthew Launcelot, the dog. It is this last animal, escaping from confinement and plunging aboard the railway train, who prevents the usual wedding trip.

Mr. Ward leads us through a very pretty bit of middle-aged sentiment to his climax, the moving of "Paradise." Corona has an extraordinarily illogical landlord, who, beginning with a demand for twice the usual rent, since there are two in the family, and continuing with the threat of a corresponding increase for each possible addition to the family, ends by planning a summer hotel with a skating-rink, a steam-laundry and a bowling-alley as incidentals. "Paradise" must be moved, and finally, failing a land route, it is cut in two, loaded upon two scows and started across the bay. The parting of the scows in a storm that night, when Puelvir secured her safety by heaving the kitchen stove overboard as an anchor, is told with much liveliness and whimsical humor. The book is full of unexpected turns of incident and quips of speech. It demands no extraordinary attention, but the reading of it will prove a pastime.

PICTURESQUE AMERICA

MARIA CANDELARIA.—By Daniel G. Brinton. 16mo. Philadelphia: David McKay.

MR. BRINTON is a historical authority, rather than a dramatic poet,—in spite of the fairly graceful lilt in some of his lyrics. The great merit of his achievement is his perception of the vivid and picturesque material in the early history of Spanish-America, which has scarcely been touched by our writers. Maria Candelaria is a real Joan of Arc of the Indians. Inspired by visions, and urged on by Spanish inhumanity, she led an insurrection of her people, the Tzentals, against their conquerors in 1712. The picture which Mr. Brinton presents in his introductions, perhaps more than in the drama itself, is done with knowledge, and considerable taste. The book itself is admirably printed and effectively bound.

WANTED—A COLLABORATOR

SPANISH CASTLES BY THE RHINE.—By David Skaats Foster. 18mo. Henry Holt & Co. \$0.75.

TO the fact that Mr. Foster attempted to write his book himself is due its partial failure. He is a born collaborator, although he may never have perceived the fact. That is, he knows very well what to write, and very little how to write it. By arrangement with some one really skillful in English composition, Mr. Foster might produce an admirable opera bouffe libretto, or comic romance that would be quite delightful. His plots are ingenious and frankly impossible. It appears, for example, that the Princess Stephanie von Anheusen, otherwise a paragon of all desirable virtues, had an insatiable desire to collect scandalous anecdotes about the court. These she wrote out in a fair hand in her journal, and then lost the journal. This volume is found by a wicked Baron, and the Princess, in order to regain it, is forced to consent to an elopement with him. This is all arranged by a meeting at a masked ball, and the Princess and the Baron do not know each other. At this juncture, fate and Mr. Foster manage a neat trick, whereby a young American is introduced into the palace as the Baron. Falling very much in love with the Princess, he carries on the plan, and at the last moment confesses his deception, only to be met by the counter-statement that his companion is not the Princess, but her cousin. From this pretty and surprising climax the story quickly runs to its end in the marriage of the two. In the last story in the volume Mr. Foster makes over the *Prisoner of Zenda* into a rattling *Box and Cox* kind of farce, with a few touches of Mr. Stockton's fairy tales added. The stories needed telling in a light style, with something of affection about it. Instead, they are bluntly straightforward and heavy, distended and distorted by dull passages of trite moralizing and reflection like the following: "When one comes to think of it, it is always through a door that one goes to his fate. By entering some door a man takes the first step by which he becomes a drunkard or gambler. By entering another, he meets the woman whom he is to love. Through one doorway he enters upon a career of fame; through another, that of ignorance. Should I, or should I not, pass through that fateful portal?" Perhaps, instead of collaborating, Mr. Foster will himself endeavor to improve his style, and if he does this, he may be reckoned a man of real and notable promise.



SEX IN RELIGION

THE GOD-IDEA OF THE ANCIENTS; OR, SEX IN RELIGION.—By *Eliza Burt Gamble*. 8vo. G. P. Putnam's Sons.

MRS. GAMBLE'S erudition would be a subject for mirth, as proper as it is fit, if it were not for her deadly earnestness, which makes it pitiable. She has possessed herself of the twin truisms that all the good in this world comes from woman, and all the evil therein from man; and, these in hand, sets out to explain all the differences in history, from the Tower of Babel to the Protestant Reformation. In the process of proof along these lines, showing that anciently God was a woman and the age golden,—correlatives these, to her, always,—and that evil came only with the taking on of masculine attributes by the divinity, Mrs. Gamble has dug into all the books which have been devised for the testing of the capacities of the credulous, has believed all she read in them, and, by dint of utterly ignoring all true science, has emerged triumphant with an array of "facts" which make the fancy ashamed, the imagination blush, and the judgment grieve.

Here you learn for the first time that the Irish were expelled from Persia for religion's sake; that Manu is the Hebrew Noah; that the Eleusinian mysteries eventually degenerated into the Saturnalia; that Abraham introduced fire-worship among the Jews from Ur in Mesopotamia; that the banks of the Ganges are the very cradle of religion; that the Jews had no writing prior to Ezra or Jeremiah; that the Christianity of the British Isles antedates that of Paul or Rome; and that there is little doubt that the attempt to spiritualize the religion of the Jews was due to the influence of the Persians.

You may also read of "a poem by Virgil, who was a Druid," which poem turns out to be the *Æneid*; of there being "reasons other than religious" for maintaining a fire on the domestic hearth, since "in those days there were no matches"; of Confucius's never thinking "of the brotherhood of man"; of Minerva and Vulcan as Greek gods on the same page that she spells it "Kosmogony"; of "the festival of lamps, once universal in Egypt," which still prevails in China; of "hotbeds of fire-worship,"—an unexpected touch; of her just having learned that *Josua* and *Jesui* have the same Hebrew original; of the similar discovery that the Buddhists use the rosary,—new, this, to her, though Marco Polo was in trouble with the papacy over it early in the fourteenth century; and, most precious of all, of the fact "that during numberless ages the Supreme Creator was worshipped as female."

Yet it is not here, but in the departments of etymology and philology, that Mrs. Gamble comes out strongest. The rule she adopts is at once so simple

and so thorough, that its universal adoption seems only a question of time: "If two words are similarly spelled in *English*," she argues, "they must be the same; if they are not spelled alike in any language, they are probably the same." In this way you quickly come to perceive with her that the Babylonian *Omoroka* and the Norse *Ymer* are one; that the Latin *Juno* is the Hebrew *janeb*, a dove; that *John*, *Ionian*, *Oaunes* (*sic*), and some other words, all signify the same thing,—i.e., worshippers of woman; that *Mai* and *Mary* are identical; that the Moabitish *Che-mosh* and the Roman *Janus* differ not at all; that *Serapis* is *Pav*; and that *Iev*, *iev*, *ieue*, *Yud-He-Vau* and "IHS" all stand for Jehovah! The only thing to equal this last is the spelling in the book.

We are convinced that Mrs. Gamble can discern an attempt on man's part to aggrandize himself at woman's expense in the tone of the musical glasses, or in the discovery of canals on Mars—and the worst of it is, it is just such books as this she has written which go to convince him he is fully entitled to.

FIRECRACKERS AND TARTS

THE KNAVE OF HEARTS: A FOURTH OF JULY COMEDIETTA. By *Albert Lee*. Illustrated by *Edward Penfield*. 12mo. R. H. Russell. \$0.50.

IT seems that at a Fourth of July feast, given to the royal pairs of Diamonds, Spades, and Clubs, the Knave of Hearts, already known for his thievish propensities, stole the firecrackers which the Queen had prepared for the celebration. The King beat him severely, and he then returned, not only the crackers, but the tarts which he had stolen the summer before. This courtly incident Mr. Lee writes out as a pleasant small comedietta for children to play. Mr. Russell prints it with admirable typographical taste. Mr. Penfield makes pictures for it in black and red, and Mr. Maxfield Parrish does one of his best decoration covers.

WALT WHITMAN AS
"COMRADE"

CALAMUS: LETTERS WRITTEN BY WALT WHITMAN TO PETER DOYLE.—Edited, with an introduction, by *Maurice Bucke*. *Laurens Maynard*, Boston. \$1.00.

OF cardinal importance in the work of Walt Whitman was the idea of fellowship, or, as he more commonly called it, "comradeship." In the very first edition of *Leaves of Grass* he announced himself as "comrade of all who shake hands and welcome to drink and meat"; later he chose the sweet flagroot, the calamus, as the symbol of the great brotherhood of those whom he loved and who loved

him. All who have read of his life know how he always felt drawn toward strong and hearty men, workmen for choice, Broadway stage-drivers, pilots on the Brooklyn ferry, railroad men, mechanics, all "natural and nonchalant persons."

To those who feel Walt Whitman's power, not least significant are these poems of the division called "Calamus." And such will feel drawn toward the letters, now published, of Walt Whitman to Peter Doyle, a young friend, at one time a horse-car conductor, later a railroad-hand. They knew each other first in Washington in 1867; these letters run from 1868 to 1875 and include a few of later years. They are, then, a sort of specimen, rescued from the past, of Walt Whitman's comradeship. They are already known to several Whitman students; J. A. Symonds spoke of them most highly.

We cannot feel, however, that the publication of these letters was either necessary or useful. As material for the future biographer they are of some value, although we do not see that they give us much of an idea of the old poet that we had not before, and better, in *Specimen Days* for instance. Nor as "commentary" on *Calamus* are they of great use; the poems are more of a comment on the letters. Great affection was certainly at bottom, but it does not come to full expression. And the affection seems to us not so much comradelike devotion as the love of father for son. They are very plain, simple, every-day letters; not to be criticised for their plainness, certainly; but on the other hand, hardly to be admired, since there is little to admire. They will be read with pleasure by Whitman-lovers. But we question whether they will give any one a richer, fuller idea of the poet himself, or of the comradeship which was so dear to him.

ENCYCLOPÆDIC KNOWLEDGE

COLONIAL MONOGRAPHS: THE VOYAGE OF THE MAYFLOWER. PENNED AND PICTURED. — By *Blanche McManus*. 4to. E. R. Herrick & Co. \$1.25.

WE seem to have read this narrative before; but the probability is that Miss McManus merely employed the same encyclopædia as her predecessor. Her variations from the original are, presumably, to be found in the slight incoherence and frequent ungrammatical quality of her style. She manages to set forth the main facts in the founding of the Plymouth Colony without contradicting herself too often, and her pictures and decorations, while in no way remarkable, form an agreeable running commentary on the text. It is possible that such books may excite in the young, to whom they will come largely in the way of gifts, a lukewarm interest in early American history.

A POET FROM THE DOMINION

ESTABELLE, AND OTHER VERSE. — By *John Stuart Thomson*. 12mo. William Briggs. \$1.25.

A NUMBER of ballads with a Wordsworthian twang, which gain nothing by being written as heptameters; a few sonnets, desultory but praiseworthy; a verse of pleasant flavor, old-fashioned and classical, now and again; an occasional blunder in pronunciation, and the sense of feeling the way along the measures; and, over all, a thrill of growing nature and the joy of vernal happenings, combine to make up Mr. Thomson's first volume of verse.

It is the first in every sense, a beginning, and the lines are largely tentative in the impression they make. Yet the hope is great. Errors of judgment there may be, but errors of taste are few, and the perception of melody developing. It has been noted recently that the physical features of the Dominion of Canada have given strength to the voices of her children who sing; here it is to be noted that the lovely evanescence of the northern spring has given delicacy as well. Mr. Thomson is to be welcomed among the number of New-World poets, and his future work be looked for with some eagerness.

THE MOUNT AND AUTUN

THE MOUNT AND AUTUN. — By *Philip Gilbert Hamerton*. 12mo. Roberts Brothers. \$2.00.

THIS work, now first published, belongs in reality to its author's middle period, having been written in 1869-70, if Mrs. Hamerton's memoir is accurate in its reference to it. It is a slight volume when compared with others from the same pen, but still of consequence sufficient to justify its appearance, posthumously or otherwise.

The title assigned is curiously unindicative of the contents, which are in two parts, quite dissociated in all but a geographical sense. The former is a description, sympathetic and charming, of the excavations conducted on Mont Beuvray, the site of that Gaulish town, Bibracte, which Cæsar commemorates in *De Bello Gallico*. Though simple narrative, it is full of the author's enthusiasm for antiquities, and colored by his appreciation of poetry, whether in art or nature. Still, the second (and smaller) half of the book is more characteristic. It is an account of the city of Autun, and as that city contains many interesting relics, notably some churches of great age, Hamerton's critical faculties are given full play. It is interesting to find him in the late sixties laying down the law which England is learning for the first time late in the nineties, — a law which runs to the effect that an ignorant clergy

is the worst of all foes to ecclesiastical monuments. And it is at once interesting and melancholy to recall that the last artistic criticism we shall have from this gifted pen should be, like that first he tells so cheerily in his autobiography, of a matter of architecture.

VOLUMINOUS SELF-CONCEIT

A CHAT ABOUT CELEBRITIES; OR, THE STORY OF A BOOK. By Curtis Guild. 8vo. Lee & Shepard. \$1.50.

THE startling fact that he owns a book upon which which he has spent Four Hundred Dollars constitutes the chief interest of Mr. Guild's latest publication. Regarding this, he is at once so aggressively proud and voluminously discursive, that we not only know *A Chat About Celebrities* to be the Guildian equivalent for the joy of a single-chickened hen, but feel certain that he has the singular and plural numbers in his title transposed, the proper reading being *Chats About a Celebrity, Curtis Guild*.

It will be noticed that when Mr. Guild is not speaking of himself or of the Three Hundred and Sixty-four Things he bought with his Four Hundred Dollars, he is seldom at his best. In fact, the illustrative anecdotes (always excepting those about himself) leave a feeling of awed wonder respecting the fire from which he plucked them, the flames of historic antiquity being supposedly quenched. They are, we become convinced, complete answers to Professor Brander Matthews's famous query: "What did the dark-haired Iberian laugh at before the tall blonde Aryan drove him into the corners of Europe?"

As for the English of the work, it is that which Mr. Guild and the Boston newspapers generally have in vain attempted to induce others to use during a long lifetime, a combination for which the receipt reads: "Take and mix tastelessness, formlessness, neologisms, and pretense in equal quantities." We remember thinking, when we read Mr. Guild's *Original Verse*, that nothing would ever be worse in any respect—a hasty opinion, which did his capacities grave injustice; for which we now desire to apologize.

THE CASE FOR THE DEFENDANT

SVENGALI'S DIARY.—By Alfred Welch. 18mo. Henry Holt & Co. \$0.50.

THIS very sensible elaboration of a clever idea deserved something better than belated publication after the Trilby craze has exhausted its strength. Even when bewitched by the "Trilbyness" of Du Maurier's book we have felt that there was another side to the story, and one less melodramatic than his. In this present small volume we

learn that Svengali really loved Trilby, and that she went away with him of her own accord after the disillusionizing passage with Little Billee's family. And if the whole story is made less exciting than the original, the hypnotic element is at least less lurid and more rational.

BOOKS RECEIVED

- SOLDIERS OF FORTUNE.—By Richard Harding Davis. 12mo. Charles Scribner's Sons. \$1.50.
 THE KNAVE OF HEARTS: A FOURTH OF JULY COMEDIETTA.—By Albert Lee. 12mo. R. H. Russell. \$0.50.
 THE FLOURISHING OF ROMANCE.—By George Saintsbury. 12mo. Scribner's. \$1.50.
 THE RUBAIYAT OF OMAR KHAYYAM.—16mo. E. W. Porter Co.
 FIERCEHEART THE SOLDIER.—By J. C. Snaith. 12mo. D. Appleton & Co. \$0.50.
 THE PRINCESS OF ALASKA.—By Richard Henry Savage. 12mo. Rand, McNally & Co. \$0.25.
 THE GADFLY.—By E. L. Voynich. 12mo. Henry Holt & Co. \$1.25.
 MAX.—By Julian Croskey. 12mo. John Lane. \$1.50.
 ESTABEILLE, AND OTHER VERSE.—By John Stuart Thomson. 12mo. William Briggs, Toronto.
 THE YELLOW BOOK, VOL. XIII. John Lane. \$1.50.
 EQUALITY.—By Edward Bellamy. 12mo. D. Appleton & Co. \$1.25.
 AT TWILIGHT, A BOOK OF LYRICS.—By Edward Maslin Hulme. 16mo. H. S. Crocker & Co., San Francisco.
 CONCORDANCE TO THE GREEK TESTAMENT.—By Rev. W. F. Moulton and Rev. A. S. Geden. 4to. Charles Scribner's Sons. \$7.00.
 THE FLYING HALCYON.—By Richard Henry Savage. 12mo. Rand, McNally & Co. \$0.25.
 CONSTANTINE.—By George Horton. 16mo. Way & Williams. \$1.25.
 BOLANYO.—By Opie Read. 16mo. Way & Williams. \$1.25.
 DREAMS OF TO-DAY.—By Percival Pollard. 16mo. Way & Williams. Cloth, \$1.25; paper, \$0.50.

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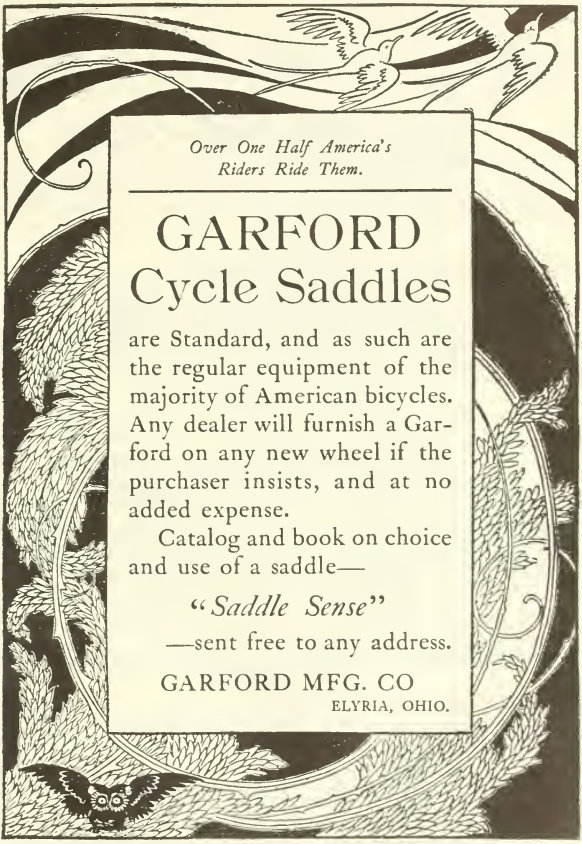
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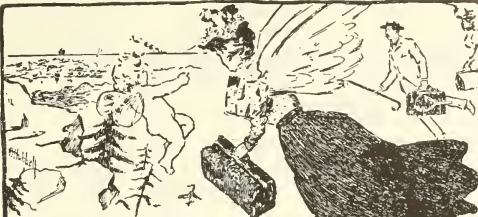
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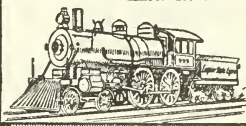
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NOTES



NOTHING has happened of late in the world of letters which has given us such real pain and perplexity as the letter which Mr. Clemens has written to the *New York Herald*, declining to accept the fund which that newspaper was endeavoring—with very little success—to raise for his relief from debt. For years there has been more or less sniveling in the press about Mark Twain's poverty and his debts. We have never believed that this lachrymose sentimentality was at all pleasing to Mr. Clemens. To be sure, his misfortunes were to be regretted, but we have understood that they were legitimate business losses, due largely to the fact that Mr. Clemens could not force himself to be content with one trade only—that of author. It has been very pleasant to feel that the real sufferer faced his troubles bravely and cheerily; that he was working diligently in the hope of making good the past. At times, even, one might have risked a comparison with the great Sir Walter. When the *Herald* started its fund, we expressed ourselves about it. "All that he has asked for is the opportunity to make good his losses by his own work, and the *Herald's* proposition must appear to him, as it does to everyone else, a mere blundering indignity."

It is with the greatest pain and reluctance that we find ourselves forced to revise this statement. The letter to the *Herald* is as follows:

"TO THE EDITOR OF THE HERALD:—

"I made no revelation to my family of your generous undertaking in my behalf and for my relief from debt, and in that I was wrong. Now that they know all about the matter, they contend I have no right to allow my friends to help me while my health is good and my ability to work remains; that it is not fair to my friends and not justifiable, and that it will be time enough to accept help when it shall be proven that I am no longer able to work. I am persuaded that they are right. While they are grateful for what you have done, and for the kindly instinct which prompted you, it is urgent that the contributions be returned to the givers with their thanks and mine. I yield to their desire and forward their request and my indorsement of it to you. I was glad when you initiated that movement, for I was tired of the fact and worry of debt, but I recog-

nize that it is not permissible for a man whose case is not hopeless to shift his burdens to other men's shoulders.

"S. L. CLEMENS.

Mr. Clemens was apparently only too anxious to submit himself to the indignity. Like Pooh-bah, he felt that

"—Family pride
Must be denied
And thrust aside
And mortified."

And in what appears to us a most unseemly way he reveals here what a nasty time family pride had, in private, conquering his own lack of scruples. We have tried in vain to look upon Mr. Clemens's communication as a humorous composition, little suited as humor seemed to the occasion. The only refuge seems to be in the belief that his health is really broken, that he has lost his grip on himself, and that the present false position is due to an act for which he is as little accountable as a sick child which escapes its nurse. We should like to believe still that the real man in health and happiness is somewhat more sturdy than the pathetically flaccid and groveling figure we are trying not to see to-day.

The supply of Jubilee poetry has been enormous and of fairly uniform badness. Throughout May and June each London newspaper received on an average between ten and fifteen Jubilee odes a day. Loyalty seems to have been the note of the poems, and so far they were good. Many of them, we are told, were full of curious ideas. Some were bold to audacity in the use of imagery. But from the Poet Laureate upwards, they were all failures as specimens of poetry. What could be more *banal* than this?

They placed a Crown upon her fair young brow,

They put a Scepter in her girlish hand,
Saying, "Behold! you are Sovereign Lady now
Of this great Land!"

Silent she gazed, as one who doth not know

The meaning of a message. When she broke
The hush of awe around her, 't was as though
Her soul that spoke.

Yet that is the Poet Laureate of England, rising to the height of the great argument. Sir Edwin Arnold, Sir Lewis Morris, Austin Dobson, and all the other geniuses, with the exception of Mr. Kipling, tried their hands at it with no better result. The *Daily News* published some of the efforts of its artless correspondents. This poem is as good and comprehensive as anything we have seen:

The Australian and Canadian,
The Afric and Malay,
The Burman and Tasmanian,
All celebrate the day;
Zealander and West Indian,

Hindoo, Maltese, Fiji,
Briton and Nova Scotian,
With us rejoicing see.

A gentleman who signed himself "An Old Crimean Veteran," asked several interesting questions:

Why are the joy-bells pealing forth their notes throughout the land?

Why signs of great rejoicing evinced on every hand?

Why bannerettes and banners waving in the morning air?

What means this exhibition so picturesque and rare?

Why rolls the feu de joie?

And then he went on:

No other king or queen, from Saxon Harold to the time

When the Fourth William passed to regions more sublime,

Had ruled with so much dignity and happiness the state,

Or saw their rule extend to empires as did hers of late.

This, too, is a pretty conceit:

All hail! Victoria on this, thy jubilee morn,
Well chosen is the gem that names the celebration;
The Diamond, emblem of purity, is rivaled by thy reign;
And Faith as firm as the crystallized carbon.

That at least avoids the pitfall of rhyme, which seems to have been too much for the author of the following neat tribute:

Hail! Queen of many a tribe,
Religion, usage, tongue;
What pencil, pen, describe
All that to thee belong?

On the whole, it seems to have been the poets' jubilee as much as it was the Queen's. The religious press found it a matter of some difficulty to discriminate impartially between the blessedness of earthly and heavenly thrones.

In the colonization of heathen countries the object seems to be to allow every one to start fair in the race, whether he be heathen or Christian. That is to say, the native is to be allowed to handicap himself at the beginning as heavily as his competitor. If there are any European vices, such as drunkenness and novel-reading, for the acquisition of which his environment did not give opportunity, his Christian master supplies the deficiency at once. The first thing in civilizing a foreigner is to intoxicate him. This has already been done with fire-water. We are glad that the dignity of literature is to be sustained, and that the process is now to be performed by vicious literature, instead of bad whisky.

George Reynolds's *Mysteries of the Court of Lon-*

don, which long ago raised the circulation of the *London Family Journal*, and degraded that paper's readers, is now started on a career in British India. It is being translated and published serially in a native newspaper. An exchange remarks: "This form of evil literature would be almost harmless in England now, being out of fashion; but it is as bad in India as if it were new, and consequently very welcome."

The appointment of John Russell Young as Congressional Librarian is an insult to every student and literary man in the country. Young is absolutely destitute of any experience in the working of libraries. He is a man about fifty-six years old, who began life as a journalist, and quickly lost caste by stealing Associated Press news and wiring it to a paper in which he was interested. He became one of the foreign correspondents of the *New York Herald*, accompanied General Grant round the world, and was appointed Minister to China in the early eighties. He established his "claim" on McKinley by writing a series of fulsome letters from Canton during the last election. Nobody pretends that he has the slightest knowledge of how a library should be managed. To put such a man at the head of what will certainly be the largest library in America is an act of wantonness, comparable only to Mr. Dingley's tax on books and pictures. The present librarian, who is being superseded because he refused to appoint ignorant and inexperienced nominees to fill offices in the library at the bidding of interested senators, is to be retained, in order to teach Mr. Young the elements of his business. Politics henceforward will be the watchword of the Congressional Librarian, and the two hundred minor positions at his disposal will go, of course, to the spoilsmen. That is precisely one of those arrangements which, in the eyes of foreign critics, make America justly ridiculous.

The *Yellow Book* has become a factor in the industrial life of the day because of the amount of remunerative work it gives to deserving and self-supporting women. Out of twenty-six writers in the issue for April, eleven are women, while five, on account of the meagerness of information afforded by the table of contents, must remain unclassified, not to say unsexed, in this enumeration.

These interesting pages give us an opportunity to make important comparisons and, perhaps, to draw useful deductions concerning the progress of female emancipation in the Victorian era. Sixty years ago women seldom wrote for the magazines, except as subscribers. But Education and Enlightenment and Progress have now opened to the sex every avenue to fame, and we find that in art and literature, as well as at the bench, the counter, the dissecting-table, the bar, and in the pulpit, woman has taken a

place beside her brother, and works cheerily at whatever her hands find to do. It is significant of the movement of our times that this great transformation has taken place without exciting jealousy in the breasts of men. No monarch of Europe envies the Queen her age or her sixty years on the throne. No literary man of position envies the bevy of industrious females their place in the *Yellow Book*. On the contrary, we are more than delighted with a fact that is especially noteworthy in this year of jubilee.

An inspection of the contents permits us to arrange the data in convenient form for the use of the student:

	Number of Articles.	Prose.	Poetry.
Male -----	10	5	5
Female -----	11	8	3
Unclassified ---	5	1	4

Thus it will be seen that, left freely to choose their medium of expression, only 27.272 + per cent of the ladies select verse, while of the men exactly 50 per cent, and of the necessarily unclassified 80 per cent "lip," as the poet says, "in numbers." Making further analysis of the woman's work, we find that the prose is divided as follows: Fiction, 6; prose pastels, 2. In 50 per cent of the tales death plays an important part. There is one death by heart disease, one by shock and hemorrhage from a bullet-wound, and one by grief. In only 16.6 per cent of the fiction is marriage indicated. A mother's love is the motif of one; the detection of a cheat at cards of one; the false accusation of a peasant of one. The absence of the essay form will be noted. There are no female essays in this volume, unless the pastels in prose can be thus classified.

Upon looking into the poetry department, we find three women at their tasks. We learn from Mr. Lane that when he undertook his grand work of elevating the sex, he expected that female labor would soon drive the male labor out of verse. But strangely enough, the young women show a greater aptitude for prose, although those who have taken up poetry have displayed singular dexterity.

The *Yellow Book* goes far to remove the stain put upon the fair name of England by the surly senate of Cambridge, and we would suggest that the Sorosis Club signify its appreciation of Mr. Lane's valuable services to the holy cause by electing him to honorary membership.

In one of his happy, careless essays, Mr. Max Beerbohm sketches the life of the popular, fifth-rate novelist. Coming to the crisis of his career, "Mr. Flimflam," he says, "is photographed with his favorite pipe, or with his cat and dog,—Mr. Flimflam is a great lover of animals,—or playing parlor golf with his only child, or riding on a 'sociable' with his wife, a charming brunette, very proud of

her lord and master." That may be all very well for England, but it would n't do here. Mr. Charles Dudley Warner was quick to recognize the difference. His photographs represent him with his head reposing on his palm, in Carlyle's favorite attitude, his eyes fixed rapturously on the great sublime, and a severe Catonian expression, considerably enhanced by a contemplative stroking of the beard with the disengaged hand, giving the sum appearance of a righteous philosopher walking virtuously through an unclean world. Quite a number of people have been misled by Mr. Warner's photographs into reading his works. Mr. Hamilton Mabie goes even further. Mr. Mabie will never allow himself to be photographed without a book. The public must not suspect that Mr. Mabie is ever concerned with anything more mundane than the antiseptic qualities of Homer. Therefore, Mr. Mabie bunches himself up into a large armchair, and is photographed bending reverently and intently over Andrew Lang's translation. That is what we expect from our literary men over here. We want the trade-mark on their photographs, and, to tell the truth, we usually get it.

Mr. Robert Buchanan has summed up the philosophy of the English dramatist, and the relations between his art and ambitions and the needs of the playgoing public, with a cold-blooded frankness that is really refreshing after the elaborate pretensions of the Pineros and Joneses. "The only possible course," he says, "open to a modern dramatist, if he is to live by play-writing—and that has been my detestable purpose—is to please the Public, and give the Public what it wants. Which, I ask, is the greater sinner, the man who goes half way to literary perdition, or the man who goes the whole way? Going half way means frankly recognizing the conditions of the stage, and endeavoring to afford the playgoer innocent entertainment, while putting on one side as irrelevant all attempts to please one's self with higher and subtler matter. Going all the way to perdition is another matter, for it means pandering to two masters instead of one—to the Public in the first place, and to the *quid nunc* in the second; it means posing as a thinker and a reformer, when your heart is far away and your tongue is in your cheek; it means, when cliques are chattering about Ibsen, abandoning your natural mood and writing plays which, like *The Benefit of the Doubt*, are neither wholesome English fish, nor French fowl, nor good Scandinavian herring. Under the existing conditions of the stage, it is utterly impossible for a man whose ideas are not in accord with popular ideals, aspirations, and superstitions, to express those ideas in work intended for popular representation. The Public does not want ideas of any kind; it wants to be diverted." That is savage, but it is not altogether untrue. Indeed, its partial truth is proved by the

one fact that Mr. G. R. Sims is the most popular living dramatist. And yet it does not cover the whole case. Melodrama still has a rival in Shakespeare; and if we put Mr. Pinero and Mr. Jones and Mr. Buchanan himself in one scale, we still have Mr. Oscar Wilde and Mr. Bernard Shaw—the one original dramatic writer of the past decade—left for the other. The whole condition of the English-speaking stage was set forth by Mr. Daly in New York last season, when he played *The Geisha* in the evening and reserved *Much Ado About Nothing* for the matinees.

The two leading dramatists of England have come forward this year hand in hand and disappointed the London public. Pinero, the best English dramatist of to-day, in *The Princess and The Butterfly*, even with five acts at his disposal, has written a play which is not well constructed, and is not even altogether amusing. Jones's *The Physician*, on the other hand, though boasting better construction, cannot be especially commended for that quality, and is infinitely less amusing than the longer-titled comedy. *The Physician* is heavy in its serious vein, and labored in its lighter mood, but it has at least a strong and conceivable plot. *The Princess and the Butterfly*, on the contrary, has an idea which has failed to create a trustworthy or convincing plot or an interesting story; but it has on the other hand, one extremely effective, and almost impressive, act. This act is better than any one act of Mr. Jones's play. We are not sure it is n't better than all four acts of Mr. Jones's. Both pieces are produced at exceptionally popular theaters, and neither at the Criterion, where Mr. Wyndham is playing *The Physician*, nor at the St. James, where Mr. Alexander is playing the other, have there been in many months such poor audiences. Wyndham indeed takes off his play for *David Garrick*, with which he can always draw somebody. The principal trouble with the Pinero piece is a double one. First, the story does not appeal to the public, and second, it is not technically well told. An almost silly "happy ending," too, does not make up for the extremely pessimistic tone of all the rest of the play. In fact, the pervading tone and the denouement are at swords'-points. It is impossible for them to "go together"; they alone would destroy the equilibrium of any piece. Here are two couples, a middle-aged man in love with a young girl, and a lady of "uncertain" age in love with a very young man. All through the first four acts of the play we are told, and told, and told that a marriage of the couples will mean unhappiness and misery. We are asked to believe a union between them is impossible. In the last act this union takes place after all, and then the curtain falls, probably to spare us all the misery that must follow. If Mr. Pinero had written a good play on this theme that attracted him, he would have married the couples

in one of the earlier acts and then *proved* his point, either for or against the difference in their ages. Else why write the story? Especially if the loves of the four are not made very interesting. There are a couple of hours of regretful epigram and cynical talk about the age of forty-five, or thereabouts, from the lips of a myriad of characters, led, of course, by the less red, less youthful, lips of the two older leading people, and the principal result when you leave the theater is the sudden thought: "By George, Pinero must be forty-five himself! That's it!" Of course the play is wittily written, but the characters are much less naturally clever than is usual with this dramatist. The conversation is n't colloquial enough. Besides, it is supposed to reflect fashionable society, and drawing-room epigrams are, we believe, no longer the *made* in Mayfair. Mr. Pinero, too, has evidently been seeing some of the French plays lately, where the immoral side of Society, as it seems to exist in Paris and London, is being openly shown on the stage. Only where it is frankly displayed in the French as reflecting their life, Pinero merely hints at it. But as hints appeal more strongly to the imagination than a statement of facts, and as the Pinero hints are as open as a child's, there is absolutely no mistaking them. To our thinking the Englishman's method is the more unmoral of the two.

In Mr. Jerome K. Jerome's *Sketches in Lavender*, a book which has been damned with cheerful unanimity by every English and American critic of any standing, occurs the following sentence: "A good woman's arms round a man's neck is a life-belt thrown out to him from heaven." The domestic sentiment of this particular passage secures it against any adverse American criticism, but that leaves untouched the question whether Mr. Jerome should not have said *are* instead of *is*. The *Daily Chronicle* tried to convince Mr. Jerome of his mistake; but Mr. Jerome could not see it. He replied that he had taught English grammar himself, and ought to know. Would the *Daily Chronicle* critic, he asked with contempt, say that a good woman's arms round a man's neck *are* a life-belt? We fear that no one who was born earlier than 1890 can quite appreciate Mr. Jerome.

The *Library Journal* contributes to the discussion of the exclusion of Bertha Clay and E. P. Roe from the Alleghany Library. The question has been pretty thoroughly canvassed, and every one is fairly familiar with Mr. Stevenson's reasons. The novels in question,—the list of excluded books included the novels of Horatio Alger, Jr.; Mrs. C. M. Brème (Bertha M. Clay), Martha Finley (Elsie books), May Agnes Fleming, C. A. Fosdick (Harry Castlemont), A. C. Gunter, Mary Jane Holmes, E. P. Roe, Mr. E. D. E. (N.) Southworth, Mrs. M. V. (H.) Terhune (Marion Harland) (in part),

and Mrs. Augusta J. Evans Wilson,—were not immoral, but as they were not literature, they were worth the time, neither of librarian nor reader.

The *Library Journal* dodges the question by instancing other books more literary but also more harmful. Its judgment is that the tritest platitudes of Roe, or the most tearful sentimentalities of Mrs. Holmes are preferable to the "imbruted vulgarity" of *Maggie, a Girl of the Streets*, the "perverted hysteria" of *A Surperfuous Woman*, or the "morbid unpleasantness" of *Celibates*.

The approach of E. P. Roe and Mrs. Holmes is most insidious. The serpent disguises himself as a guileless schoolmate who thinks these books "just lovely," and there is no one at hand to add "trash." But if a book is by Mr. George Moore, hundreds of noble and emotional women who are writing criticism for our newspapers cry out "morbid unpleasantness" the morning after its publication. It is not our purpose at present to discuss the moral effect of these various volumes. What has been lost sight of is the fact that as a nation we are warned in a thousand periodicals against bad books which are literature, while nowhere is anything said against the goody-goody books which are not literature. Pray, for what does the New York *Tribune* exist?

LOVE SONG

(*Reizket a bokor, mert.*)

From the Magyar of Petöfi Sándor.

TREMBLES the bush, because
On it the bird hath flown!
Trembles my heart because
Into my mind hath come,
Into my mind hath come
Thought of a maiden dear!
Over the whole wide world
She's the most precious gem!

Full is the Danube stream,
Soon it may overflow.
So in my inmost heart
Swelleth my passion's tide!
Lovest thou me, my rose?
Thee do I love, alone,
More than thy parents do
Thee do I fondly love.

When we together were,
Me thou didst love, I know,
Then 't was warm summertime,
Winter, cold winter 's here now!
If now no more thou lov'st,
Yet may God bless thee, dear:
But if thou lov'st me still,
Bless thee a thousandfold!

NATHAN HASKELL DOLE.

WALT WHITMAN

IT would be an ill turn for an essay-writer to destroy Walt Whitman—for he was discovered by the essayists, and but for them his notoriety would have been postponed for fifty years. He is the mare's nest of "American Literature," and not a contributor to the *Saturday Review* but has at one time or another raised a flag over him, and turned an honest penny into the bargain.

The history of these chronic discoveries of Whitman as a poet, as a force, as a something or a somebody, would write up into the best possible monograph on the incompetency of the Anglo-Saxon in matters of criticism.

English literature is the literature of genius, and the Englishman is the great creator. His work outshines the genius of Greece. His wealth outvalues the combined wealth of all modern Europe. The English mind is the only unconscious mind the world has ever seen. And for this reason the English mind is incapable of criticism.

There has never been an English critic of the first rank, hardly a critic of any rank, and the critical work of England consists either of an academical bandying of a few old canons and shibboleths out of Horace or Aristotle, or else of the merest impressionism, and wordy struggle to convey the sentiment awakened by the thing studied.

Now, true criticism means an attempt to find out what something is, not for the purpose of judging it, or of imitating it, nor for the purpose of illustrating something else, nor for any other ulterior purpose whatever.

The so-called canons of criticism are of about as much service to a student of literature as the Nicene Creed and the Lord's Prayer are to the student of church history. They are a part of his subject, of course, but if he insists upon using them as a tape measure and a divining-rod he will produce a judgment of no possible value to any one, and interesting only as a record of a most complex state of mind.

The educated gentlemen of England have surveyed literature with these time-honored old instruments, and hordes of them long ago rushed to America with their theodolites and their quadrants in their hands. They sized us up and they sized us down, and they never could find greatness in literature among us till Walt Whitman appeared and satisfied the astrologers.

Here was a comet, a man of the people, a new man, who spoke no known language, who was very uncouth and insulting, who proclaimed himself a "barbaric yawp," and who corresponded to the English imagination with the unpleasant and rampant wildness of everything in America—with Mormonism and car factories, steamboat explosions, strikes, repudiation, and whiskey; whose form violated every one of their minor canons as America violated every one of their social ideas.

Then, too, Whitman arose out of the war, as Shakespeare arose out of the destruction of the Armada, as the Greek poets arose out of the repulse of the Persians. It was impossible, it was unprecedented, that a national revulsion should not produce national poetry—and lo! here was Whitman.

It may safely be said that the discovery of Whitman as a poet caused many a hard-thinking Oxford man to sleep quietly at night. America was solved.

The Englishman travels, but he travels after his mind has been burnished by the university, and at an age when the best he can do in the line of thought is to make an intelligent manipulation of the few notions he leaves home with. He departs an educated gentleman, taking with him his portmanteau and his ideas. He returns a traveled gentleman, bringing with him his ideas and his portmanteau. He would as soon think of getting his coats from Kansas as his thoughts from travel. And therefore every impression of America which the traveling Englishman experienced confirmed his theory of Whitman. Even Rudyard Kipling, who does not in any sense fall under the above description, has enough Anglo-Saxon blood in him to see in this country only the fulfillment of the fantastic notions of his childhood.

But imagine an Oxford man who had eyes in his head, and who should come to this country, never having heard of Whitman. He would see an industrious and narrow-minded population, commonplace and monotonous, so uniform that one man can hardly be distinguished from another, law-abiding, timid, and traditional; a community where the individual is suppressed by law, custom, and instinct, and in which, by consequence, there are few or no great men, even counting those men thrust by necessary operation of the laws of trade into commercial prominence, and who claim scientific rather than personal notice.

The culture of this people—its architecture, letters, drama, etc., he would find were, of necessity, drawn from European models, and in its poetry, so far as poetry existed, he would recognize a somewhat feeble imitation of English poetry. The newspaper verses very fairly represent the average talent for poetry and average appreciation of it, and the newspaper verse of the United States is precisely what one would expect from a decorous and unimaginative population—intelligent, conservative, and uninspired.

Above the newspaper versifiers float the minor poets, and above these soar the greater poets, and the characteristics of the whole hierarchy are the same as those of the humblest acolyte—intelligence, conservatism, conventional morality.

Above the atmosphere they live in, above the heads of all the American poets, and between them and the sky, float the Constitution of the United States and the traditions and forms of English literature.

This whole culture is secondary and tertiary, and it truly represents the respectable mediocrity from which it emanates. Whittier and Longfellow have been much read in their day,—read by mill-hands, and clerks and school teachers, by lawyers and doctors and divines, by the reading classes of the republic, whose ideals they truly spoke for, whose yearnings and spiritual life they truly expressed.

Now, the Oxford traveler would not have found Whitman at all. He would never have met a man who had heard of him, nor seen a man like him.

The traveler, as he opened his *Saturday Review* upon his return to London, and read the current essay on Whitman, would have been faced by a problem fit to puzzle Montesquieu, a problem to floor Goethe.

And yet Whitman is representative. He is a real product, he has a real and most interesting place in the history of literature, and he speaks for a class and type of human nature whose interest is more than local, whose prevalence is admitted,—a type which is one of the products of the civilization of the century, perhaps of all centuries, and which has a positively planetary significance.

There are, in every country, individuals who, after a sincere attempt to take a place in organized society, revolt from the drudgery of it, content themselves with the simplest satisfactions of the grossest need of nature, so far as subsistence is concerned, and rediscover the infinite pleasures of life in the open air.

If the roadside, the sky, the distant town, the soft buffeting of the winds of heaven, are a joy to the æsthetic part of human nature, the freedom from all responsibility and accountability is Nirvana to his moral nature. A man who has once tasted these two joys together, the joy of being in the open air and the joy of being disreputable and unashamed, has touched an experience which the most close-knit and determined nature might well dread. Life has no terrors for such a man. Society has no hold on him. The trifling inconveniences of the mode of life are as nothing compared with its satisfactions. The worm that never dies is dead in him. The great mystery of consciousness and of effort is quietly dissolved into the vacant happiness of sensation,—not base sensation, but the sensation of the dawn and the sunset, of the mart and the theater, and the stars, the panorama of the universe.

To the moral man, to the philosopher or the business man, to any one who is a cog in the wheel of some republic, all these things exist for the sake of something else. He must explain or make use of them, or define his relation to them. He spends the whole agony of his existence in an endeavor to docket them and deal with them. Hampered as he is by all that has been said and done before, he yet feels himself driven on to summarize, and wreak himself upon the impossible task of grasping this cos-

mos with his mind, of holding it in his hand, of subordinating it to his purpose.

The tramp is freed from all this. By an act as simple as death, he has put off effort and lives in peace.

It is no wonder that every country in Europe shows myriads of these men as it shows myriads of suicides annually. It is no wonder, though the sociologists have been late in noting it, that specimens of the type are strikingly identical in feature in every country of the globe.

The habits, the physique, the tone of mind, even the sign-language and some of the catch-words, of tramps are the same everywhere. The men are not natively outcasts. They have always tried civilized life. Their early training, at least their early attitude of mind towards life, has generally been respectable. That they should be criminally inclined goes without saying, because their minds have been freed from the sanctions which enforce law. But their general innocence is, under the circumstances, very remarkable, and distinguishes them from the criminal classes.

When we see one of these men sitting on a gate, or sauntering down a city street, how often have we wished and wondered how life appeared to him; what solace and what problems it presented. How often have we longed to know the history of such a soul, told, not by the police-blotter, but by the poet or novelist in the heart of the man.

Walt Whitman has given utterance to the soul of the tramp. A man of genius has passed sincerely and normally through this entire experience, himself unconscious of what he was, and has left a record of it to enlighten and bewilder the literary world.

In Whitman's works the elemental parts of a man's mind and the fragment of imperfect education may be seen merging together, floating and sinking in a sea of insensate egotism and rhapsody, repellent, divine, disgusting, extraordinary.

Our inability to place the man intellectually, and find a type and reason for his intellectual state, comes from this: that the revolt he represents is not an intellectual revolt. Ideas are not at the bottom of it. It is a revolt from drudgery. It is the revolt of laziness.

There is no intellectual coherence in his talk, but merely pathological coherence. Can the insulting jumble of ignorance and effrontery, of scientific phrase and French paraphrase, of slang and inspired adjective, which he puts forward with the pretense that it represents thought, be regarded, from any possible point of view, as a philosophy, or a system, or a belief? Is it individualism of any statable kind? Do the thoughts and phrases which float about in it have a meaning which bears any relation to the meaning they bear in the language of thinkers? Certainly not. Does all the patriotic talk, the talk about the United States and its future, have any significance as patriotism? Does it poetically

represent the state of feeling of any class of American citizens towards their country? Or would you find the nearest equivalent to this emotion in the breast of the educated tramp of France, or Germany, or England? The speech of Whitman is English, and his metaphors and catch-words are apparently American, but the emotional content is cosmic. He put off patriotism when he took to the road.

The attraction exercised by his writings is due to their flashes of reality. Of course the man was a poseur, a most horrid mountebank and ego-maniac. His tawdry scraps of invented idea, of literary smartness, of dog-cared and greasy reminiscence, repel us. The world of men remained for him as his audience, and he did to civilized society the continuous compliment of an insane self-consciousness in its presence.

Perhaps this egotism and posturing is the revenge of a stilled conscience, and we ought to read in it the inversion of the social instincts. Perhaps all tramps are poseurs. But there is this to be said for Whitman, that whether or not his posing was an accident of a personal nature, or an organic result of his life, he was himself an authentic creature. He did not sit in a study and throw off his saga of balderdash, but he lived a life, and it is by his authenticity, and not by his poses, that he has survived.

The descriptions of nature, the visual observation of life, are first-hand and wonderful. It was no false light that led the Oxonians to call some of his phrases Homeric. The pundits were right in their curiosity over him; they went astray only in their attempt at classification.

It is a pity that truth and beauty turn to cant on the second delivery, for it makes poetry, as a profession, impossible. The lyric poets have always spent most of their time in trying to write lyric poetry, and the very attempt disqualifies them.

A poet who discovers his mission is already half done for, and even Wordsworth, great genius though he was, succeeded in drowning his talents in his parochial theories and his own self-consciousness and self-conceit.

Walt Whitman thought he had a mission. He was a professional poet. He had purposes and theories about poetry which he started out to enforce and illustrate. He is as didactic as Wordsworth, and is thinking of himself the whole time. He belonged, moreover, to that class of professionals who are always particularly self-centered, autocratic, vain, and florid—the class of quacks. There are, throughout society, men, and they are generally men of unusual natural powers, who, after gaining a little unassimilated education, launch out for themselves and set up as authorities on their own account. They are, perhaps, the successors of the old astrologers, in that what they seek to establish is some personal professorship or predominance. The old occultism and mystery was resorted to as the most

obvious device for increasing the personal importance, of the magician; and the chief difference to-day between a regular physician and a quack is, that the quack pretends to know it all.

Brigham Young was a man of phenomenal capacity, who actually invented a religion and created a community by the apparent establishment of his own supernatural and occult powers. The phrenologists, the venders of patent medicine, the Christian Scientists, the single-taxers, and all who proclaim panaceas and nostrums make the same majestic and pontifical appeal to human nature. It is this mystical power, this religious element, which floats them, sells the drugs, cures the sick, and packs the meetings.

By temperament and education Walt Whitman was fitted to be a prophet of this kind. He became a quack poet, and hampered his talents by the imposition of a monstrous parade of rattletrap theories and professions. If he had not been endowed with a perfectly marvelous capacity, a wealth of nature beyond the reach and plumb of his rodomontade, he would have been ruined from the start. As it is, he has filled his work with grimace and vulgarity. He writes a few lines of epic directness and cyclopean vigor and naturalness, and then obtrudes himself and his mission.

He has the bad taste bred in the bone of all missionaries and palmists, the sign-manual of a true quack. This bad taste is nothing more than the offensive intrusion of himself and his mission into the matter in hand. As for his real merits and his true mission, too much can hardly be said in his favor. The field of his experience was narrow, and not in the least intellectual. It was narrow because of his isolation from human life. A poet like Browning, or Heine, or Alfred de Musset deals constantly with the problems and struggles that arise in civilized life out of the close relationships, the ties, the duties and desires of the human heart. He explains life on its social side. He gives us some more or less coherent view of an infinitely complicated matter. He is a guide-book or a note-book, a highly trained and intelligent companion.

Walt Whitman has no interest in any of these things. He was fortunately so very ignorant and untrained that his mind was utterly incoherent and unintellectual. His mind seems to be submerged and to have become almost a part of his body. The utter lack of concentration which resulted from living his whole life in the open air has left him spontaneous and unaccountable. And the great value of his work is, that it represents the spontaneous and unaccountable functioning of the mind and body in health.

It is doubtful whether a man ever enjoyed life more intensely than Walt Whitman, or expressed the physical joy of mere living more completely. He is robust, all tingling with health and the sensations of health. All that is best in his poetry is the expression of bodily well-being.

A man who leaves his office and gets into a canoe on a Canadian river, sure of ten days' release from the cares of business and housekeeping, has a thrill of joy such as Walt Whitman has here and there thrown into his poetry. One might say that to have done this is the greatest accomplishment in literature. Walt Whitman, in some of his lines, breaks the frame of poetry and gives us life in the throb.

It is the throb of the whole physical system of a man who breathes the open air and feels the sky over him. "When lilacs last in the dooryard bloomed" is one of the great lyrics of all literature. Here is a whole poem without a trace of self-consciousness. It is a little more than a description of nature. The allusions to Lincoln and to the funeral are but a word or two of the merest suggestions of the tragedy. But grief, overwhelming grief, is in every line of it, the grief which has been transmuted into this sensitiveness to the landscape, to the song of the thrush, to the lilac's bloom, and the sunset.

Here is truth to life of the kind to be found in *King Lear* or *Guy Mannering*, in Æschylus or Burns.

Walt Whitman himself could not have told you why the poem was good. Had he had any intimation of the true reason, he would have spoiled the poem. The recurrence and antiphony of the thrush, the lilac, the thought of death, the beauty of nature, are in a balance and dream of natural symmetry such as no cunning could come at, no conscious art could do other than spoil.

It is ungrateful to note Whitman's limitations, his lack of human passion, the falseness of many of his notions about the American people. The man knew the world merely as an observer, he was never a living part of it, and no mere observer can understand the life about him. Even his work during the war was mainly the work of an observer, and his poems and notes upon the period are picturesque. As to his talk about comrades and Manhattanese car-drivers, and brass-founders displaying their brawny arms round each other's brawny necks, all this gush and sentiment in Whitman's poetry is false to life. It has a lyrical value, as representing Whitman's personal feelings, but no one else in the country was ever found who felt or acted like this.

In fact, in all that concerns the human relations Walt Whitman is as unreal as, let us say, William Morris, and the American mechanic would probably prefer Sigurd the Volsung, and understand it better than Whitman's poetry.

This falseness to the sentiment of the American is interwoven with such wonderful descriptions of American sights and scenery, of ferryboats, thoroughfares, cataracts, and machine-shops, that it is not strange the foreigners should have accepted the gospel.

On the whole, Whitman, though he solves none of the problems of life and throws no light on

American civilization, is a delightful appearance, and a strange creature to come out of one beehive. This man committed every unpardonable sin against our conventionals, and his whole life was an outrage. He was neither chaste, nor industrious, nor religious. He patiently lived upon cold pie and tramped the earth in triumph.

He did really live the life he liked to live, in defiance of all men, and this is a great desert, a most stirring merit. And he gave, in his writings, a true picture of himself and of that life,—a picture which the world had never seen before, and which it is probable the world will not soon cease to wonder at.

JOHN JAY CHAPMAN.

THE CAPTIVE'S DREAM*

FROM birth we have his captives been:

For freedom, vain to strive!

This is our chamber: windows five

Look forth on his demesne;

And each to its own several hue

Translates the outward scene.

We cannot once the landscape view

Save with the painted panes between.

Ah, if there be indeed

Beyond one darksome door a secret stair,

That, winding to the battlements, shall lead

Hence to pure light, free air!

This is the master hope, or the supreme despair.

WILLIAM WATSON.

DICK

THE small room had one window in it which opened toward the morning sun.

There was a dwarf pear tree close to the window, so close that, when the wind blew ever so little, the branches scraped against the panes.

The sash was up now, there was no wind, and a robin sat on her nest in a fork of the branches; she sat serenely and blinked her eyes sleepily. This was her second sitting for the season, and perhaps she was weary of it.

A woman lay on the bed that stood against the wall. She had been staring intently at the bird, and at the twinkling, glossy leaves of the pear tree. Presently she reached forth her hand, and took up a stick that was on the stand at her bed head. Then she leaned farther from her couch and rapped smartly on a door.

Instantly the sound of murmuring talk ceased; a light, quick footstep came across the floor of the next room; the door was opened and a girl came in. She was flushed and her eyes sparkled; but the flush and the sparkle died out as she walked forward.

"Did you knock, Aunt Jane?"

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"Yes, of course, I knocked. I might lay here, 'n' die; 'n' you never 'd come a-near me if I did n't pound. It 's a mighty lucky thing for me that I 've got strength left to pound."

The woman kept the cane in her hand, grasped so tightly that her knuckles were prominent white knobs.

"Did you want anything?" asked the girl.

"Want anything? Yes, I want a lot of things. That 's a foolish question to ask. But I do believe you grow foolisher every day."

The girl stood silent. She had an air of listening, not to her aunt, but for something she might hear in the kitchen.

"What in time makes ye so dumb, Jennie Lambert?" This question was put so sharply that the girl almost jumped.

"I did n't know I was dumb, Aunt Jane."

"O, you ain't dumb when you 're out there with that feller. I heard you cacklin' 's if you never 'd stop. And me layin' here till I 'm put in my grave. Who was that feller, Jennie Lambert? I 've been strainin' every nerve to make out his voice, but he mumbles so it might 's well be a bumblebee. I hate men with bass voices 'way down in their boots. Who was it?"

The color flew up into the girl's face again.

"It was Dick Sheldon," in a low tone.

"O, I thought 't was him, or else 't was John Parker. If you had the wit of a hen with her head cut off you 'd have John Parker here insid of Dick Sheldon. I s'pose when he was mumbling that way he was makin' love, wa' n't he?"

No answer.

"Wa' n't he?"

"Yes, ma'am," with quivering lips.

Aunt Jane threw her head back on her pillow and laughed. Jennie trembled as she heard the laugh. Then she straightened herself and waited for what her aunt might say next. What she did say was this:

"I know what Dick Sheldon 's after."

No response from the girl. A man's step was now heard walking across the kitchen floor; the step paused, and a gay whistle of a bar of "Roy's Wife" penetrated shrilly into the bedroom. The robin in the pear tree opened her eyes wider and ruffled a feather; then settled down again.

"I tell you, I know what Dick Sheldon 's after."

"What?"

The question burst from the girl as if she had tried ineffectually to keep it back.

"I should think you 'd want to find out; if you had n't been a fool you 'd known yourself. Money. Money. That 's what."

"O, Aunt Jane!" in a soft little cry.

"Pooh!"

Jennie sat down in the chair that always stood near the bed. At first it seemed as if she would cover her face with her hands, but she held them resolutely in her lap.

"Pooh!" repeated Aunt Jane in a yet harder voice. "Better not put your head into a noose with any man, I say. Better break your heart because you can't have him than break it because you 've got him. But then, what 's the use talkin'? There ain't a grain of use."

She shut her mouth hard and turned her head away.

Jennie sat quietly. She glanced toward the door. Dick Sheldon was now whistling the strain—

"How happy I had she been mine,
Or I been Roy of Aldivaloch."

The girl's hands clasped each other; her eyes dropped.

"Five thousand dollars in the bank."

Aunt Jane suddenly pronounced these words with her face still averted. Then she quickly raised the cane, which she still grasped. She flourished it in the air. She looked at the girl as she said:

"But you sha'n't have it unless you can keep me alive till next summer. If you 'll keep me alive till next summer, I do n't care who you marry; and I 'll leave you my bank-books."

The speaker was gazing intently at her niece, who sprang forward, exclaiming:

"O Aunt Jane! How can you talk so? Do n't I do everything for you? I do n't see how I can take care of you any better than I do."

"But 't ain't in human nature for you to help wishing I was dead 'n' buried. No, 't ain't in human nature. And then you'd have my bank-books."

"O, please do n't! Do n't!" There was something in the girl's voice that made the gaunt face on the pillow soften somewhat.

"I declare," said Aunt Jane, after a moment, "if you did n't speak jest exactly like your mother! If I 'd had my eyes shet I should have thought 't was sister Lucy. Sister Lucy—she married for love, 'n' her husband did everything but beat her; 'n' he waited most six months after she died 'fore he married his second wife. She was a Hewitt over in North Allington, 'n' she 's made him stan' round, I tell ye. Glad of it; he can't stan' round 'nough to please me."

The speaker chuckled. She still gazed at the drooping face near her.

"I ain't sayin' that you do n't take good care of me, Jennie," she went on; "but there 's nothin' like what folks call an incentive. You make me live till next summer, 'n' I 'll leave you my bank-books, 'n' you may marry Dick Sheldon if you want to—'n' if he wants you."

Another chuckle ended in a sigh.

"Now go, 'long; but I must say I should be glad if you 'n' that feller 'd stay out of ear-shot. It makes me sick to hear that mumbling, and to imagine what he 's sayin'. Do go 'long."

The girl had risen. She stood hesitating.

"Can't I do something to make you more comfortable, aunt Jane?"

The soft voice was not quite steady.

"No, you can't. Yes, you may pull up that curtain about three inches; the hem is jest in a way so 't I can't see that robin's head—I want to see the whole of her. It's the same pair that had a nest here last year. She'll come next summer, I do believe. I must live to see her next summer. Why don't you go, Jennie? Be sure you keep out of ear-shot."

Jennie walked to the door. She paused again and gazed at the woman on the bed. Aunt Jane's eyes were fixed on the window; there was nothing in her appearance to show that she knew her niece was still in the room.

Suddenly Jennie began to sob.

The woman turned fiercely.

"What's the matter now? Can't you leave me 'n' my robin?"

"No, I can't, till I've said I should try to keep you alive just the same if you didn't have any bank-books!"

Having said this in a thick voice, Jennie flung out of the room, forgetting for the instant who was waiting for her.

Somebody turned quickly from the open outer door and caught her about the waist. A tall man with a slight stoop in his shoulders, and a narrow, smooth face lighted by twinkling blue eyes, cried boisterously, "Come, now, I can't stand havin' you plagued, Jennie. What's the old woman been doin' to you this time?"

Jennie held up her finger in a frightened way.

"Hush! O, do hush, Dick!"

At the same moment the wall of the bedroom was struck.

"Jennie, Jennie Lambert, I say!"

But Jennie was now crying in such a way that she could n't respond to the summons. Dick put her down in a chair, and then marched boldly to the door. He closed it behind him. He met the savage glance from the bed with eyes that glimmered with fun. It was a joke to him that he should take Jennie's place. And what was the use of being afraid of that creature on the bed?

The widow Crocker raised herself on her elbow.

"I did n't call you," she said.

"No, ma'am; I know it."

The young man advanced and sat down in the one chair.

"I called Jennie, and I want her."

Dick had his hands in the pockets of his seer-sucker sack.

"She's cryin' so she can't come in. Do you want me to lift you up or git you some tea, or anythin'?"

"Tea! I don't drink tea."

"All right. I'll set here 'n' keep you company, then. I ain't got a thing to do this afternoon. As for Jennie, she's about played out waitin' on you, 'n' you bein' so thunderin' inconsiderate."

Mrs. Crocker gasped and clutched her stick.

The blue eyes with the cheerful wrinkles at the corners calmly gazed at the sunken, glaring eyes fixed upon them. Dick began to pucker his lips to whistle "Roy's Wife," but he did not whistle. A faint sound as of a woman sobbing was heard by the two.

"Who's that?" from the bed.

"I guess you know who 't is. It 's Jennie cryin'. She 's wore out. You might be half decent to her."

Mrs. Crocker gasped again.

"Decent! Here I be, bedridden, 'n' can't never walk agin—'n'—"

"Wall," placidly interrupting, "I do n't see 's that 's any reason for tormentin' the life out of that girl."

Silence for a moment. In the pear tree the robin thrust her bill into the nest, and apparently turned an egg over, then gently pressed herself down again.

"I jest heard you call me an old woman out there."

"You be, ain't you?"

The widow made an inarticulate sound, and flung out her stick toward the wall.

"I want Jennie," she said, "and I'll have her too."

Dick drew away the stick; he put it down on the floor.

A spasm of fury and helplessness crossed the woman's worn face. The young man saw the look. He leaned forward and took the shaking, bony hand in his.

"Come, now," he said in a half whisper.

"You let Jennie be a minute. She can't endure everything; she's tended you for more more 'n a year, 'n' you do bear down on her. I know you 're helpless, 'n' have a tough time, but well folks have some rights."

Dick continued to hold the hands he had taken. The sharp face before him relaxed a little. Mrs. Crocker's hands gradually clung about the young man's fingers.

Soon Dick leaned still nearer.

"I'm real strong," he said, "I c'n carry you out in the kitchen 'n' put you on the lounge. Shall I?"

She did not speak or give any assent, but he rose, and, stooping over the bed, carefully lifted the wasted body.

"Jennie!" he called at the closed door, which flew open, revealing a girl with a red, wet face.

"Mercy!" she cried, "you'll hurt her, Dick."

"I sha'n't hurt her a bit. You jest bring them pillers out, Jen, 'n' we'll have her as cozy 's a bug in a rug. There," a moment later, "what d' I tell ye? The bed'll feel better when you go back to it, won't it, Aunt Jane?"

Mrs. Crocker closed her eyes. After a short space she opened them and said:

"I ain't your Aunt Jane, Dick Sheldon."

"I know you ain't; but you 're goin' to be."

There was no reply to this remark. Mrs. Crocker lay there and watched Jennie as she worked about the kitchen.

Dick sat by the lounge, and he also watched Jennie. He sat on the edge of his chair, with his long legs stretched out in front of him. Occasionally he looked down at his feet. Sometimes he smiled in a curious way. The old house seemed very peaceful.

At last the woman said it was time she went back to see her robin, and she told Jennie that she felt kinder like eatin' some thickened brown bread toast for her supper.

Dick put her on the bed, and the robin watched every movement. When Dick turned to go out his sleeve was caught and held. He looked smilingly down at the face on the pillow.

"Yes," she whispered, "I 'm goin' to be your aunt."

The young man's eyes flashed, but he only said cheerily, "All right. The sooner, the better."

She kept on gazing at him, "sharp as gimlets," as he afterward said.

"I shall give some of my bank-books to my nephew, Thomas Dewey."

"All right," again; "give 'em all to him if you want to."

"Dick," with authority, "you tell Jennie that I say she 'd better marry you right away. There ain't no sense in waitin'."

"There 's where you 're right, Aunt Jane. I'll go 'n' tell her now."

MARIA LOUISE POOL.

WHAT MAISIE KNEW

BY HENRY JAMES

XXVIII

MRS. BEALE, at table between the pair, plainly attracted the attention Mrs. Wix had foretold. No other lady present was nearly so handsome, nor did the beauty of any other accommodate itself with such art to the homage it produced. She talked mainly to her other neighbour, and that left Maisie leisure both to note the manner in which eyes were riveted and nudges interchanged, and to lose herself in the meanings that, dimly, as yet, and disconnectedly, but with a vividness that fed apprehension, she could begin to read into her step-mother's independent move. Mrs. Wix had helped her by talking of a game; it was a connection in which the move could put on a strategic air. Her notions of diplomacy were thin, but it was a kind of cold diplomatic shoulder and an elbow of more than usual point that, temporarily, at least, were presented to her by the averted inclination of Mrs. Beale's head. There was a phrase familiar to Maisie, so often was it used by this lady to express the idea of one's getting what one wanted: one got it, Mrs. Beale always said—*she*, at all events, always got it or proposed to get it—by "making love." She was at present making love, singular as it appeared, to Mrs. Wix, and her young friend's mind had, as yet, never moved in such freedom as on finding itself face to face with the question of what she now wanted to get. This period of the *omelette aux rognons* and the *poulet sauté*, while her sole surviving parent fairly chattered to her governess, left Maisie rather wondering if her governess would hold out. It was strange, but she became, on the spot, quite as interested in Mrs. Wix's moral sense as Mrs. Wix could possibly be in hers: it had risen before her so pressingly that there was something new for Mrs. Wix to resist. Resisting Mrs. Beale herself promised at this rate to become a very different business from resisting Sir Claude's view of her. More might come of what had happened—whatever it was—than Maisie felt she could have expected. She put it together with a suspicion that, had she ever in her life had a sovereign changed, would have resembled an impression, baffled by the want of arithmetic, that her change was wrong—she groped about in it that she had perhaps become the victim of a violent substitution. A victim was what she should surely be if the issue between her step-parents had been settled by Mrs. Beale's saying: "Well, if she can live with but one of us alone, with which in the world should it be but me?" That answer was far from what, for days, she had nursed herself in, and the desolation of it was deepened by the absence of anything, from Sir Claude, to show he had not had to take it as tri-

AT SET OF SUN

A T set of sun,
The silly flowers and birds,
The herdsmen and the herds
Think day is done.
When Night o'ersteps the sill,
She finds them deathly still,
Null, everyone.

A wiser few
Must have a moon or star
To put the soul ajar,
And set it true:
Moonflower, and whip-poor-will,
The panther at the rill,
And I—And you?

RUPERT HUGHES.



umphant. Had not Mrs. Beale, upstairs, as good as given out that she had quitted him with the snap of a tension, left him, in London, after some struggle as a sequel to which her own advent represented that she had practically sacrificed him? Maisie assisted, in fancy, at the episode in the Regent's Park, finding elements almost of terror in the suggestion that Sir Claude had not had fair play. They drew something as she sat there, even from the pride of an association with such beauty as Mrs. Beale's; and the child quite forgot that, though the sacrifice of Mrs. Beale herself was a solution she had not invented, she would probably have seen Sir Claude embark upon it without a direct remonstrance.

What her step-mother had clearly now promised herself to wring from Mrs. Wix was an assent to the great modification, the change, as smart as a juggler's trick, in the interest of which nothing so much mattered as the new convenience of Mrs. Beale. Maisie could positively seize the moral that her elbow seemed to point in ribs thinly defended—the moral of its not mattering a straw which of the step-parents was the guardian. The essence of the question was that a girl was n't a boy: if Maisie had been a trousered thing, Sir Claude would have been welcome. As the case stood he had simply dropped out, and Mrs. Wix would henceforth find herself in the employ of the right person. These arguments had really fallen, for our young lady, into their place at the very touch of that tone in which she had heard her new title declared. She was still, as a result of so many parents, a daughter to somebody, even after papa and mamma were to all intents dead. If her father's wife and her mother's husband, by the operation of a natural, or, for all she knew, a legal rule, were in the shoes of their defunct partners, then Mrs. Beale's was exactly as defunct as Sir Claude's, and her shoes the very pair to which, in "Farange vs. Farange & Others," the divorce-court had given priority. The subject of that celebrated settlement saw the rest of her day really filled out with the pomp of all that Mrs. Beale assumed. The assumption rounded itself there between her entertainers, flourished in a way that left them, in their bottomless element, scarce a free pair of eyes to exchange signals. It struck Maisie even a little that there was a rope or two Mrs. Wix might have thrown out if she would, or a rocket or two she might have sent up. They had, at any rate, never been so long together without communion or telegraphy, and their companion kept them apart by simply keeping them with her. From this situation they saw the grandeur of their intenser relation to her pass and pass like an endless procession. It was a day of lively movement and of talk, on Mrs. Beale's part, so brilliant and overflowing as to represent music and banners. She took them out with her, promptly, to walk and to drive, and even, towards night, sketched a plan for carrying them to the *Établissement*, where, for only a franc

apiece, they should listen to a concert of celebrities. It reminded Maisie, the plan, of the side-shows at Earl's Court, and the franc sounded brighter than the shillings which had at that time failed; yet this too, like the other, was a frustrated hope; the francs failed like the shillings and the side-shows had set an example to the concert. The *Établissement*, in short, melted away, and it was little wonder that a lady who from the moment of her arrival had been so gallantly in the breach should confess herself at last done up. Maisie could appreciate her fatigue; the day had not passed without such an observer's discovering that she was excited and even mentally comparing her state to that of the breakers after a gale. It had blown hard in London, and she would take time to subside. It was of the condition known to the child by report as that of talking against time that her decision, her spirit, her humour, which had never dropped, now gave the impression.

She too was delighted with foreign manners; but her daughter's opportunities of explaining them to her were unexpectedly forestalled by her tone of large acquaintance with them. One of the things that nipped in the bud all response to her volubility was Maisie's surprised retreat before the fact that Continental life was what she had been almost brought up on. It was Mrs. Beale, disconcertingly, who began to explain it to her friends; it was she who, wherever they turned, was the interpreter, the historian and the guide. She was full of reference to her early travels—at the age of eighteen: she had at that period made, with a distinguished Dutch family, a stay on the Lake of Geneva. Maisie, in the old days, had been regaled with anecdotes of these adventures, but they had become phantasmal, and the heroine's quite showy exemption from bewilderment at Boulogne, her acuteness on some of the very subjects on which Maisie had been acute to Mrs. Wix, were a high note of the majesty, of the advantage with which she had arrived. It was all a part of the wind in her sails and of the weight with which her daughter was now to feel her hand. The effect of it on Maisie was to add already the burden of time to her separation from Sir Claude. It might have lasted for days; it was as if, with their main agitation transferred thus to France, and with neither mamma, now, nor Mrs. Beale, nor Mrs. Wix, nor herself at his side, he must be fearfully alone in England. Hour after hour she felt as if she were waiting; yet she could n't have said exactly for what. There were moments when Mrs. Beale's flow of talk might have bubbled on the very edge of it; at others this talk was a mere rattle to smother a knock. At no part of the crisis had the rattle so public a purpose as when, instead of letting Maisie go with Mrs. Wix to prepare for dinner, she pushed her—with a push at last incontestably maternal—straight into the room inherited from Sir Claude. She titivated her little charge with her own brisk

hands; then she brought out: "I'm going to divorce your father."

This was so different from anything Maisie had expected that it took some time to reach her mind. She was aware meanwhile that she must look rather wan. "To marry Sir Claude?"

Mrs. Beale rewarded her with a kiss. "It's sweet to hear you put it so."

This was a tribute, but it left Maisie balancing for an objection. "How *can* you when he's married?"

"He is n't—practically. He's free."

"Free to marry?"

"Free, first, to divorce his own fiend."

The benefit that, these last days, she had felt she owed a certain person left Maisie for the moment so ill-prepared for recognizing this label that she hesitated long enough to risk: "Mamma?"

"She is n't your mamma any longer," Mrs. Beale replied. "Sir Claude has paid her money to cease to be." Then, as if remembering how little, to the child, a pecuniary transaction must represent: "She lets him off supporting her if he'll let her off supporting *you*."

Mrs. Beale appeared, however, to have done injustice to her daughter's financial grasp. "And support me himself?" Maisie asked.

"Take the whole burden and never let her hear of you again. It's a regular signed contract."

"Why, that's lovely of her!" Maisie cried.

"It's not so lovely, my dear, but that he'll get his divorce."

Maisie was briefly silent; after which: "No—he won't get it," she said. Then she added still more boldly: "And you won't get yours."

Mrs. Beale, who was at the dressing-glass, turned round with amusement and surprise. "How do you know that?"

"Oh, I know!" cried Maisie.

"From Mrs. Wix?"

Maisie hesitated; then, after an instant, was determined by Mrs. Beale's absence of anger, which struck her, for she had felt that she must take her courage in her hands. "From Mrs. Wix," she admitted.

Mrs. Beale, at the glass again, made play with a powder-puff. "My own sweet, she's mistaken!" was all she said.

There was a certain force in the very amenity of this, but our young lady reflected long enough to remember that it was not the answer Sir Claude himself had made. This recollection, nevertheless, failed to prevent her saying: "Do you mean, then, that he won't come till he has got it?"

Mrs. Beale gave a last touch; she was ready; she stood there in all her elegance. "I mean, my dear, that it's because he has n't got it that I left him."

This opened out a view that stretched further than Maisie could reach. She turned away from it,

but she spoke before they went out again. "Do you like Mrs. Wix now?"

"Why, my chick, I was just going to ask you if you think she has come at all to like poor *me*!"

Maisie thought, at this hint; but unsuccessfully. "I have n't the least idea. But I'll find out."

"Do!" said Mrs. Beale, rustling out with her and as if it would be a particular favour.

The child tried promptly at bedtime, relieved now of the fear that their visitor would wish to separate her for the night from her attendant. "Have you held out?"—she began as soon as the door at the end of the passage was again closed on them.

Mrs. Wix looked hard at the flame of the candle. "Held out—?"

"Why, she has been making love to you. Has she won you over?"

Mrs. Wix transferred the straighteners to her pupil's face. "Over to what?"

"To her keeping me instead."

"Instead of Sir Claude?" Mrs. Wix was distinctly gaining time.

"Yes; who else?—since it's not instead of *you*."

Mrs. Wix coloured at this lucidity. "Yes—that *is* what she means."

"Well, do you like it?" Maisie asked.

She actually had to wait, for, oh, her friend was embarrassed! "My opposition to the connection—theirs—would then, naturally, to some extent fall. She has treated me to-day with peculiar consideration; not that I don't know very well where she got the pattern of it! But of course," Mrs. Wix hastened to add, "I should n't like her as *the* one nearly so well as him."

"Nearly as well!" Maisie echoed. "I should hope indeed not." She spoke with a firmness at which she was the first to be amazed. "I thought you 'adored' him."

"I do," Mrs. Wix sturdily allowed.

"Then have you suddenly begun to adore her too?"

Mrs. Wix, instead of directly answering, only blinked in support of her sturdiness. "My dear, in what a tone you ask that! You're coming out."

"Why should n't I? You've come out. Mrs. Beale has come out. We each have our turn!" And Maisie threw off the most extraordinary little laugh that had ever passed her young lips.

There passed Mrs. Wix's indeed the next moment a sound that more than matched it. "You're most remarkable!" she neighed.

Her pupil faltered a few seconds. "I think you've done a great deal to make me so."

"Very true—I have." She dropped to humility, as if she recalled her so recent self-arraignment.

"Would you accept her then? That's what I ask," said Maisie.

"As a substitute?" Mrs. Wix turned it over; she met again the child's eyes. "She has literally almost fawned upon me."

"She has n't fawned upon *him*. She has n't even been kind to him."

Mrs. Wix looked as if she had now an advantage.

"Then do you propose to 'kill' her?"

"You don't answer my question," Maisie persisted. "I want to know if you accept her."

Mrs. Wix continued to dodge. "I want to know if *you* do!"

Everything in the child's person, at this, announced that it was easy to know. "Not for a moment."

"Not the two now?" Mrs. Wix had caught on—she flushed with it. "Only him alone?"

"Him alone or nobody?"

"Not even *me*?" cried Mrs. Wix.

Maisie looked at her a moment, then began to undress. "Oh, *you're* nobody!"

XXIX

Maisie slept long and late; she instantly recognized lateness in the way her eyes opened to Mrs. Wix, erect, completely dressed, more dressed than ever, and gazing at her from the center of the room. The next thing she was sitting straight up, wide awake with the fear of the hours of "abroad" that she might have lost. Mrs. Wix looked as if the day already made itself felt, and the process of catching up with it began for Maisie with hearing her distinctly say: "My poor dear, he has come!"

"Sir Claude?" Maisie, clearing the little bed-rug with the width of her spring, felt the polished floor under her bare feet.

"He crossed in the night; he got in early." Mrs. Wix's head jerked stiffly backward. "He's there?"

"And you've seen him?"

"No. He's there—he's there!" Mrs. Wix repeated. Her voice came out with a queer extinction that was not a voluntary drop, and she trembled so that it added to their common emotion. Visibly pale, they gazed at each other.

"Is n't it too *beautiful*?" Maisie panted back at her; an appeal to which, however, she was not ready with a response. The term Maisie had used was a flash of diplomacy—to prevent, at any rate, Mrs. Wix's using another. To that degree it was successful; there was only an appeal, strange and mute, in the white old face, which produced the effect of a want of decision greater than could, by any stretch of optimism, have been associated with her attitude toward what had happened. For Maisie herself, indeed, what had happened was, oddly, as she could feel, less of a simple rapture than any arrival or return of the same supreme friend had ever been before. What had become overnight, what had become while she slept, of the comfortable faculty of gladness? She tried to wake it up a little wider by talking, by rejoicing, by plunging into water and into clothes, and she made out that it was

ten o'clock, but also that Mrs. Wix had not yet breakfasted. The day before, at nine, they had had together a *café complet* in their sitting-room. Mrs. Wix, on her side, had evidently also a refuge to seek. She sought it in checking the precipitation of some of her pupil's present steps, in recalling to her, with an approach to sternness, that of all such preparations ablutions should be the most thorough, and in throwing even a certain reprobation on the idea of hurrying into clothes for the sake of a mere step-father. She took her, in fact, with a sort of silent insistence, in hand; she reduced the process to sequences more definite than any it had known since the days of Moddle. Whatever it might be that was now, with a difference, attached to Sir Claude's presence was still, after all, compatible for our young lady, with the instinct of dressing, to see him, with almost untidy haste. Mrs. Wix, meanwhile, luckily was not wholly directed to repression. "He's there—he's there!" she had said over several times. It was her answer to every invitation to mention how long she had been up and her motive for respecting so rigidly the slumber of her companion. It formed for some minutes her only account of the whereabouts of the others and her reason for not having yet seen them, as well as of the possibility of their presently being found in the *salon*.

"He's there—he's there!" she declared once more, as she made, on the child, with an almost invincible tug, a strained undergarment "meet."

"Do you mean he's in the *salon*?" Maisie asked again.

"He's *with* her," Mrs. Wix desolately said.

"He's *with* her," she reiterated.

"Do you mean in her own room?" Maisie continued.

She waited an instant. "God knows!"

Maisie wondered a little why, or how, God should know; this, however, delayed but an instant her bringing out: "Well, won't she go back?"

"Go back? Never!"

"She'll stay all the same?"

"All the more."

"Then won't Sir Claude go?" Maisie asked.

"Go back—if *she* doesn't?" Mrs. Wix appeared to give this question the benefit of a minute's thought. "Why should he have come—only to go back?"

Maisie produced an ingenious solution. "To *make* her go. To take her."

Mrs. Wix met it without a concession. "If he can make her go so easily, why should he have let her come?"

Maisie considered. "Oh, just to see *me*. She has a right."

"Yes—she has a right."

"She's my mother!" Maisie tentatively titrated.

"Yes—she's your mother."

"Besides," Maisie went on, "he did n't let her come. He does n't like her coming, and if he does n't like it —"

Mrs. Wix took her up. "He must lump it — that's what he must do! Your mother was right about him — I mean your real one. He has no strength. No — none at all." She seemed more profoundly to muse. "He might have had some even with *her* — I mean with her ladyship. He's just a poor, sunk slave," she asserted with sudden energy.

Maisie wondered again. "A slave?"

"To his passions."

She continued to wonder and even to be impressed; after which she went on: "But how do you know he'll stay?"

"Because he likes us!" — and Mrs. Wix, with her emphasis of the word, whirled her charge round again to deal with posterior hooks. She had positively never shaken her so.

It was as if she quite shook something out of her. "But how will that help him if *we* — in spite of his affection! — do n't stay?"

"Do you mean if we go off and leave him with her?" — Mrs. Wix put the question to the back of her pupil's head. "It *won't* help him. It will be his ruin. He'll have got nothing. He'll have lost everything. It will be his utter destruction, for he's certain after a while to loathe her."

"Then when he loathes her" — it was astonishing how she caught the idea — "he'll just come right after us!" Maisie announced.

"Never."

"Never?"

"She'll keep him. She'll hold him for ever."

Maisie doubted. "When he 'loathes' her?"

"That won't matter. She won't loathe *him*. People do n't!" Mrs. Wix brought up.

"Some do. Mamma does," Maisie contended.

"Mamma does *not*!" It was startling — her friend contradicted her flat. "She loves him — she adores him. A woman knows." Mrs. Wix spoke not only as if Maisie were not a woman, but as if she would never be one. "I know!" she cried.

"Then why on earth has she left him?"

Mrs. Wix hesitated. "He hates *her*. Do n't stoop so — lift up your hair. You know how I'm affected toward him," she added with dignity; "but you must also know that I see clear."

Maisie, all this time, was trying hard to dislike-wise. "Then, if she has left him for that, why should n't Mrs. Beale leave him?"

"Because she's not such a fool!"

"Not such a fool as mamma?"

"Precisely — if you *will* have it. Does it look like her leaving him?" Mrs. Wix inquired. She hung fire again; then she went on with more intensity: "Do you want to know really and truly why? So that she may be his wretchedness and his punishment."

"His punishment?" — this was more than as yet Maisie could quite accept. "For what?"

"For everything. That's what will happen: he'll be tied to her for ever. She won't mind in the least his hating her, and she won't hate him back. She'll only hate *us*."

"Us?" the child faintly echoed.

"She'll hate *you*."

"Me? Why, I brought them together!" Maisie resentfully cried.

"You brought them together." There was a completeness in Mrs. Wix's assent. "Yes; it was a pretty job. Sit down." She began to brush her pupil's hair and, as she took up the mass of it with some force of hand, went on with a sharp recall: "Your mother adored him at first — it might have lasted. But he began too soon with Mrs. Beale. As you say," she pursued with a brisk application of the brush, "you brought them together."

"I brought them together." — Maisie was ready to reaffirm it. She felt, none the less, for a moment, at the bottom of a hole; then she seemed to see a way out. "But I did n't bring mamma together —" she just faltered.

"With all those gentlemen" — Mrs. Wix pulled her up. "No; it is n't quite so bad as that."

"I only said to the Captain" — Maisie had the quick memory of it — "that I hoped he at least (he was awfully nice!) would love her and keep her."

"And even that was n't much harm," threw in Mrs. Wix.

"It was n't much good," Maisie was obliged to recognise. "She can't bear him — not even a mite. She told me at Folkestone."

Mrs. Wix suppressed a gasp; then after a bridling instant, during which she might have appeared to deflect with difficulty from her odd consideration of Ida's wrongs: "He was a nice sort of person for her to talk to you about!"

"Oh, I *like* him!" Maisie promptly rejoined; and at this, with an inarticulate sound and an inconsequence still more marked, her companion bent over and dealt her, on the cheek, a rapid peck which had the apparent intention of a kiss.

"Well, if her ladyship does n't agree with you, what does it only prove?" Mrs. Wix demanded in conclusion. "It proves that she's fond of Sir Claude!"

Maisie, in the light of some of the evidence, reflected on that till her hair was finished, but when she at last started up she gave a sign of no very close embrace of it. She grasped, at this moment, Mrs. Wix's arm. "He must have got his divorce!"

"Since day before yesterday? Do n't talk trash!"

This was spoken with an impatience which left the child nothing to reply; whereupon she sought her defence in a completely different relation to the fact. "Well, I knew he would come!"

"So did I; but not in twenty-four hours. I gave him a few days!" Mrs. Wix wailed.

Maisie, whom she had now released, looked at her with interest. "How many did *she* give him?"

Mrs. Wix faced her a moment; then, as if with a bewildered sniff: "You had better ask her!" But she had no sooner uttered the words than she caught herself up. "Lord of mercy, how we talk!"

Maisie felt that, however they talked, she must see him, but she said nothing more for a time, a time during which she conscientiously finished dressing and Mrs. Wix also kept silent. It was as if they each had almost too much to think of, and even as if the child had the sense that her friend was watching her and seeing if she herself were watched. At last Mrs. Wix turned to the window and stood—sightlessly, as Maisie could guess—looking away. Then our young lady, before the glass, gave the supreme shake. "Well, I'm ready. And now to see him!"

Mrs. Wix turned round, but as if without having heard her. "It's tremendously grave." There were slow, still tears behind the straighteners.

"It is—it is." Maisie spoke as if she were now dressed quite up to the occasion; as if, indeed, with the last touch, she had put on the judgment-cap. "I must see him immediately."

"How can you see him if he does n't send for you?"

"Why can't I go and find him?"

"Because you do n't know where he is."

"Can't I just look in the *salon*?" That still seemed simple to Maisie.

Mrs. Wix, however, instantly cut it off. "I would n't have you look in the *salon* for all the world!" Then she explained a little: "The *salon* is n't ours now."

"Ours?"

"Yours and mine. It's theirs."

"Theirs?" Maisie, with her stare, continued to echo. "You mean they want to keep us out?"

Mrs. Wix faltered; she sank into a chair and, as Maisie had often enough seen her do before, covered her face with her hands. "They ought to, at least. The situation's too monstrous!"

Maisie stood there a moment—she looked about the room. "I'll go to him—I'll find him."

"I won't! I won't go *near* them!" cried Mrs. Wix.

"Then I'll see him alone." The child spied what she had been looking for—she possessed herself of her hat. "Perhaps I'll take him out!" And, with decision, she quitted the room.

When she entered the *salon* it was empty, but at the sound of the opened door some one stirred on the balcony, and Sir Claude, stepping straight in, stood before her. He was in light, fresh clothes and wore a straw hat with a bright ribbon; these things, besides striking her in themselves as the very promise of the grandest of grand tours, gave him a certain radiance and, as it were, a tropical ease; but

such an effect only marked rather more his having stopped short and, for a longer minute than had ever, at such a juncture, elapsed, not opened his arms to her. His pause made her pause, and enabled her to reflect that he must have been up some time, for there were no traces of breakfast, and that, though it was so late, he had rather markedly not caused her to be called to him. Had Mrs. Wix been right about their forfeiture of the *salon*? Was it all his now, all his and Mrs. Beale's? Such an idea, at the rate her small thoughts throbbed, could only remind her of the way in which what had been hers hitherto was what was exactly most Mrs. Beale's and his. It was strange to be standing there and greeting him across a gulf, for he had by this time spoken, smiled, said: "My dear child—my dear child!" but without coming any nearer. In a flash she saw that he was different—more so than he knew or designed. The next minute indeed it was as if he caught an impression from her face: this made him hold out his hand. Then they met, he kissed her, he laughed, she thought he even blushed; something of his affection rang out as usual. "Here I am, you see, again—as I promised you."

It was not as he had promised them—he had not promised them Mrs. Beale; but Maisie said nothing about that. What she said was simply: "I knew you had come. Mrs. Wix told me."

"Oh yes. And where is she?"

"In her room. She got me up—she dressed me."

Sir Claude looked at her up and down; a sweetness of mockery that she particularly loved came out in his face whenever he did that, and it was not wanting now. He raised his eyebrows and his arms to play at admiration; he was evidently, after all, disposed to be gay. "Got you up?—I should think so! She has dressed you most beautifully. Is n't she coming?"

Maisie wondered if she had better tell. "She said not."

"Does n't she want to see a poor devil?"

She looked about, under the vibration of the way he described himself, and her eyes rested on the door of the room he had previously occupied. "Is Mrs. Beale in there?"

Sir Claude looked blankly at the same object.

"I have n't the least idea!"

"You haven't seen her?"

"Not the tip of her nose."

Maisie thought; there settled on her, in the light of his beautiful smiling eyes, the faintest, purest, coldest conviction that he was not telling the truth.

"She has n't welcomed you?"

"Not by a single sign."

"Then where is she?"

Sir Claude laughed; he seemed both amused and surprised at the point she made of it. "I give it up."

"Does n't she know you've come?"
He laughed again. "Perhaps she does n't care!"

Maisie, with an inspiration, pounced on his arm.
"Has she *gone*?"

He met her eyes, and then she could see that his own were really much graver than his manner.
"Gone?" She had flown to the door, but before she could raise her hand to knock he was beside her and had caught it. "Let her be. I do n't care about her. I want to see *you*."

Maisie fell back with him. "Then she *has n't* gone?"

He still looked as if it were a joke, but the more she saw of him the more she could make out that he was troubled. "It would n't be like her!"

She stood looking up at him. "Did you want her to come?"

"How can you suppose—?" He put it to her candidly. "We had an immense row over it."

"Do you mean you've quarrelled?"

Sir Claude hesitated. "What, has she told you?"

"That I'm hers as much as yours. That she represents papa."

His gaze struck away through the open window and up to the sky; she could hear him rattle, in his trousers pocket, his money or his keys. "Yes—that's what she keeps saying." It gave him for a moment an air that was almost helpless.

"You say you do n't care about her," Maisie went on. "*Do* you mean you've quarrelled?"

"We do nothing in life but quarrel."

He rose before her as he said this, so soft and fair, so rich, in spite of what might worry him, in restored familiarities, that it gave a bright blur to the meaning—to what would otherwise, perhaps, have been the tangible promise—of the words. "Oh, *your* quarrels!" she exclaimed with discouragement.

"I assure you hers are quite fearful!" he laughed.

"I do n't speak of hers. I speak of yours."

"Ah, don't do it till I've had my coffee! You're growing up clever," he added. Then he said: "I suppose you've breakfasted?"

"Oh no—I've had nothing."

"Nothing in your room"—he was all compunction. "My dear old man!—we'll breakfast then together." He had one of his happy thoughts.

"I say—we'll go out."

"That was just what I hoped. I've brought my hat."

"You are clever! We'll go to a *café*." Maisie

was already at the door; he glanced round the room. "A moment—my stick." But there appeared to be no stick. "No matter; I left it—oh!" He remembered, with an odd drop, and came out.

"You left it in London?" she asked, as they went downstairs.

"Yes—in London: fancy!"

"You were in such a hurry to come," Maisie explained.

He had his arm round her. "That must have been the reason." Half way down he stopped short again, slapping his leg. "And poor Mrs. Wix!"

Maisie's face just showed a shadow. "Do you want her to come?"

"Dear, no—I want to see you alone."

"That's the way I want to see *you*!" she replied. "Like before."

"Like before!" he gaily echoed. "But I mean has she had her coffee?"

"No, nothing."

"Then I'll send it up to her. Madame!" He had already, at the foot of the stair, called out to the stout *patronne*, a lady who turned to him, from the bustling, breezy hall, a countenance covered with fresh matutinal powder and a bosom as capacious as the velvet shelf of a chimneypiece, over which her round white face, framed in its golden frizzle, might have figured as a showy clock. He ordered, with particular recommendations, Mrs. Wix's repast, and it was a charm to hear his easy, brilliant French: even his companion's ignorance could measure the perfection of it. The *patronne*, rubbing her hands and breaking in with high, swift notes, as into a florid duet, went with him to the street, and while they talked a moment longer Maisie remembered what Mrs. Wix had said about every one's liking him. It came out enough through the morning powder, it came out enough in the heaving bosom, how the landlady liked him. He had evidently ordered something lovely for Mrs. Wix. "*Et soigné, n'est-ce pas?*"

"*Soyez tranquille*!"—the *patronne* beamed upon him. "*Et pour Madame!*"

"*Madame?*" he echoed—it just pulled him up a little.

"*Rien encore?*"

"*Rien encore*. Come, Maisie." She hurried along with him, but on the way to the *café* he said nothing.

(To be concluded.)



REVIEWS

A GUIDE TO GENTEE IMMORALITY

A BIT OF A FOOL.—By Sir Robert Peel. 12mo.
R. F. Fenno & Co. \$1.25.

AS, in the opinion of Barante, there was nothing about Madame de Genlis natural—except her children, so there seems to be nothing half so natural about the average young man as a desire to cut a figure in the polite world. To do this properly and in good form is generally by no means easy or instinctive. Without doubt there are now many persons in the larger cities whose breeding fits them to shine in exclusive society, and occasionally in the country, some traces of enlightened ancestry will show forth in worldly graces. It is hardly to be denied, however, that the ways of *le monde* are little known to the majority of Americans. Of late there have been several volumes which, in a measure, served as instruction in this art of becoming a gentleman, and the time seems ripe for the publication of an authoritative library on the subject. A collection of useful and moral books, devoted to the different accomplishments necessary to support the character, should be gathered together as guides to gentility. A regular course of reading might, for instance, be arranged by the Chautauqua Circle, with whose members the instruction would serve not alone as entertainment, but also as a missionary work. The course should be properly graded, and might begin with *The Complete Bachelor*, by the author of the *As Seen by Him Papers*, to be followed by a collection of Mr. Walter Germain's edifying contributions to the *Ladies' Home Journal*.

To young women one might recommend primarily Miss Ruth Ashmore's *Side Talks with Girls*, and Mrs. A. D. T. Whitney's volume of the same sort. A re-reading of *The Dolly Dialogues* and *Dodo* will do much in the way of real instruction, and the novels of Mrs. Van Rensselaer Cruger should throw light on many social points. The list is by no means a complete one. It might be suggested that many books on etiquette—social *Do n'ts*, and so forth—should be included, but it is still an open question whether politeness has any real connection with smart society. It must be admitted that the subject has received far less attention than it deserves, and the Library should speedily receive a number of additions. Among the first might be those standard works without which no library would be complete:

The Boys' Own Book of Revels,
A Guide to Gentility,
The Golden Treasury of Popular Vices,
A Thousand Aids to Immorality,
From Log Cabin to the Smart Set, and
Vices of the Aristocracy—in words of one syllable.
The sale of such a series would be little less than

enormous. It is doubtful if any undertaking could work more broadly for the civilization of the smaller towns,—removed from the vicious advantages of the large cities. There is reason to hope that Kokomo, Indiana, and What Cheer, Iowa, might before long offer opportunities to incipient blades now enjoyed only by the youthful residents of Staten Island. The importance, therefore, of this Library can hardly be overestimated.

With this in mind, Sir Robert Peel's novel, entitled *A Bit of a Fool*, certainly fills a long-felt want. It might have been called *How to Live on Twelve Thousand Pounds a Year*, and would then have appealed more directly to the class to which it will do the most good. To the jaded reviewer it comes as the most touching piece of literature of recent months. It is really a remarkable book,—in a sense it is epoch-making. In these days, when we are wearied by watery romances, and exhausted by the complexities of impolite realism, it is a relief to find anything so refreshingly frank as this interesting volume. Sir Robert Peel deserves great credit for the unhesitating—one might almost say, obvious—characterization in the title. Unkind readers might think the hero more of a fool than Sir Robert did, but Sir Robert probably knows him best.

The story tells of the varying income of Mr. Horace Manners, and his ingenious and fairly successful endeavors to spend it. Starting modestly with five hundred pounds at school, he ran through a million of dollars in the space of a few years. Most of his money was spent on two ladies—one the leader of a smart set, a blond lady, fascinating and magnetic, with an obligingly occupied husband; and the other a stage lady, a burlesque queen, who rose from nothing to worse, and finally became the wife of old Lord Padstow's only son. There were other ladies on whom young Mr. Manners spent money, but not in thousands. There was also a racing-stable, managed by his brother-in-law, which cost him and lost him a small fortune. A cousin, too, robbed him of many thousands,—did everything possible to ruin him, tried to kill him, and finally reformed and became the steward of his estate. A yacht helped to use up a little of his money, and a Jew banker was also concerned. There is, too, much about Mr. Manners's sister, who was nearly as much of a fool as Mr. Manners himself.

The book is a succession of financial transactions carried on between Mr. Manners and Miss Manners and many unscrupulous persons. There are only three characters in the book who are not vicious, and all the characters move in smart society. From this it will be seen how instructive the story will be to unsophisticated young persons, especially if they happen to be little sons of the rich.

Dr. Max Nordau should find much satisfaction in Sir Robert's story; it is perhaps the most degenerate publication in English of recent years. The utter unintelligence of the hero, the emphasis on

the merely physical side of love, the degraded thought and life of all the characters combine to place the book on a level fortunately unique. As literature it is beneath contempt. Wholly useless as a novel, it is a stupid and bestial story—lacking in imagination and subtlety—obviously amateurish, and childish in the morality of the hero's ultimate marriage with a good woman. As a picture of fashionable life in London, it is not to be considered by any one likely ever to arrive in those circles.

DISAPPOINTMENT

IN THE TIDE-WAY.—By Flora Annie Steel. The Macmillan Co.

MR. ZANGWILL, in his *Counsels for the Guidance of Old Reviewers*, says: "Never blame a book for not being some other book," and "Never compare a book with another of a different genre." One does not blame *In the Tide-Way* for not being *On the Face of the Waters*, but one cannot help comparing Mrs. Steel's last work with the book that won for her the reputation which was required to sell this volume. *In the Tide-Way* is fairly disappointing. As a tale it lacks incident and wants strong construction. As a novel of purpose it fails utterly. Mrs. Steel proposes the usual trite problem, and fails to offer even the usual trite attempt at a solution.

Lady Maud, who laughed at most things, but "had never been able to get the whip-hand of her conscience," "had to *ménager* it by driving round everything at which she thought it likely to shy." On this plan she had approached her marriage with Mr. Wilson. The manifest advantages of the alliance had completely hidden the fact of her real love for Eustace Gordon. "She had thought Mr. Wilson sufficiently gentlemanlike and pleasing to save herself regret." It is not until unlucky circumstances bring Eustace and Maud alone together, and at the same time reveal to Maud her husband as a drunkard, kept sober only by the will-power of his valet, that she finds out her mistake. No attempt is made by the author to work out of this disagreeable situation. The characters are simply got out of the way as fast as possible. When affairs between Lady Maud and Eustace have gone to an irretrievable pass, Mrs. Steel resorts to an old device found very useful by Scott and Victor Hugo and Blackmore—the quicksand. Fleeing in shame and fear from her lover, along the treacherous shores of the Scottish *Eilean-a-fa-Ash*, Island of Rest, where the Vikings lie, Lady Maud escapes from the tragedy of life by the lesser tragedy of death.

The disaster in the lives of the leading characters is offset by a happier working out in the sub-plots. A remarkable characteristic of the women of this book is that they all not only ardently desire, but

constantly have, a crowd of men at their feet. They are universally beautiful and charming. Miss Willina Macdonald of Roederay is more than this, though; she has a fine sense of humor. Miss Willina and her nephew, Eric Halmar, are, indeed, the interesting and refreshing characters here. The manner in which these two are drawn, some clever dialogue at the beginning of the story, and some good descriptions of the wild sea landscapes at Roederay are the successful features of a somewhat carelessly prepared potpourri of modern English society, old Norse superstition, moral questions, dilettantism, and hypnotism. If it be true that "Mrs. Steel has beaten Mr. Kipling on his own ground, India," she would do well hereafter to occupy that territory exclusively.

A CASE OF COLOR- BLINDNESS

SKETCHES IN LAVENDER, BLUE, AND GREEN.—By Jerome K. Jerome. 12mo. Illustrated. Henry Holt & Co. \$1.25.

AS London *Tid-Bits* and its kind must cease to exist, if ever the American joke becomes a lost art, so, doubtless, Mr. Jerome K. Jerome will vanish, part, and disappear, when our own Mr. Robert Jones Burdette pays the debt of nature. Indeed, Mr. Jerome and Mr. Burdette are much more intimately related than the native witicism and the transatlantic scissors. The latter first found inspiration in Jo Miller, whereas we must believe that, failing Mr. Burdette, Mr. Jerome had never been.

In some particulars, to be sure, Mr. Jerome has bettered his instructor's art. Frequently though they meet and mingle in the *Ladies' Home Journal*, the Briton has never yielded to that hortatory tendency, which, doubtless, makes the American the idol of the ladies' home. Mr. Jerome does not sermonize. His morality scorns elaborate exposition. As a rule, it crystallizes in apothegm. Dropped in the middle of a tale so hopelessly vulgar in suggestion, as, for instance, is *Cyril Harbott's Choice*, the effect is unique, not to say startling. Mr. Burdette could never accomplish it. Surprise is not his *metier*. Mr. Jerome delights in it. Sometimes it is in a plot that the unexpected triumphs,—generally at the expense of naturalness, as in the climax of *The Portrait of a Lady*. Quite frequently the shock is administered by the style,—for Mr. Jerome is not always actively resentful of the hindrances imposed by English grammar.

These differences aside, Mr. Jerome is mainly Mr. Burdette, Burdette with a turn for commerce and a strong Cockney accent. It is true that the American cannot write stories. It is equally true that there is nothing in these nine "tales" to show that Mr. Jerome can. And the ten "Character-

scopes" that follow them are only protracted episodes of a kind familiar to us since the *Burlington Hawkeye* period. They have to do with the man who "manages" people, the absent-minded man, the hobby-rider, all the standard types, save, perhaps, the mother-in-law and the goat. In short, the sketches are not character-studies in any real or exalted sense—they are merely scraps from the eternal comedy of absurd accident or ludicrous misfortune, wholly commonplace in plan, and almost always feebly developed.

But Mr. Burdette, clean-minded and well-intentioned gentleman that he is, is positively not to be held responsible for the paltry or ignoble meanings that Mr. Jerome reads into these every day events. There is small precedent in the American's performance for the cheap cynicism of *A Minor Poet's Story*, or the derogatory dullness with which *Blasé Billy* opens, or the unwholesome burlesque of *Whibley's Spirit*. Such weaknesses are not always faults of intention, for the conclusion of *Blasé Billy* itself proves that Mr. Jerome is not incapable of generous—and artistic—emotion. Unhappily it is seldom broad or deep or lasting, and therefore it is by the blemishes of taste that one remembers the book. The sketches are oftener yellow or red, than lavender, blue, or green. For Mr. Jerome is color-blind.

A TRACT ON DIVORCE

A ROSE OF YESTERDAY.—By F. Marion Crawford.
12mo. The Macmillan Co. \$1.25.

MR. CRAWFORD is quite honest about this story of his. It is true that his publishers have given the volume a singularly rich and beautiful binding, but beyond that there is no particular attempt on the part of anyone to disguise the fact that *A Rose of Yesterday* is a tract on the divorce question, rather than a work of fiction. Mr. Crawford does not even use the subterfuge of putting long-winded arguments and abstract discussions into the mouths of his characters; he himself, in the rôle of author, quite calmly devotes whole chapters to the matter. His argument is for marriage as a sacrament, rather than as a contract to be considered void if either side violates its conditions. What is urged in favor of this view is forcible; it is also trite, and the whole book is a threshing of old straw.

The story of a good woman who has been married to a bad man is presented with some force and considerable reserve. We find her living alone, the husband being confined in an insane asylum. She has never sought a divorce, and such a proceeding comes before her as a real temptation when she receives word that her husband is well again and to be discharged at once. Colonel Wimpole, a cool, cleanly-chiseled figure of middle-aged chivalry, and the steadfast but unspoken love he and Mrs. Harmon have cherished for

each other during long years, form the argument against duty. This is the problem, simply presented; and after a struggle the woman decides that duty holds her bound to her marriage vows. That a very human and a very good woman, with none of the tropical passion which latter-day fiction has endeavored to persuade us belongs to the Anglo-Saxon, should so decide seems natural. Mr. Crawford makes it passably interesting and invests it with significance in his general discussion of the marriage question. But he rather invalidates his theories by showing that if you have strength enough to determine upon fidelity to a bad husband, fate will absolve you from evil results by sending you a cablegram the next day announcing his death.

The best part of the book, as fiction goes, is the episode with which it begins. It is entirely unessential to the story, but it is so prettily and delicately told that one is glad Mr. Crawford was inartistic enough to drag it in. Sylvia, on the morning of her eighteenth birthday, cherishes a wistful, childish love for Colonel Wimpole. This she lets him see; and he, very gently, very chivalrously, sets her right, so that the same night she falls asleep thinking of a brown, blue-eyed boy she is to see at home. An idyl of the evanescence of young love and the beauty of manners and breeding of the old school.

Mr. Crawford apparently does not think it worth while to make his style distinguished. This, however, we submit, is what the style should be of a man who has published something like twenty-five books and who aspires to a distinguished position. Such work as this will not carry him far on the road to that end.

A NEW SECOND COMMANDMENT

GODS AND THEIR MAKERS.—By Laurence Housman.
12mo. John Lane. \$1.25.

SOME have known Mr. Laurence Housman by his drawings, others by his poems, and still others, perhaps, by his edition of *William Blake*. All, no doubt, had faith in his possibilities, and, it may be, even a slight tremor of expectation. *Gods and Their Makers*, however, is not, we take it, what they were waiting for. If much that is sympathetic and appreciative is to be found in his short introductory sketch of *Blake*, and a suggestion, however faint, of that mysterious artist in his drawings, now in *Gods and Their Makers* is little that corresponds to such impressions. Here is imagination, to be sure, and much not unpleasant ingenuity; but both these admirable qualities have sadly gone astray. They have, in some curious fashion, lost their way, and enticed their somewhat openly proud possessor into strange paths. Where these paths lead it is hard indeed to say; into depths of philosophy of gods and men, whence the escape is by no means certain.

Whither are my gods leading me? asks the reader, who takes the book perhaps too seriously; and after fruitless pondering he becomes resigned to them in ignorance.

Mr. Housman's apology in his preface reminds us of the little boy who was shut in the deep, dark dungeon, and gave utterance to the inefficient, if somewhat natural, cry of "Mamma." The public does not intend to offer parental protection to Mr. Housman. If, as he suggests, he has been too early severed from guiding apron-strings, and set upon his own feet, we suggest that he return before his young legs have become hopelessly distorted by their present unnatural position.

Mr. Housman brings us among strange wild people of tropical lands, and with ingenuity maintains us there, even insisting upon our point of view with his vivid descriptions of barbaric manners and thrilling priestly rites. The Specific, indeed, is much in evidence. A more careful search for adjectives is seldom met with,—and beside there are the verbs. Yet it only adds to the pity of it to see such good words wasted.

We must admire the gods. Glu-glu, the awful, oily god of Peeti's father, demands attention. And who would not tremble before Cham-pum, in whom gods die daily?

Yet, sadly enough, *Gods and Their Makers* is inadequate even for August. It is with real regret that we disagree with the sponsor of the preface, who finds the book provocative of laughter that may be heard even so far as the next room.

IN THE MANNER OF MR. MEREDITH

FIERCEHEART THE SOLDIER.—By J. C. Snaith.
12mo. D. Appleton & Co. \$0.50.

THE necessity of issuing two volumes each month in the *Town and Country Library* leads the Messrs. Appleton into varied literary adventures; this time it has brought them into a most interesting bypath of contemporary letters. *Fierceheart* is a book for the curious, as in the end every book must be which is remarkable for manner rather than matter of narration. It is also a book for the few. Mr. Meredith's own audience is in reality very small. The audience of Mr. Snaith, who chooses Meredithese rather than English as a means of expression, is likely to be smaller still. His mastery of the tricks of the style is so complete that he is sure either to annoy or to please. The reader will be left either hot or cold, according to his feeling for the master.

Besides mere phrasing, Mr. Snaith has other of Mr. Meredith's qualities, all somewhat diminished, but he has also enough native vigor of his own to make one believe this performance a *tour de force* of

imitation merely, and a prelude to the assumption of an individual and characteristic manner.

The story is denominated *A Romance of 1745*. Except for the bluster of a few of its incidents, it could not accurately be called a romance as we now understand it; it skims too near the surface of reality. The date, 1745, tells half the story. A father who had been a general under Marlborough, and who is a miracle of loyalty to the king; a son who becomes an officer under Charles the Pretender on the fatal invasion of England; Fierceheart, the father, giving up his son as a traitor, and willing to let a mother die without seeing him,—this is the essential plot. The story towards the end is a little diffuse, but for the most part it dashes on with real spirit. To like or not to like it, the habitual reader of novels may buy *Fierceheart* with the assurance that it will be to find something unlike what he read yesterday and what he will read to-morrow.

A LEAP FROM OBSCURITY

THE GADFLY.—By E. L. Veynitch. 12 mo. Henry Holt & Co. \$1.25.

AN almost unknown time and place—Italy in the forties—when patriotism's sole companion was conspiracy; a profound psychological study—how the love of man and the love of God may differ—wherein these greatest of ethical forces are thrown into absolute opposition; an exact knowledge of and reliance upon the facts of local history for details greater and smaller; an attack upon the abuses of Christianity in general and Roman Catholicism in particular, more stimulating than dispiriting; all told in a manner where everything is so subordinated to the argument as to cause little or no distraction; these and more lend distinction to *The Gadfly* and give the reading public an opportunity to welcome a new and intense writer, who promises to leap from oblivion into favor at a single bound.

Arthur Burton, the son of an Italian woman, second wife to a ship-owning Englishman living in Pisa, is educated a devout Catholic. Nevertheless he is arrested for conspiracy at a time when healthy youth finds sympathy with anything but conspiracy impossible. As a result, in a single hour he finds himself abandoned by kith and kin, his love for man—and woman also—shattered into bits, even as he shatters the corpus upon his mother's crucifix in that wild confusion of ideas which would visit upon his God the sins of his fellow-men. He leaps into the dark, going as a stow-away on a vessel bound to Brazil—it was thither that Garibaldi went, it will be remembered—after leaving behind certain evidences that he had drowned himself. And thereupon the story passes forward five years.

Then there appears the "Gadfly," one Felice

Rivarez, a young man picked up by a party of explorers in South America after he had suffered almost incredible hardships for years. He is sent for to come to Florence as a participant in the war there being waged with the pen in behalf of Italian unity and liberty,—his sword had already been drawn in the cause among the mountaineers. Here Rivarez is thrown into intimate contact with the young woman who had so hastily wronged Arthur Burton, and, later, with the priest, now a cardinal, who on that dreadful day was proved to be not merely the confessor of the boy, as he had been of his mother in her lifetime, but his real father as well.

The progress and development of the story need be followed no further; it must be apparent that the culmination of such a combination of characters and events affords every opportunity for a powerful climax. Yet, however much the imagination be used, the author will be found to rise beyond it, the scene at high mass on the feast of Corpus Christi being one of the most powerful in English fiction, the admirable use of the ancient hymns of the Church elevating the episode beyond all the possibilities of the mere *tour de force*. Great as the skill here shown is gladly acknowledged to be, the final chapter has in it more of the real feeling of the artist. In fact, his handling of those two most difficult matters, the opening and closing of the book, leave nothing to be desired, and of themselves would give Mr. Voynich a reputation deservedly high. In the beginning there is no note of tragedy, no tolling of passing bells, nor is there any suspicion of adverse fate inherent in the apparent circumstances; the close, death having done its part, is as quiet as the breaking of a human heart. And the problem presented intermediately is not thrust upon the reader for his solution—rather is it felt that no solution is possible; but that the depths of the human heart may be measured by it, and man's perpetual approach toward infinite joy or infinite woe with every step made the more certain.

AN INHERITANCE OF MADNESS

AN INHERITANCE.—By Harriet Prescott Spofford.
18mo. Charles Scribner's Sons. \$0.75.

IT is at first a source of regret to the reader that the inheritance which furnishes the title to this volume is a congenital tendency to insanity. Inherited madness is a legitimate subject for a novelist; but the matter has been often and ably treated of late. Also, we have come to expect from Mrs. Spofford something cooler, more usual, and perhaps for that reason better.

The insanity, however, is in a way only a supplementary theme. Its existence permits of a technical plot and a real untying of knots at the end. But there is no insane person in the book, nor are we treated to any study of a mind haunted by the fear of approaching madness.

The story is, in fact, both sane and elevating. It tells how two things may change a devil-may-care, impulsive, brutal roysterer into a man with deep love for his fellows and passionate reverence for a good woman. These are a wife who is a saint, and the physician's profession, which shows him day by day human suffering and human devotion. John Donner married his wife quite thoughtlessly for her money. Twice he revealed this, once unwittingly to her when he stumbled home drunk; again in a careless letter to his best friend. The wife buries her secret in her own heart, and at last, when her husband really comes to love her, almost forgets it. The letter turns up again to furnish a crisis for the story. John Donner's son wishes to marry a young girl in whose veins is the inheritance of madness. The father refuses to consent to the alliance, and is threatened with the old letter which the girl's aunt will show to his wife unless he submits.

The interest is, of course, mainly in John Donner and his wife, but the other characters are well done. Humor is not frequent, but rings true when found. There is absolutely no vulgarity in the volume, and, on reflection, we think that perfect good taste in a novel is a rarer thing than is commonly—and thoughtlessly—supposed.

LETTRES DE FEMMES

LETTERS OF WOMEN.—By Marcel Prévost. Translated by Arthur Hornblow. 16mo. Meyer Bros. & Co.

M. PRÉVOST is at once witty and sentimental. He is, besides, often improper. He describes as one with authority fashionable Paris, with its convention of infidelity, its increased practice of *le flirt*, and its extraordinary encouragement to that abominable modern invention, the *demi-verge*, the young girl who assumes the privileges and pastimes of the French married woman. In all this he is ingenious, amusing, and cynical. At the same time he manages to insinuate the suspicion that the tenderness which leads women into their worst improprieties is in good part a perversion of a real love for sweetness, affection, and honesty. All Frenchwomen will tell you that he has an extraordinary knowledge of the feminine heart. If one can accept the point of view, and the occasional dubious jests which savor of the *Palais Royal* farce, *Lettres de Femmes* is, on the whole, keen and sympathetic satire.

Mr. Hornblow is not always quite idiomatic, but in general he prefers English to the ordinary translator's dialect. It strikes us as somewhat disingenuous to announce "Now in Press. (New Series.) Letters of Women. To be published simultaneously in Paris and New York." It is as much as four years since *Nouvelles Lettres de Femmes* was brought out in Paris.

THE GREATEST WRITER AMONG DOGS

DIOMED.—THE LIFE, TRAVELS, AND OBSERVATIONS
OF A DOG. By John Sergeant Wise. Illustrated
by J. Linton Chapman. Lamson, Wolfe & Co.

THE typical master of American field-sports is always a Southerner, and somehow the thought of dog and gun is associated with a vision of the Old Virginia plantations, the hills of the Carolinas, and the sedgy fields of Georgia and the Gulf States. Mr. Wise has been what his name imports in giving full play to his memory while writing his dog's recollections of experiences on the choicest sporting-grounds in our country. From the first page, even of the preface, Diomed and his master share the honors of authorship in this book. "I stand for the dog," says Mr. Wise. "I let master tell the story," says Diomed.

Diomed, familiarly and lovingly shortened to Di, was a name of honor among bird-shooters for ten or twelve years. The book will, of course, appeal most vigorously to sportsmen; yet almost every sound-hearted and healthy-minded person will be pleasantly touched while reading it.

There is very little seen of the brutal side of field-sports in what Di has recorded. The birds are duly "pointed," and when flushed are neatly shot and briskly retrieved; but between the filling of bags from Florida to Virginia, and on to the far West, we are given hearty, genial sketches of men, women, and manners taken directly from life on the spot. The style is virile, breezy, fragrant from contact with sincerity, and, above all, it is saturated with the quintessence of that good-fellowship which may die out when the quail and grouse and shore-birds have all been killed, and the race of bronzed and ruddy sportsmen has lost its occupation. Here and there the author (dog or master) fails to discriminate between "would" and "should" and "will" and "shall," a matter always troublesome to Southerners when at full cry on a hot literary trail.

Of the many charming sketches in Diomed's reminiscences, those giving bold glimpses of many famous sportsmen are not the least valuable. That of the late J. M. Tracy, whose portraits of dogs will be above price in the long future, is captivating, and alas! touched with the pathos of life's inevitable end. But Di finds setters, pointers, and droppers, met during wide wanderings from shooting-ground to shooting-ground, excellent subjects for sympathetic remark and able criticism, interspersed with observations upon the habits of game-birds and the best methods of killing them for the delectation of both dog and master.

The illustrations serve their purpose with good effect, especially the pictures of birds and dogs. Tracy's portrait of Diomed is reproduced, showing a magnificent setter, evidently more intelligent than

the common run of biped authors. Our game-birds, from the wild turkey down to the snipe, are excellently pictured. The sketch showing the relative sizes of quails from Virginia, New York, Pennsylvania, Florida, and Texas is interesting, the gradation in the order named being a rapid falling off in stature. After all, however, Diomed's narrative contains its own best illustrations, and from beginning to end it bubbles with wit and humor genuinely Southern. From a book like this the historians and the romance-writers of the future will gather details strikingly true and effective. It records the last authentic impressions of the Cavaliers,

"Who rarely hating ease,
Yet rode with Spottswood round the land,
And Raleigh round the seas."

It would be hard to find a book on field-sports with dog and gun to place beside this as its equal. Diomed is the greatest writer that ever was born among dogs.

BOOKS RECEIVED

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NEW FORMS.—By Francis Thompson. 12mo. Copeland & Day. \$1.50.
IN TITIAN'S GARDEN.—By Harriett Prescott Spofford. 16mo. Copeland & Day. \$1.25.
LETTERS OF WOMEN.—By Marcel Prévost. Translated by Arthur Horablow. 16mo. Meyer Bros. & Co.
SAMUEL SEWALL AND THE WORLD HE LIVED IN.—By Rev. H. N. Chamberlain. 12mo. De Wolfe Fiske & Co.
THE KING OF THE MOUNTAINS.—By Edmond About. Translated by Mrs. C. A. Kingsbury. 12mo. Rand, McNally & Co. \$1.00.
MY WIFE'S HUSBAND.—By Alice Wilkinson Sparks. 12mo. Laird & Lee. \$1.00.
A ROSE OF YESTERDAY.—By F. Marion Crawford. 12mo. The MacMillan Co. \$1.25.
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DIOMED; THE LIFE, TRAVELS, AND OBSERVATIONS OF A DOG.—By John Sergeant Wise. 12mo. Lamson, Wolfe & Co. \$2.00.
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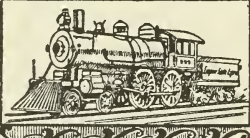
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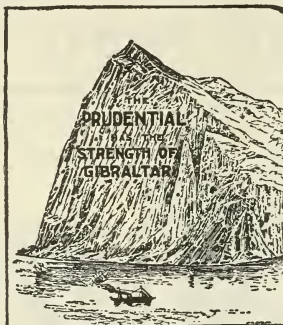
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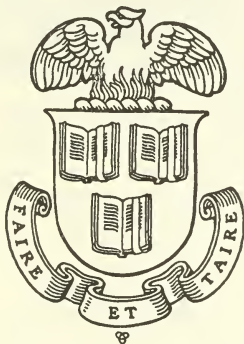
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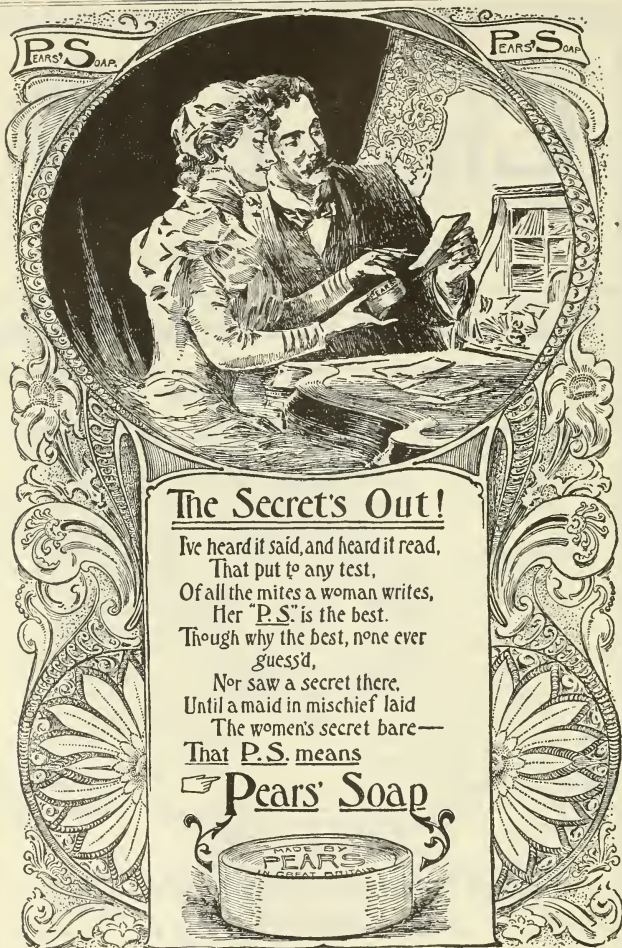


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NOTES

THE DISTRIBUTION of jubilee honors would have puzzled Boswell, for they were in most cases awarded neither to "the knowledge, the expertness, the skill, the assiduity and the spirited hazards of business," nor to "vicious feats of war." Politics was almost the sole motive in the choice of peers, baronets, and privy councillors—in the case of Lord Egerton of Tatton, party politics; in the case of Sir Wilfred Laurier, imperial federation politics of a big order. It was a gross bait that was set for the valuable democratic leader of the liberal Jean Baptists. A few years ago Laurier was as pronounced an annexationist as any Canadian politician dared to be, and shared much of the contumely that fell to the lot of Blake, the Toronto journalist, for his blundering Washington letter. In England he was regarded as the possible bull in the imperial china shop. But Mr. Chamberlain is a swift judge of men, and it was no trick at all for him to read actor in a face that instantly suggests the medallions of the French tragedian, Mounet-Sully. To return to Ottawa as Sir Wilfred Laurier was too much for the Jacobin in the Canadian premier. He grasped for the bait, and he will live as a proof of the power of the "new diplomacy." It will be well for the world if his surrender shall end the absurd talk of annexation. On one side of the line the hope of the annexationists has become a knight; on the other side their leader was near to becoming a convict; in both cases the punishment fits the crime.

THE HAWAIIAN TREATY hangs fire chiefly because of the opposition of the Cleveland fetishists in the senate—perhaps in a smaller degree, also, because of the indifference of the sugar trust. A lack of popular interest in the project is unfortunate for the president, but by no means difficult to understand. The suspicion that the Americans in Hawaii are rather more cunning than capable is well grounded in a knowledge of the exploits of these missionary children, and it has been deepened by the somewhat squalid appearance of the Hawaiian representatives in this country. Amiable as we are in the toleration of hail-fellow-well-met manners among our own statesmen of the "Billy" Mason-Dubois order, it was not without certain misgivings that Washington people saw the ambassador of a friendly republic cocking his feet above the paste pots in "Newspaper Row" and pouring diplomatic secrets and complaints into the

ears of the newspaper correspondents from Kansas City and Sapparapa, Maine. Nor are the accounts of the "men of light and leading" at home more pleasing; they appear to be adventurers who have never ventured and revolutionists who are afraid of firearms. But they are in the saddle for the moment, which lends legitimacy to a transfer that is at least negatively desirable. For it seems plain that without we take Hawaii, some one else will. It cannot remain in suspense, a fat ear of corn, while the ravens wheel above it. The Some One looms up in Japan. There is much jingo in the Japanese, and they are preparing to desert genial domesticity in much the same spirit that controls them when they send their youth to Paris to study painting under the immortal Bougereau—*nomen clarum et venerabile!* But in a second aspect there is a measure of reason in the Japanese ambition. The home population, now larger than that of the British Islands or France, is growing at the rate of one per cent a year, and must in time strain the confines of the present empire. No outlet exists in the East, while Russia stands athwart the coast from Bering Sea to Tonquin; the ports of the United States are closed to Asiatics. Hence the remarkable Japanese immigration in Hawaii; hence the Japanese imperial designs in Hawaii. On a show of numbers Japan would have a much better case than the United States. A good one third of the population is Japanese; the Japanese are to the American born as forty to two. But other things than numbers count in the mathematics of politics, and the American and other annexationists are in full control. They would be unlikely to accept Japanese rule, and that is what threatens them in case the United States refuses the proffered gift, for the quarrel over restriction of immigration has reached a stage where it will serve as a pretext for an enlargement of the Japanese "sphere of influence." Whether the game is worth the candle for the United States, the specialists in economics and naval strategy will say. In any case, whatever is to be done should be done promptly. It has become an axiom that the nation that shortens its speeches widens its boundaries.

POLITICS play the deuce with consistency everywhere, but the Ohio democrats might have left something of the rags of steadfastness for the imagination. These irreconcilable enemies of plutocracy, sans-culottes as fierce as lusty feeding and warm lodging can breed, have nominated for governor the typical exploiter of the proletariat—a money-lending banker, a miner by proxy, a rotund, easy man, whose eye cannot measure his fat acres. He is "gaffed" as they say in the p. r. by a millionaire newspaper proprietor with a gusto for stocks and bonds, oil wells, and railways, who lives in the city of Washington and recalls Ohio only as a disagreeable place, peopled by plaintiffs in libel actions, grand juries, and persons with writs. It is a mourn-

ful sarcasm that last year, when the chances of success were as uncertain as the rhetoric of the platform, the horny hand was asked to wield the brand; while to-day, when victory is merely a matter of waiting with a napkin, a possible emissary of Lombard Street will levy toll of votes on the hungry and rebellious. For the democrats will probably carry Ohio. The mere "off-year" return move makes this reasonably certain. The coal miners' strike has added another figure to the democratic hundreds column, while the rapacious struggle over the tariff, the rumors of assaults on the civil service, the character of federal appointments, have tended to impair the republican lines. In the event of democratic success Mr. John R. McLean will be chosen as United States senator. The nature of this calamity can be understood best by those who have ever seen the *Cincinnati Enquirer*.

IN THE CONDUCT of a theatrical business occasion constantly arises, as it does in the management of a publishing house, for conveying to the press items and announcements which are legitimate "news." We have already commented on the way publishers and magazine editors dilute such news with sloppy and fulsome praise, and thereby constantly gain valuable free advertisements. But the performances of the publisher are dignified and restrained, compared with those of the theatrical manager. The typewritten slips of the advance agent are at times quite inconceivable. First they are an insult to the newspaper critic, for it is believed that he will print them, and to the public, for it is expected to accept such reprinted stuff as the honest opinion of a newspaper critic, and lastly to the English language. But the worst feature of the whole affair is the light it sheds upon what a stage career must mean to a woman. We have advanced a great deal in our view of the stage during the last fifty years. We at least tolerate virtue in an actress. But we are apparently not prepared yet to tolerate privacy. Young women who wish to go on the stage will do well to consider exactly what such a step means. It is more than an occasional interview and the annual loss of one's diamonds. It is best to be quite explicit; the public deserves to know the actual method of disseminating vulgar gossip. If you go on the stage almost every newspaper in the country will receive a typewritten paper headed

PRESS BUREAU,
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—OFFICES,—
Knickerbocker Theater Building, N. Y.
LAWRENCE MARSTON & W. J. BERRY,
Representatives.

From a recent bulletin of this house we clip the following concentrations of vulgarity, which we suppose the young aspirant would not care to have imitated for her own benefit:

"As a matter of course in one play there can be only one sure enough, full grown, up-to-date leading man. There can be several leading actors, but only one love-the-heroine, kiss-me-quick leading man. In plays where the heroine is the star actress, she usually instructs her manager whom to engage for this position; where there are two stars, they both instruct. Manager Marston has had his net out for the handsomest leading man in the market; he directs the tour of Miss Isabelle Evesson and Miss Estelle Clayton in their comedy, *A Puritan Romance*; and surely his two beautiful stars must have a man to make love to,—in their character of Puritan maidens, of course,—whose appearance, at least, would warrant an excuse for their desperate and soul-despairing love for him. But it's no use; he can't find one to suit them both—in the play they are rivals and both insist on loving the only leading man. Now Estelle is a brunette and wants a leading man who looks like the Viking kings—with massive figure and flaxen curls. Isabelle is a babyish blonde, and wants a dark-eyed, slender, supple, with-a-reckless-Southern-air leading man. Dore Babcock, Jack Gilmore, John Koller, and Sheridan Block suit Miss Evesson, and James Hackett, William Harcourt, David Murray, and Carl Richmond would suit Miss Clayton. Marston says it's too hot to worry, and that if the worst comes to the worst, he'll engage two leading men and let them fight it out among themselves."

"Time was when we all thought pretty Estelle Clayton was going to chuck all her friends overboard and marry a many-time millionaire. Instead, she has turned her back on the gilt-edged young gentleman and will star jointly with her sister in a comedy she herself wrote, entitled *A Puritan Romance*. The man in the case straightway sought solace for her coquetry in the dark eyes of another pretty actress, and, strange to say, in one who bears a striking resemblance to Miss Clayton. Of course it would not do to mention names, as the parties are too well known; but the rich young man's courtship prospered better with the other lady—anyhow, they got married. The coquettish Clayton has the pleasure of seeing the wife puffed and photographed in the papers, received abroad, and wearing a crown of diamonds, at the Metropolitan Opera House last season, which made all New York stare. Ah, well, all things have their compensation. Estelle is beautiful and fancy free and in her cosy home up-town there is no nursery with three or four squalling babies. Time, pretty woman's stern adjudicator, strikes a balance occasionally."

"Lillian Lewis says theatrical fathers and mothers bring up their children much more carefully and with more Christian teaching than they ever are given credit for. Miss Lewis is a high-church Episcopalian, and instructed classes in Sunday school—

taught the catechism and creed to hundreds of children; but teaching her little two-year-old niece her first prayer was the hardest task she ever undertook in the prayer-creed-catechism line; after a few weeks the result was about like this:

Now I lay me down to sleep—
(Oh, auntie Kit, I'm awfully tired—)

I pray the Lord my soul to keep—
(Oh, auntie Kit ain't I thro' yet—)

She had a little petition at the end of the prayer, and quickly learned that the more names she could add and string on in the petition, the longer she could stay out of bed. In the home was a beautiful brown setter, "Jess," who had just presented the family with a large litter of pups. On the day they arrived, this was the tag to her "Now I lay me" prayer:

And God bless baby and make her a good girl—

And always tell the truth—

And God bless papa and mamma, and auntie Fisher, and Tot—

And uncle Fritz, and auntie Kit, and Mrs. Flatherly, Mr. Fred—Jess—and grandpa, and the rest of the pups."

We cannot conceive that the Misses Lewis, Clayton, and Evesson, if they are women of the slightest delicacy of feeling, could read these passages without a hot flush of shame, and a sense of degradation. We can readily believe that the woman who embarks on a theatrical career does not understand that it means this sort of thing. If she did and were a decent woman, we can easily imagine her not continuing in her profession. Actresses are doubtless persuaded by managers that such publicity is the only hope of success. Some actresses doubtless need no persuasion. And to be quite frank, if the Messrs. Joel Marks find that the public likes vulgarity and Harry Thurston Peck's style, and if they can induce newspapers to print such stuff, we do not much blame them for their course. We do not believe that many papers print these machine-made criticisms; we believe some do; and we believe if none did, the whole thing would stop. There we think is our finger on the cause of the whole trouble.

To show what is a dignified and legitimate advance notice, we take pleasure in reprinting one which comes from Mrs. Fiske's agent:

"Mrs. Fiske, in October, will begin a tour of the large cities of the country in *Tess of the d'Urbervilles*," and will appear in this city in this remarkable play, which was the leading dramatic topic of New York last season. Mrs. Fiske will undoubtedly offer the greatest novelty on the road for 1897-98. The fame of Mrs. Fiske's latest artistic work has traveled everywhere—even to Europe—and there is perhaps no city in this country in which she will appear next season whose theater public has not had its curiosity piqued by the generally circu-

lated magazines, in which much space has been devoted to this great actress and her play, or by persons who, visiting New York last season, sat under the spell of *Tess* at the Fifth Avenue Theatre. Mrs. Fiske will carry all the elaborate scenery of her original production, and her company next season will be even better than that of last season, which was declared to be the most perfectly balanced and able organization seen in New York in many years."

MR. W. D. HOWELLS has left America to spend the fall and possibly the winter at Carlsbad, seeking remedies for dyspepsia; so that for the next few months our literature must struggle along as best it can without its charming and kindly father. The position Mr. Howells has won for himself is curious and paradoxical to a degree. He is so far from being a great writer that he only ranks fairly well among American novelists. His literary principles are few and dogmatic and rather narrow, and he has made a fetish of what we believe to be an entirely false notion of art. Yet not since the days of Dr. Johnson has any one man had such a powerful critical influence over the writers and readers of his country. If a firm of publishers is anxious to boom a new author, Mr. Howells is the first man to be appealed to for a panegyric on his work. If an unknown writer has by any chance done something good, Mr. Howells is the first to stretch out an encouraging hand. If a preface is needed for a collection of poems or sketches or short stories, it is Mr. Howells's pen that supplies it. One could form a most entertaining library from the works of the authors whom Mr. Howells has praised and outgrown. For it is the secret of Mr. Howells's influence, that he has an ill word for nobody. If the man he is writing about is living, Mr. Howells is laudatory; if he is young, Mr. Howells is enthusiastic; if he is dead, Mr. Howells apologizes for discovering a few playful defects. Naturally he has not always been very judicious. Not many of his protégés have set the Hudson on fire; most of them are known as "men whom Howells once praised," one wonders why. Indeed, Mr. Howells is probably a good deal more ready to encourage youth than literature. It is part of his perpetual freshness of heart and intellect that he must be helping somebody. So it has come about that to the present generation of American writers Mr. Howells is the man who gave them their first start, and brought about their first recognition. And one may be sure there will be no more "discoveries" till Mr. Howells returns.

IN THE DAYS WHEN Mrs. Alice Meynell would dedicate a book to Coventry Patmore, and Coventry Patmore would review it in the *Saturday Review*, and place Mrs. Meynell rather above Bacon as a thinker, above Shelley as a poet, and above Sir Thomas Browne as a stylist, English criticism, so

far as the minor fry of London writers was concerned, was entirely in the hands of assiduous log-rollers. We used to pride ourselves that things were done differently in America, and that criticism here was at any rate honest. The last two or three years have brought about a great change, and no one would venture to make such a claim now. The sudden popularity of signed reviews has done as much as anything to make American criticism "an affair of friends"; and with critics in the pay of publishers, and newspapers all over the country printing machine-made notices of books, things could not have come to a much lower ebb. Partly this is due to the criminal recklessness with which our most respected authors scatter about their eulogies on any writer's first effort. *The Bookman* for July gave a good instance of this special kind of folly. "There was a book of verses," says *The Bookman*, "that came to us last Christmas, the sort of verses that our office-boy could write by the mile if he was n't afraid of losing his place; and in it came a printed slip with remarks more or less eulogistic from seven of the most eminent authors in this country." It would teach these gentlemen a lesson they ought to learn if *The Bookman* would reprint their praises, with extracts from the rubbish heap that called them forth.

IN AN INTERVIEW with a representative of *he Sketch*, Mr. Richard Harding Davis managed to work in a fierce dig at the New York *Journal*. Mr. Davis was sent by the London *Times* to the Græco-Turkish war, and the experience gave him an opportunity of comparing American and English journalistic methods. "American papers," he said, "are too fond of advertising what they're going to do and do n't make the paper advertise itself. One journal on the other side, which was sending myself and an artist to Cuba, dwelt for weeks on the fact that they'd chartered a steamer for us, enlarged on our efforts to cross the gulf, nearly drowned us, and made us ridiculous. All this nonsense was run to the exclusion of real Cuban news and pictures. What the *Times* wants from me is a story to the point, directly about the special subject; a story which will be read and which will create interest without artificial and irrelevant sensation. That's as it should be." Mr. Davis seems to have thoroughly enjoyed himself in the trenches of Velesino, as he does wherever he goes. He took a good many photographs, caught sciatica, and was well shot over, three new additions to his remarkable experiences.

FOR PEOPLE interested in the decoration of their own homes *The House Beautiful* should be a very welcome addition to their periodical list, and for the local pride of Chicago the magazine is a most gratifying achievement. There is no other American publication which fills exactly the same field. It is not a technical journal for the architect and upholsterer, neither is it for the fireside amateur, who ex-

pects to achieve any and every artistic effect with a packing-box covered with chintz, and a milking-stool glorified by gilding. The editors presuppose in their readers taste, intelligence, and the unpleasant knowledge that many beautiful things are necessarily costly. They offer really well-illustrated articles on successful houses and rooms; papers done with authority upon rugs, pottery, and furniture; and readable, if dilettanteish, comment and criticism. The magazine is typographically creditable, and has a really dignified look.

I AM one of those who cannot bear to find fault with Henry Irving, much less with Ellen Terry. As a matter of fact, I have not much fault to find with Miss Terry—if any—and I have much praise to sing of her; but I have even a greater amount of blame to lay upon Sir Henry's shoulders. In the present case of *Napoleon*, these shoulders are sufficiently stuffed, padded, and built up and out (for all the world as if to accommodate a balcony full of people to see a Jubilee procession!) to bear the brunt of almost any fault-finding. Irving's make-up is considered, in London, wonderful, and so it is, but it is very dreadful too. He does look something like Napoleon, which is surprising, in view of the actor's own physique and appearance, but he looks a good deal more like a Brownie, which is equally surprising. Had Mr. Max Beerbohm caricatured, in his usually brilliant way, the great Corsican, he could not have succeeded better than Irving has done—without trying. It is absurd to call it a "triumph of make-up"; it is really a failure in upholstery. If one were to stick a lady's hat-pin into this Napoleon *anywhere*, I feel confident one would not reach the actor. And so all through with the character. Irving's Hero is stuffed with sawdust, not made up of flesh and blood. Except in the one or two melodramatic moments, his acting is at its worst. This does not mean that it is not full of deft, original touches, and illuminated with ideas, such as come to this man more often than to any other, but the rôle is wrongly composed. In appearance he is like his character, only absurdly so. In his acting he is unlike his character, and also, again, absurdly so. For the first time in my experience Irving lacked the true atmosphere in his performance. He is not French, and he is not *Empire*. He trips and dances when he walks across, or up and down the stage. He has finicky mannerisms; his own mannerisms, which I often like and never take offense at, come out on this occasion grotesquely conspicuous.

He has, of course, produced the Sardou play most beautifully. It is better done even than the original French production. Even Paris must play second to the Lyceum Theatre in the matter of the decorative embellishment of a play. I never saw anything ugly on Irving's stage, and I have seen something ugly on every stage in Paris, beginning and ending

with the Français. There is a decided rumor about that Irving is going to play in the French capital next year, and I hope it is true. But I trust he will not choose Napoleon.

The faults of Miss Terry's *Sans Gêne* are principally due to the adapter. The rôle is written largely in the language of modern Whitechapel. Miss Terry is not herself modern—the difficulty with this exquisite actress is to keep her out of a period, not to get her into one—but all that she says is more or less "up to date," and she herself becomes as much like 'Arriet as is possible for her, which fortunately is n't much! All her charms and graces are there in full, delighting force; her sense of humor as buoyant as ever; her serious moments as convincing and moving. Granted an English *Sans Gêne*, she is as perfect as can be. She is a little uncertain about her lines now and then, and Age, who seems to be drugged by her smiles when he reaches her face, and so made helpless, has worked his will in the outlines of her figure,—but—there is no one I would be willing to see play the part in her stead.

The scenes in Act II, where *Sans Gêne* tries on a riding-habit and takes a lesson in deportment, are better acted by Terry—quite as amusingly, but less in the manner of burlesque—than by Réjane, who is appearing at the same time in Sardou's piece in London. Réjane began her season with *Frou-Frou*, giving a new and brilliant rendering of the leading rôle. She treats it very much as Duse does *La Dame aux Camelias*, underplaying in a wonderful way. Réjane is the most artistically natural actress on the French stage. She is the French Duse, as Mrs. Fiske is the American Duse. I wish there were an English one; I used to think Mrs. Patrick Campbell was going to be, and perhaps she will yet—there is time.

To return for a moment to the Lyceum, there are some people who claim if the management would only call it *Madame Do n't-Care-a-Hang and Wellington*, the performance would do very well. It is a fact that apparently nothing could make it a greater financial success, for the theater is always filled.

X.

NEW YORK, July 25, 1897.

EDITOR OF THE CHAP-BOOK:

DEAR SIR,—Permit us to state that your remark in the last CHAP-BOOK regarding our announcement of the new series of *Letters of Women* is absolutely incorrect. The new volume which we intend to bring out is the translation of *Dernières Lettres de Femmes*, of which we have had the advance sheets for over six weeks. As to the *Nouvelles Lettres de Femmes*, issued, as you state, four years ago, several are to be found in our translation.

Yours truly,

MEYER BROS. & Co.

WALT WHITMAN AND
THE CRITICS

IF I did not know that Mr. Chapman is a serious man, I should be inclined to think that his article on Whitman was intended to be sensational—a mere piece of bravado to challenge controversy. As he is known to be serious, he must be then defective in wisdom. For his article exhibits in the first part ignorance of the real motive of the criticisms passed in England upon *Leaves of Grass*, and in the second part a failure to perceive the cultural nature and the mystical features of Whitman's prose and poetical writings.

As to Mr. Chapman's animadversions in the second part of the paper, I do not see that his opinion has any more value than the opinions he strives to correct. The theory of the "tramp" is, however, so striking and original that it seems as if it must be true. Indeed, when one's attention is called to the matter, it is curious to observe how constantly Whitman employs the terminology of tramping:

"I tramp a perpetual journey;
My signs are a rain-proof coat, good shoes, and
a staff cut from the woods.
No friend of mine takes his ease in my chair,—
I have no chair, no church, no philosophy;
I lead no man to a dinner-table, library, ex-
change;
But each man and each woman of you I lead
upon a knoll,
My left hand hooking you round the waist,
My right hand pointing to landscapes of con-
tinents and the public road."

"All parts away for the progress of souls,
All religion, all solid things, arts, governments —
all that was or is apparent upon this globe,
or any globe, falls into niches and corners
before the procession of souls along the
grand roads of the universe.

Of the progress of the souls of men and women
along the grand roads of the universe, all
other progress is the needed emblem and
sustenance."

"I visit the orchards of spheres and look at the
product,
And look at quintillions ripen'd, and look at quin-
tillions green."

"What are the portals of the known but to ascend
and enter the Unknown?
And what are those of life but for Death?"

"My rendezvous is appointed, it is certain;
The Lord will be there and wait till I come on
perfect terms;
The great Comerade, the lover true for whom I
pine, will be there."

But it only needs these quotations to show how mystical Whitman's metaphors are. Always he links temporal with eternal processes. "The powers of the air are in league with him." May it not be that Mr. Chapman has missed the figurative meaning of the poet's own life? In any case, the characterization need not imply censure, for all original poets have been "tramps" in the same sense. Wordsworth, in his day, was the king of trampdom.

But it is not my purpose to debate Mr. Chapman's own criticism, but to examine the truth of the statement made in the first part of the paper respecting the motives of the English reviewers. It is said that Whitman has been accepted in England as a poet worthy of eulogy on the grounds of his uncouthness, his insolence, his violation of the canons of art and society,—on the ground, that is, that, like Buffalo Bill, he is a product peculiarly American, something to stare at, therefore, and to excite the interest of an outworn and weary culture. This explanation of Whitman's recognition in England is not new, for it has long been current among American critics as their defense of their own incapacity and lack of insight. I think it is the American and not the English mind that is in this case "unconscious" of itself. The English critics, almost without exception, have shown appreciation of the wonderful worth of *Leaves of Grass*, for reasons that are valid anywhere in the realm of literature. I do not know of a single English writer who has acknowledged Whitman's significance on the grounds that Mr. Chapman has given. Did Tennyson admire Whitman for his uncouthness? Did Swinburne call him "a strong-winged soul with prophetic lips hot with the blood-beats of song," for the reason of his blasphemy? Did Ruskin wonder at the power of Whitman's words against the moral sins because of his immorality? If the English criticisms be fairly read, it will be found that no one was ever awarded the title of greatness on more universal and weighty grounds than this poet has been. John Addington Symonds hazarded his critical reputation upon an open avowal of the sterling poetic merits of *Leaves of Grass*, and in his study of the Greek poets constantly referred to Whitman as a modern illustration of the Hellenic spirit. Havelock Ellis called attention also to Whitman's Hellenism and considered him by the side of Diderot, Heine, Ibsen, and Tolstoi, as a representative of the New Spirit. W. M. Rossetti thought him one of the greatest poets in any part of the world. Sir Edwin Arnold, who knew *Leaves of Grass* by heart, said Whitman should be regarded with reverence and affection for his humanity, his insight, his faith, his courage, and his exquisite poetry. On the fly-leaf of a copy of *Leaves of Grass*, Oscar Wilde wrote his tribute to one "who, living blamelessly, dared to kiss the smitten mouth of his own century." Henry Salt affirms that in

Whitman the true successor of Shelley is found, the originator of a new democratic ideal, and of a new manner of expressing it. Edward Carpenter calls him one of the world's "eternal peaks," and thinks his poetry is more absolute in expression, more real in its content, and burns brighter in the nearness of sunrise than Shelley's. John Todhunter classes Whitman with Shelley and Hugo, as the three great poets of Democracy, whose utterances are full of prophetic fervor, and who seem to gaze forward into the future with eyes that lighten with the vision of some boundless hope for mankind. Long ago Carlyle wrote: "This is a man furnished for the highest of all enterprises—that of being the poet of his age." Recently William Watson has written in epigram:

"Some find thee foul and rank and fetid, Walt,
Who cannot tell Arabia from a sty.
Thou followest Truth, nor fearest, nor doth halt;
Truth: and the sole uncleanness is a lie."

But allowing the English mind to be "unconscious" and therefore "uncritical," there remain to be explained the genuinely critical utterances of writers on the Continent who cannot be suspected of having the English predisposition to be "fantastic." I have at my hand many acknowledgments of Whitman's greatness, the weighty criticisms of the French writers, "Th. Bentzon," Gabriel Sarrazin, and Zola; the Germans, Freiligrath, Rolleston, and Karl Knortz; the Russians, Stepniak, Popoff, and Tolstoi; the Scandinavians, Schmidt and Bjornson; and the Australian, Gay. When the Italian litterateur, Enrico Nencioni, held Whitman up to young Italy as a master who afforded an antidote against the sickly literature of the coteries, saying, "Here is truth and here is poetry," are we to suppose that this enthusiasm was engendered by the spectacle of a barbaric poet eating with his knife in some backwoods, slices of American pie! Surely the problem of this man's influence is not solved by the very inadequate propositions of Mr. Chapman.

OSCAR LOVELL TRIGGS.

TO publish remarks about Walt Whitman is to raise the signal for Donnybrook Fair: "Wherever you see a head, hit it." The first on the ground must let out a pretty good whoop to discourage the others. Mr. Chapman shies his castor with spirit, it will be allowed, but his defiant "hurroo" does not discourage; rather does it fire to emulation; one longs to tread on the tail of his coat till the tail rips off, and to lather him with one's shillalah.

Let us, however, deny ourselves the generous pleasure of vying with Mr. Chapman and making his head buzz as it must have buzzed while he was writing his article. Let us be practical and see if there is anything of value in what he has written.

Let us make ourselves unilateral for the moment; it would certainly be a fine thing to get a good re-estimate of Whitman, an estimate which will make a little clearer a curious and real problem.

The beginning of Mr. Chapman's article is not of much value, although it is, of course, clever and amusing. Why devote one third of one's space to showing that Whitman is not representative of America? Nobody thinks that he is. There may have been Englishmen who have thought so, but that is a matter of no consequence. If Mr. Chapman can correct the *Saturday Review*, that will be a thing excellent in itself but of no vital interest to a great majority of the readers of THE CHAP BOOK. The fact that the English are in error about Walt Whitman need not disturb us. And really all Englishmen have not considered him representative of America: Dowden called him the poet of Democracy. Stevenson said that he wished to have America representative of him. Symonds, I believe, thought him essentially a Greek. It is true that Whitman did offer himself and his book to Europe as defining America and her athletic democracy, but that was only a sort of metaphor, to be taken for what it is worth.

Having dallied too long in the fierce delight of correcting the *Saturday Review*, Mr. Chapman gives us his own view, namely, that "Walt Whitman has given utterance to the soul of the tramp," and by inference that Walt Whitman was himself a tramp, as far as essentials were concerned, and not much more. Now, "true criticism means an attempt to find out what something is," a serious effort to get at the fact, it seems to follow that this view of Mr. Chapman's has no critical value. For what can such a view mean? Epigrams and metaphors aside, I try to get some real meaning out of it. It does not mean that Walt Whitman was actually what we call a tramp, nor does it mean that what we call a tramp ever had such a possession of brain-waves as we find in Walt Whitman's poetry. What then does it mean? Why this much: that a tramp, cosmically considered, or looked at from the point of view of an educated man, divests himself of much circumstance and resolves himself into an idea: that Walt Whitman's poetry read by an educated man produces a number of ideas, one of them resembling the idea which the cosmic tramp resolved into. That's all. No tramp ever had a soul like Walt Whitman's poetry, nor is Walt Whitman's poetry tramp-like, save in its rejection of authority.

Having wrongly called Whitman a tramp, Mr. Chapman next calls him something incompatible, namely a man with a "mission, a 'professional poet,' a 'quack.'" Having been wrong before, Mr. Chapman is here right. Certainly these expressions resume (rather brutally, it seems to me) a considerable element in the third (and most blatant) edition of *Leaves of Grass*. It was the way of the time to have missions. After the war Walt Whitman rather gave up the idea, and was more

content to be what he really was. Certainly one can read Whitman intelligently and with great enjoyment and not be disturbed by his innocent mission. The real point about his mission is how you are going to take it, not that the having a mission necessarily damns a man and makes him a most horrid mountebank.

Subsequently Mr. Chapman points out that Walt Whitman expressed very completely the physical joy in mere living, and that he is as unreal as William Morris in all that concerns the human relations.

But, on the whole, Mr. Chapman's article does not reveal to us anything in Whitman's poetry that will account for the fact that it has influenced and does still influence men of intelligence, besides others. In fact Mr. Chapman's article is not criticism but a piece of "the merest impressionism," being limited, as far as one can see, by Mr. Chapman's circumstances. So far as one can judge, Mr. Chapman is vexed at mediocre, middle-class Americanism. The conventional circumstances of American life,—magazines, for instance,—annoy him, he is impatient of them. It is very natural, then, that he should also be annoyed at a radical, a come-outer who turns out, in the directions of interest to Mr. Chapman, to be also mediocre, middle-class, conventional. Those who disagree with society are apt enough to disagree with each other, for they will probably have left society in different directions. Mr. Chapman, from his unsocial position, expresses a view for the unsocial Whitman, but there can be little permanence in that view, for there is no permanence in the standpoint.

Now as to Walt Whitman, there is something to his work which has appealed to men. Of course, his worst points seem representatively American to the *Saturday Review*; of course (writing in the fifties), he thought he had a mission; of course, he had limitations, affectations, and ate cold pie: those are things which, when we try and consider the man and his work in the whole, pass away, evaporate, vanish; one is not disturbed by them. There remains a vitalizing power.

Criticism means, among other things, an attempt to find out what something is. But really the interest in poetry is not so much in itself, or in its cause, the poet, as it is in its effect. Now the fact,—and no article can make it anything else,—the fact is that, all rubbish aside, Whitman has affected many intelligent men vitally and profoundly. The real thing worth doing, then, is to explain that matter; not to tell us who Whitman was, but to tell us what Whitman is.

EDWARD E. HALE, JR.

A GREAT writer may be not a great man—for example, Poe—and it would be easy to show that a great man rarely writes exceedingly well—note Napoleon's pomposity of style and Gladstone's desiccated diction—ergo the critic, in considering a man's literature,

does well to consider the man not at all; yet in portraying the man it is absolutely necessary to consult his literature. The difference between criticism and biography is thus brought out, as if by inks of strongly contrasting colors.

It seems to me that Walt Whitman's American eulogists have imagined themselves critics; a great mistake of theirs, but not inexplicable. A distinguished pork-packer once, when he was a candidate for Governor of Indiana, said in a stump speech that "a man who doesn't like the smell of a hog-pen is a leetle too nice to live;" and a thousand voices were heard applauding him. A critic who likes the flavor and savor of Whitman's writings is apt to regard us who do not as a trifle too decent for longevity. They hurl the man bodily at our heads, forgetting that we are not considering Walt Whitman himself but Walt Whitman's poetry. Yet the distinction must be observed and respected before there can be any criticism worth writing or reading.

Walt Whitman doubtless was a man of many attractive personal qualities, perhaps he was a great man in a way; but that he was not a great poet is self-evident. If he was a great poet, there has never been another; if he was a great artist, none went before him, none has come after; if he was a great thinker, he was the first one and the last. It would be a mistake to doubt his sincerity; but the true critic easily sees that it is an acquired, not a congenital, sincerity, so far as his poetry reveals it. Neither his style nor his diction bears internal evidence of spontaneity. The form of his art shows labored, overwrought unnaturalness. The critic who seriously compares it to Homer's cannot read Greek with a Greek understanding. As well compare Tupper's art to that of Theocritus. Whitman's few good pieces are quite good enough to show how unnaturalness strangled his Muse.

Whitman's literary admirers have been unfortunate in their choice of an adjective with which to qualify his poetic genius. "Cosmic" is their word, a good Greek echo lost in a vast hollow of ignorance. It would have been better to coin the word "magnetic"; for a disorderly mass, not an orderly world, is what Whitman spurted from his pen. Even his catalogues are amorphous, and his confusion of rhetoric looks like a studied jumble. A zealous worshiper of Whitman's shadow once upon a time publicly denounced me as an "irresponsible critic," because I had said that Whitman tried to be Greek and failed. In the next breath this disciple of the "Good Grey Poet" denounced Milton of Paradise fame as roundly as he had belabored me! The point I make is that in order to uphold Whitman it is absolutely necessary to crush every person, great or small, who ever wrote a line not similar to something in *Leaves of Grass*! Milton, Tennyson, Hugo, Goethe, Keats, Shakespeare, Virgil, Poe, Longfellow, Pindar—all must be sacrificed for the safety of Whitman. Homer is pre-

sumably tolerated on the ground of a "cosmic" resemblance of the *Iliad* to *Leaves of Grass*. It stands for nothing, however, that the *Iliad* tells a powerful story, with the swing and surge of actual life in it, while *Leaves of Grass* cannot be taken seriously, as a whole, for anything or any group of things artistic, thought-bearing, beauty-bringing, enlightening, or inspiring. The only adjective is "cosmic"; one is tempted to add phallic, in a tentative mood.

As for the stress laid upon Whitman's so-called "representative Americanism" by a class of English critics, the joke of it is in the confirmation apparently afforded by the abject acquiescence of our own critics. I see no reason why Englishmen should respect "yawp" from a critic more or less than "yawp" from a poet; and taking it from both sources confirms them in their belief that we are a nation of greenhorns, well represented ("cosmically," of course) by Whitman's unbearable coarseness, ignorance, and egotism. The few eloquent and touching bits which glitter like rough diamonds amid the worthless inanities and rumbling vagaries of *Leaves of Grass* are not what English critics have based their discovery of Walt Whitman's Americanism upon; it is the "yawp," the vulgarity, the obscenity, the braggadocio, and the ignorance. American critics have groveled low to follow suit; and then some of them wonder why their books are not read in England! But you can trust a sandy-haired, burly Englishman to know a toady when he sees one, and to despise him right heartily. Our critics, in abasing themselves to make their estimates of Whitman somewhat coincide with that of John Addington Symonds and his like, have not won what they played for. Theodore Watts and Algernon Charles Swinburne have spoken the genuine word of English criticism on this subject, and John Burroughs has vigorously called them names.

Whitman had what may be denominated the poetic sense, and his deep ignorance would not have hindered him as a free-and-easy lyrist; but he deliberately set out to be queer and loose, and to make poetry out of queerness and looseness. Many a man before him had demonstrated the impossibility of premeditated originality. His failure, however, was most notable because his capital was really large. No other man ever had such a reservoir of unfiltered, unsterilized, and altogether amazing egotism upon which to draw for floods of resonant and high-rolling absurdities.

We grumble not a little, and with justice, at the poetry lately dealt out to us in the magazines; but what if the magazines were to begin a ten-years' run of *Leaves of Grass*? I can think of nothing more terrible, unless it might be twenty years of Mr. Rudyard Kipling.

MAURICE THOMPSON.



THE OTHER YEARS

SOMEWHERE in his walks up and down Vanity Fair,—which is the same old Fair as in the days when Becky Sharp cajoled that carousing guardsman, Crawley, and fat James Sedley strutted, and pretended,—somewhere, Bates had seen her, and talked with her. So he paused, and gave her the chance of recognition, but she looked at him without seeing him,—perhaps not even seeing the fading line of the South-Coast.

As he went along the deck he said to himself:

"I must be growing old indeed, not to be able to place so pretty a woman. If I were a bit younger, I certainly should go up and speak to her,—just as if I knew her. Ah, Bates, don't you know,—I would explain. I did that once when I was younger."

"Why should n't I now. Why, bless me, I feel in the humor,—though I am forty. There's only old Sam, and neither he nor I know a soul on board—not a woman soul, that's to say. I thought once that the North Atlantic could n't be endurable unless you had a girl to talk to,—and now,—I declare I'll do it."

"It's delightful to find you on the *Cesaria*," he said, turning about and advancing to where the lady sat, rug-wrapped,—for it began to blow chill.

The lady stared.

"Particularly," Bates went on, "in this first hour since Southampton. How many hours will there be? By the *Cesaria*'s record,—let me see,—five times twenty-four hours,—is one hundred and twenty hours. Add five, and fifteen minutes."

"Was that the voyage in or out?" said she, still looking puzzled. "And you have n't allowed for *mal-de-mer*."

He hesitated when she said "in" or "out." Now he could n't tell whether she was American or English; she was one of those uncertain women. Was his effrontery going to succeed? He certainly remembered her face,—but where? A man who had knocked about so much as he, of course, would remember many faces which simply had impressed him vividly.

"In," he said.

"To England,—that is," said she.

"No, to New York," he said.

"I thought you were an Englishman."

"You never can tell about people, meeting as we did," he said. "It was such a cosmopolitan place."

"Was it Lady Mayfair's?" she said. "Do sit down, Mr. —?"

"O, it's awfully good of you," he said, taking the chair at her side. "Yes, I think it was at Lady Mayfair's."

He was bound to bear it out; she looked so extremely interesting.

"Didn't we meet again at the Vanderwater-Brown's,—in New York," he added at a venture.

"Yes, we may have," she said, with a laugh that sounded the least mischievous. "I know the Vanderwater-Brown's very—well!"

Bates did slightly.

"I think," she said, after a moment, "people drift apart easily."

"It seems to be our case," Bates said, and then more soberly:

"You see I have been in the Transvaal all these years—seven at a stretch. That makes a difference; I have been here now—I who was once in London so much—only for ten days."

"The Transvaal?" she said suddenly! "The Transvaal?"

"Land of the present popular heroes, and of disappointed hopes," Bates went on, watching her entertaining face. The word, the Transvaal, seemed to have aroused some interest, some association of ideas. He was now not so sure he ever had seen her anywhere; but she, out of a wide acquaintance, plainly thought she must have met him.

"South Africa is filled with adventurers, they say."

"The land of broken-down gentlemen," Bates said. "Ah, I could tell you a lot of stories—gentlemen, gentlemen's sons, living like beggars—waiting for that which never comes."

"Do tell me one—about yourself?" she added, of course.

"O, there are n't any," he cried. "Mine's a simple, straightforward story. It does n't even savor of the land of Barnato."

"He's the modern Monte Cristo," she said.

"Ah, you men have so many chances. You can go about the world. You can find adventure. We women are so restricted," she explained petulantly.

"Adventures," said the bronzed Bates, slowly, forgetting that this acquaintanceship was one, "are usually spelt hardships; nothing near by is very romantic. Ah," he added, "I am forgetting your charming self." And his eyes flashed an apology.

The lady flushed slightly, looking out on the dancing waters.

"It's the fashion of compliments," she said, "to say that a woman is an adventure. I do n't know, I am sure; but I think they are."

"Until you have 'em thoroughly committed, you never can be sure of 'em," he said lightly.

"Yes, yes," she said quickly. "You never can. Young girls, particularly, do such foolish things,—against their own real wishes,—not so much out of impulse, as out of a certain hardness after impulse has passed."

"So lovers quarrel," quoth he.

"Yes, so lovers quarrel," said the lady. "Now that I have pushed beyond girlhood—"

"No, no," he cried, "you can't persuade me to that."

"O, well, I'll drop you a mental courtesy for

your small change of compliment—nothing more, sir. I do hope I may n't appear so old, but I am a woman whom very young girls come to with their confidences."

"I can understand that," said the irrepressible Bates.

"Very readily," she retorted with bright laughter. "But to return to the subject—only yesterday a girl I knew came to my lodgings in Clarges Street. She had had a row with Tom; she liked him so much; he was the best fellow in the world; but this prudent virgin, looking down the long vistas of the future, knew that Tom was dissipated, or she feared that he would become so. She might be happy for a year, she went on—but there were the other years, and their possibilities. Then she added, most of our married friends make a mess of life; and I retorted that most of our unmarried friends make as bad a mess of it."

"Yes, you are right," said Bates soberly. "But I do n't like a girl who can talk like that. I want my girls,—the ones I like,—to be impulsive, you know."

"Yes, yes," the lady laughed, "men always do of course. You see this girl,—it's a single impulsive moment with a woman like this girl, and that had passed when she considered so coolly herself and Tom. Well, I told her a story."

The speaker hesitated.

"A story?" Bates asked.

"About a friend of mine," the lady said, "who was as like this girl as could be. She reasoned as this girl had reasoned, and she sent her Tom away, because he was n't flawless,—and her Tom ruined himself, and that girl was unhappy,—up to now."

"Did she retort that your girl would have been unhappy had she married Tom?" Bates asked after a pause.

"When there are two risks," his companion said, "why not take the risk of happiness?—so I told her,—that was my other friend's verdict."

"Did she end by making up with Tom,—on your advice?"

"O, I do n't know. That was yesterday. I can't tell. You never can about a girl of twenty."

"Well," said Bates, "the girl in your story sent a man,—you know the phrase,—to the devil."

"Yes," said the other quietly, "I'm afraid now she did. It is not vanity for her to say that; since she really cared as much for the man as he did for her; he was, after all, the one man for her,—and perhaps she was the one woman for him. But he left her; he did n't come back."

"I think, too, that good women, as well as bad ones, sometimes ruin men," Bates commented.

"Yes,—I agree," she said earnestly.

"I was thinking," Bates went on, "of a fellow whom I met when I first went down to South Africa. We were a lot of engineers, some of whom since have become very well known, like John Hays

Hammond. I do n't know whether you knew or not; I am an engineer by profession. Well, in those days, there was no land in the world where there were so many sorry adventurers, hopeless fellows,—with pasts, and many of 'em so young that they ought n't to have had anything save a beginning. I had known the like of the Englishmen in the old days of Colorado, but here they were n't confined to Englishmen alone. I made the acquaintance—I'll confess it was a poker game—of a young countryman of mine, who plainly had gone to the devil. He was one of those reckless, kindly spirits, their own worst enemies; and I knew enough at once to see that there was no intrinsic bad about him,—only that superficial veneer of badness which he had taken from his surroundings. He told me that he was down there under an assumed name, that he was n't going back until he struck luck, and he never would strike it, he added pessimistically. He did n't care; life was a mess at the best,—or the worst.

"Stop drinking, you idiot, for a week, and you will see things clearer. You were born a gentleman."

"O, well, what's that?" he retorted. "A gentleman, eh,—a phrase."

"Go about among some decent people for a little while," I said. "You can find 'em down here. Associate with some good women for a week."

"For he was that kind of a boy who plainly had come from good surroundings; who, perhaps, had somewhere a mother—a sister."

"Do you know," he said hoarsely, "that it takes a bad man to really appreciate a good woman?" He paused, and then with a sudden burst of frankness he went on, looking at me as if half-ashamed of the confidence: "There was a girl I once knew in New York,—a girl who kept me decent. I do n't know that a particular girl usually makes so much difference as in novels and stories they say she does, but this one did to me. But I was n't worth her—no, not I. And in the end she would n't have me."

"He was," said the listener, almost eagerly. "And this boy—what became of him?" she added in a quieter, lower tone.

"I'll tell you; that's another part of the story. He kept going from bad to worse. Finally he disappeared—a chap with a host of friends, but as dissipated as you make 'em."

"He disappeared?" the listener said in a very low tone, "and you never heard of him?"

"It's a surprising story," Bates went on, "and it belongs—to South Africa. He enlisted, like many another man similarly circumstanced, in the Bechuanaland police. The open-air life straightened him up, his muscles hardened, his brain became clearer—as he told me afterward."

"I am glad—so glad," said the lady. "His other years were becoming better than the woman

he thought so good—who was n't; who was selfish, vain,—" she ended almost violently.

"It was action, work, self-forgetfulness. Then he took a chance which restored his pride. He did something. Let a broken-down man get self-respect, and he is half saved."

"And he did that—he did that?" she cried.

"You like my story?" Bates asked.

She paused, and then said slowly:

"It is interesting,—very."

"I'll tell you of the chance. He was one of twenty volunteers in a desperate affair, which was to carry news of succor and present aid to a garrison in the heart of a revolted savage district. When the relief party was ambushed, but five escaped, and he among them. These succeeded in throwing themselves into the garrison. But it was a sorry garrison; all the commissioned officers were dead or disabled. There was absolutely no leader. Yet the men were fighting as best they could, for they knew their horrid fate should they yield. It was an occasion that should develop a leader, and one was found."

"It was he," the listener cried; "he?"

"Yes, it was my acquaintance, who had in him no fear of death, and the clear-sighted sense of leadership. The others deferred to him. It seemed a hopeless task, but he went at it as if there were all the hope in the world. I could make out of what happened in those fearful days as pretty a story of adventure as you could wish, but it's the consequences I am telling you of—what happened to him."

"He was killed?" she said, almost faintly.

"Killed,—after that?"

"On the contrary, he succeeded by almost marvelous efforts in holding out until the main force, of which the twenty volunteers had been the van, came up. He could not have held out an hour longer; as it was, he saved that district to the South African Company."

"And —?"

"He received a commission."

"And —?"

"He had regained position,—self-respect. He continued a very efficient officer in that service until —"

"Until?"

"He has resigned. O, I say, it's not so uncommon a story; I must apologize for it."

The sunshine sparkled over the wave-crests; the yellow South of England cliffs showed out grim with a stretch of milder green at their tops. The blue sky seemed close, intimate.

"You did not tell me his name."

"O,—Dalton,—Samuel Dalton. It's a good name to remember."

"Yes," she said, "yes."

A tall, bearded, sunburned man passed along the deck; his eyes clear and strong, his gait showing vigor.

"Why, there he is now," Bates said. "I did n't tell you he was with me."

He was wondering in some embarrassment how he should introduce her, whose name he did n't know,—should he call Dalton over. But his companion anticipated him, by half rising, the rugs falling away.

"Sam!" she said; "Sam!"

Dalton turned, and for a moment they looked at each other, a world unknown to Bates in their eyes.

"Sam," she said again.

The man crossed to her, and took her hand without a word.

"Why, you two know each other!" Bates exclaimed.

But they appeared to be not so much as aware of his existence, and rising silently, for some reason, he left them.

"Do sit down," said the woman at last, with a little hysterical laugh.

"You ask me to?" he said.

"I have been so miserable," she said, "for all these years,—so miserable."

Some moments after, he was speaking earnestly.

"But you are good, so good. What have I been?—what have I done? Oh, I am so ashamed of it,—when I see you,—when I hear your voice."

"Oh, pshaw!" she said. "I am not so good; no woman is so good as you men, when you are in love, think her."

"But I am in love," he said.

And she answered.

"I would have you so. Let's have some of the other years to ourselves."

"To ourselves."

When Bates passed them, after discreetly giving them a half hour together, Dalton called to him:

"You know Miss Fayerweather then, Bates?"

"Why, yes indeed, Miss Fayerweather and I know each other very well," he said glibly.

"But to tell you the truth," the young lady said, "do you know I had forgotten your name? I knew I must have met you somewhere,—or else —"

"Or else,—I would n't have spoken to you," Bates said quickly.

"And I should n't have heard,—that story,—that interesting story about you, Sam," she added. "But where did we meet, Mr. Bates?"

"Now you know how it is with people like ourselves who have a wide circle of acquaintances. We remember faces,—and forget names,—you know,—after some years. But —"

He stammered a bit, and paused and looked at Dalton's face and at hers.

"My private opinion, Miss Fayerweather, is that we have met this time,—in Heaven."

And the Cesaria scudded on over the summer South of England sea.

CLINTON ROSS.

THE SHEPHERD

BESIDE her cot, with shading hand,
She searched the hills at eventide;
Each scaur and heathery track she scanned
Until her shepherd she descried.

So be it given to behold,

My heart, when life's last air grows chill,

Thy Shepherd moving by the fold

At sundown on the heavenly hill.

WILLIAM CANTON.

WHAT MAISIE KNEW

BY HENRY JAMES

XXIX

AFTER they were seated there it was different: the place was not below the hotel, but farther along the quay; with wide, clear windows and a floor sprinkled with bran in a manner that gave it, for Maisie, something of the added charm of a circus. They had pretty much to themselves the painted spaces and the red plush benches; these were shared by a few scattered gentlemen who picked teeth, with facial contortions, behind little bare tables, and by an old personage in particular, a very old personage with a red ribbon in his buttonhole, whose manner of soaking buttered rolls in coffee and then disposing of them in the little that was left of the interval between his nose and chin might, at a less anxious hour, have cast upon Maisie an almost envious spell. They too had their *café au lait* and their buttered rolls, determined by Sir Claude's asking her if she could, with that light aid, wait till the hour of *déjeuner*. His allusion to this meal gave her, in the shaded, sprinkled coolness, the scene, as she vaguely felt, of a sort of ordered, mirrored license, the haunt of those—the irregular, like herself—who went to bed, or who rose, too late, something to think over while she watched the white-aproned waiter perform as nimbly with plates and saucers as a certain conjurer her friend had, in London, taken her to a music-hall to see. Sir Claude had presently begun to talk again, to tell her how London had looked and how long he had felt himself, on either side, to have been absent; all about Susan Ash too, and the amusement, as well as the difficulty, he had had with her; then all about his return journey and the Channel in the night and the crowd of people coming over and the way there were always too many one knew. He spoke of other matters beside, especially of what she must tell him of the occupations, while he was away, of Mrs. Wix and her pupil. Had n't they had the good time he had promised?—had he exaggerated a bit the arrangements made for their pleasure? Maisie had something—not all there was—to say of

his success and of their gratitude: she had a complication of thought that grew every minute, grew with the consciousness that she had never seen him in this particular state in which he had been given back.

Mrs. Wix had once said—it was once or fifty times; once was enough for Maisie, but more was not too much—that he was wonderfully various. Well, he was certainly so, to the child's mind, on the present occasion; he was much more various than he was anything else. The fact that they were together in a shop, at a nice little intimate table, as they had so often been in London, only, besides, made greater the difference of what they were together about. This difference was in his face, in his voice, in every look he gave her and every movement he made. They were not the looks and the movements he really wanted to show, and she could feel as well that they were not those she herself wanted. She had seen him nervous, she had seen every one she had come in contact with nervous, but she had never seen him so nervous as this. Little by little it gave her a settled terror, a terror that partook of the coldness she had felt, just before, at the hotel, to find herself, on his answer about Mrs. Beale, disbelieve him. She seemed to see at present, to touch across the table, as if by laying her hand on it, what he had meant when he confessed, on those several occasions, to fear. Why was such a man so often afraid? It must have begun to come to her now that there was one thing just such a man, above all, could be afraid of. He could be afraid of himself. His fear, at all events, was there; his fear was sweet to her, beautiful and tender to her, was having coffee and buttered rolls, and talk and laughter that were no talk and laughter at all, with her; his fear was in his jesting, postponing, perverting voice; it was in just this make-believe way he had brought her out to imitate the old London playtimes, to imitate indeed a relation that had wholly changed, a relation that she had, with her very eyes, seen in the act of change when, the day before, in the *salon*, Mrs. Beale rose suddenly before her. She rose before her, for that matter, now, and even before their refreshment appeared Maisie arrived at the straight question for which, on their entrance, his first word had given opportunity. "Are we going to have *déjeuner* with Mrs. Beale?"

His reply was anything but straight. "You and I?"

Maisie sat back in her chair. "Mrs. Wix and me."

Sir Claude also shifted. "That's an inquiry, my dear child, that Mrs. Beale herself must answer." Yes, he had shifted; but abruptly, after a moment, during which something seemed to hang there between them, and, as it heavily swayed, just fan them with the air of its motion, she felt that the whole thing was upon them. "Do you mind," he broke

out, "my asking you what Mrs. Wix has said to you?"

"Said to me?"

"This day or two, while I was away."

"Do you mean about you and Mrs. Beale?"

Sir Claude, resting on his elbows, fixed his eyes a moment on the white marble beneath them. "No; I think we had a good deal of that—did n't we?—before I left you. It seems to me we had it pretty well all out. I mean about yourself, about you—do n't you know?—associating with us, as I might say, and staying on with us. While you were alone with our friend what did she say?"

Maisie felt the weight of the question; it kept her silent for a space, during which she looked at Sir Claude, whose eyes remained bent. "Nothing," she rejoined at last.

He looked up in surprise. "Nothing?"

"Nothing," Maisie repeated; on which an interruption descended in the form of a tray bearing the preparations for their breakfast.

These preparations were as amusing as everything else; the waiter poured their coffee from a vessel like a watering-pot, and then made it froth with the curved stream of hot milk that dropped from the height of his raised arm; but the two looked across at each other, through the whole play of French pleasantness, with a gravity that had now ceased to dissemble. Sir Claude sent the waiter off again for something, and then took up her answer. "Has n't she tried to affect you?"

Face to face with him thus it seemed to Maisie that she had tried so little as to be scarce worth mentioning; again, therefore, an instant, she shut herself up. Presently she found her middle course. "Mrs. Beale likes her now; and there's one thing I've found out—a great thing. Mrs. Wix enjoys her being so kind. She was tremendously kind all day yesterday."

"I see. And what did she do?" Sir Claude asked.

Maisie was now busy with her breakfast, and her companion attacked his own; so that it was all, in form at least, even more than their old sociability. "Everything she could think of. She was as nice to her as you are," the child said. "She talked to her all day."

"And what did she say to her?"

"Oh, I do n't know." Maisie was a little bewildered with his pressing her so for knowledge; it did n't fit into the degree of intimacy with Mrs. Beale that Mrs. Wix had so denounced and that, according to that lady, had now brought him back in bondage. Was n't he more aware than his step-daughter of what would be done by the person to whom he was bound? In a moment, however, she added: "She made love to her."

Sir Claude looked at her harder, and it was clearly something in her tone that made him quickly say: "You do n't mind my asking you, do you?"

"Not at all; only I should think you'd know better than I."

"What Mrs. Beale did yesterday?"

She thought he coloured a trifle; but almost simultaneously with that impression she found herself answering: "Yes—if you *have* seen her."

He broke into the loudest of laughs. "Why, my dear boy, I told you just now I've absolutely not. I say, don't you believe me?"

There was something she was already so afraid of that it covered up other fears. "Did n't you come back to see her?" she inquired in a moment. "Did n't you come back because you always want to so much?"

He received her inquiry as he had received her doubt—with an extraordinary absence of resentment. "I can imagine, of course, why you think that. But it does n't explain my doing what I have. It was, as I said to you just now at the inn, really and truly you I wanted to see."

She felt an instant as she used to feel when, in the back-garden at her mother's, she took from him the highest push of a swing—high, high, high—that he had had put there for her pleasure and that had finally broken down under the weight and the extravagant patronage of Susan Ash. "Well, that's beautiful. But to see me, you mean, and go away again?"

"My going away again is just the point. I can't tell yet—it all depends."

"On Mrs. Beale?" Maisie asked. "*She* won't go away." He finished emptying his coffee-cup, and then, when he had put it down, he leaned back in his chair and she could see that he smiled at her. This only added to her idea that he was in trouble, that he was turning, somehow, in his pain, and trying different things. He continued to smile, and she then went on: "Don't you know that?"

"Yes, I may as well confess to you that as much as that I do know. *She* won't go away. *She*'ll stay."

"*She*'ll stay. *She*'ll stay," Maisie repeated.

"Just so. Won't you have some more coffee?"

"Yes, please."

"And another buttered roll?"

"Yes, please."

He signed to the hovering waiter, who arrived with the shining spout of plenty in either hand, and with the friendliest interest in mademoiselle. "*Les tartines sont là.*" Their cups were replenished, and, while he watched almost musingly the bubbles in the fragrant mixture: "Just so—just so," Sir Claude said again and again. "It's awfully awkward!" he exclaimed when the waiter had gone.

"That she won't go?"

"Well—everything! Well, well, well!" But he pulled himself together; he began again to eat. "I came back to ask you something. That's what I came back for."

"I know what you want to ask me," Maisie said.

"Are you very sure?"

"I'm *almost* very."

"Well then, risk it. You must n't make *me* risk everything."

She was struck with the force of this. "You want to know if I should be happy with *them*."

"With those two ladies only? No, no, old man: *vous n'y êtes pas*. So now—there!" Sir Claude laughed.

"Well then, what is it?"

The next minute, instead of telling her what it was, he laid his hand across the table on her own and held her as if under the prompting of a thought. "Mrs. Wix would stay with *her*?"

"Without you? Oh yes—now."

"On account, as you just intimated, of Mrs. Beale's changed manner?"

Maisie with her sense of responsibility, focussed both Mrs. Beale's changed manner and Mrs. Wix's human weakness. "I think she talked her over."

Sir Claude thought a moment. "Ah, poor dear!"

"Do you mean Mrs. Beale?"

"Oh no—Mrs. Wix."

"She likes being talked over—treated like any one else. Oh, she likes great politeness," Maisie expatiated. "It affects her very much."

Sir Claude, to her surprise, demurred a little to this. "Very much—up to a certain point."

"Oh, up to any point!" Maisie returned with emphasis.

"Well, have n't I been polite to her?"

"Lovely—and she perfectly worships you."

"Then, my dear child, why can't she let me alone?" and this time Sir Claude unmistakably blushed. Before Maisie, however, could answer his question, which would indeed have taken her long, he went on in another tone: "Mrs. Beale thinks she has probably quite broken her down. But she has n't."

Though he spoke as if he were sure, Maisie was strong in the impression she had just uttered and that she now again produced. "She has talked her over."

"Ah yes; over to herself, but not over to me."

Oh, she could n't bear to hear him say that! "To you? Do n't you really believe how she loves you?"

Sir Claude hesitated. "Of course, I know she's wonderful."

"She's just every bit as fond of you as I am," said Maisie. "She told me so yesterday."

"Ah then," he promptly exclaimed, "she *has* tried to affect you! I do n't love *her*, do n't you see? I do her perfect justice," he pursued, "but I mean I do n't love her as I do you, and I'm sure you would n't seriously expect it. She's not even my daughter—come, old chap! She's not even my mother, though I daresay it would have been better

for me if she had been. I'll do for her what I'd do for my mother, but I won't do more." His real excitement broke out in a need to explain and justify himself, though he kept trying to correct and conceal it with laughs and mouthfuls and other vain familiarities. Suddenly he broke off, wiping his moustache with sharp pulls, and coming back to Mrs. Beale. "Did she try to talk *you* over?"

"No—to me she said very little. Very little indeed," Maisie continued.

Sir Claude seemed struck with this. "She was only sweet to Mrs. Wix?"

"As sweet as sugar!" cried Maisie.

He looked amused at her comparison, but he did n't contest it; he uttered, on the contrary, in an assenting way, a little inarticulate sound. "I know what she *can* be. But much good may it have done her! Mrs. Wix won't come round. That's what makes it so fearfully awkward."

Maisie knew it was fearfully awkward; she had known this now, she felt, for some time, and there was something else it more pressingly concerned her to learn. "What is it that you meant you came over to ask me?"

"Well," said Sir Claude, "I was just going to say. Let me tell you it will surprise you." She had finished breakfast now and she sat back in her chair again; she waited in silence to hear. He had pushed the things before him a little way and had his elbows on the table. This time she was convinced, she knew what was coming, and once more, for the crash, as with Mrs. Wix lately, in their room, she held her breath and drew together her eyes. He was going to say that she must give him up. He looked hard at her again; then he made his effort. "Should you see your way to let her go?"

She was bewildered. "To let who——?"

"Mrs. Wix, simply. I put it at the worst. Should you see your way so sacrifice her? Of course I know what I'm asking."

Maisie's eyes opened wide again; this was so different from what she had expected. "And stay with you alone?"

He gave another push to his coffee-cup. "With me and Mrs. Beale. Of course it would be rather rum; but everything in our whole story is rather rum, you know. What is more unusual than for any one to be given up, like you, by her parents?"

"Oh, nothing is more unusual than *that*!" Maisie concurred, relieved at the contact of a proposition as to which concurrence could have lucidity.

"Of course it would be quite unconventional," Sir Claude went on—"I mean the little household we three should make together; 'but things have got beyond that, do n't you see? They got beyond that long ago. We shall stay abroad at any rate—it's ever so much easier, and it's our affair and nobody else's: it's no one's business but ours on all the blessed earth. I do n't say that for Mrs.

Wix, poor dear—I do her absolute justice. I respect her; I see what she means; she has done me a lot of good. But there are the facts. There they are, simply. And here am I, and here are you. And she won't come round. She's right, from her point of view. I'm talking to you in the most extraordinary way—I'm always talking to you in the most extraordinary way, ain't I? One would think you were about sixty, and that I—I do n't know what any one would think I am. Unless a beastly cad!" he subjoined. "I've been awfully worried, and this is what it has come to. You've done us the most tremendous good, and you'll do it still and always, do n't you see? We can't let you go—you're everything. There are the facts, as I say. She *is* your mother now, Mrs. Beale, by what has happened, and I, in the same way, I'm your father. No one can contradict that, and we can't get out of it. My idea would be a nice little place—somewhere in the South—where she and you would be together and as good as any one else. And I should be as good too, do n't you see? for I should n't live with you, but I should be close to you—just round the corner, and it would be just the same. My idea would be that it should all be perfectly open and frank. *Honi soit qui mal y pense*, do n't you know? You're the best thing—you and what we can do for you—that either of us has ever known:" he came back to that. "When I say to her 'Give her up, come,' she lets me have it bang in the face. 'Give her up yourself!' It's the same old vicious circle—and when I say vicious I do n't mean a pun or what-d'-ye-call-'em. Mrs. Wix is the obstacle—I mean, you know, if she has affected you. She has affected *me*, and yet here I am. I never was in such a tight place: please believe it's only that that makes me put it to you as I do. My dear child, is n't that—to put it so—just the way out of it? That came to me yesterday, in London, after Mrs. Beale had gone: I had the most infernal, atrocious day. 'Go straight over and put it to her: let her choose, freely, her own self.' So I do, old girl—I put it to you. *Can you choose, freely?*"

This long address, slowly and brokenly uttered, with fidgets and falterings, with lapses and recoveries, with a mottled face and embarrassed but supplicating eyes, reached the child from a quarter so close that, after the shock of the first sharpness, she could see, intensely, its direction and follow it from point to point; all the more that it came back to the point at which it had started. There was a word that had hummed all through it. "Do you call it a 'sacrifice'?"

"Of Mrs. Wix? I'll call it whatever *you* call it. I won't funk it—I have n't, have I? I'll face it in all its baseness. Does it strike you it *is* base for me to get you well away from her, to smuggle you off here into a corner and bribe you with sophistries and buttered rolls to betray her?"

"To betray her?"

"Well—to part with her."

Maisie let the question wait; the concrete image it presented was the most vivid side of it. "If I part with her where will she go?"

"Back to London."

"But I mean what will she do?"

"Oh, as for that I won't pretend I know. I don't. We all have our difficulties."

That, to Maisie, was at this moment more striking than it had ever been. "Then who will teach me?"

Sir Claude laughed out. "What Mrs. Wix teaches?"

Maisie smiled dimly; she saw what he meant.

"It is n't very, very much."

"It's so very, very little," he rejoined, "that that's a thing we've positively to consider. We probably should n't give you another governess. To begin with, we should n't be able to get one—not of the only kind that would do. It would n't do—the kind that *would* do," he queerly enough explained. "I mean they would n't stay—heigho! We'd do you ourselves. Particularly me. You see I *can* now; I have n't got to mind—what I used to. I won't fight shy as I did—she can show out *with* me. Our relation, all round, is more regular."

It seemed wonderfully regular, the way he put it; yet none the less, while she looked at it as judiciously as she could, the picture it made persisted somehow in being a combination quite distinct—an old woman and a little girl, seated in deep silence on a battered old bench by the rampart of the *haute ville*. It was just at that hour yesterday; they were hand in hand; they had melted together. "I do n't think you yet understand how she clings to you," Maisie said at last.

"I do—I do. But for all that—!" And he gave, turning in his conscious exposure, an oppressed, impatient sigh; the sigh, even his companion could recognize, of the man naturally accustomed to that argument, the man who wanted thoroughly to be reasonable, but who, if really he had to mind so many things, would be always impossibly hampered. What it came to indeed was that he understood quite perfectly. If Mrs. Wix clung, it was all the more reason for shaking off Mrs. Wix.

This vision of what she had brought him to occupied our young lady, while, to ask what he owed, he called the waiter and put down a gold piece that the man carried off for change. Sir Claude looked after him; then went on: "How could a woman have less to reproach a fellow with? I mean as regards herself."

Maisie entertained the question. "Yes. How *could* she have less? So why are you so sure she'll go?"

"Surely you heard why—you heard her come

out three nights ago? How can she do anything but go—after what she then said? I've done what she warned me of—she was absolutely right. So here we are. Her liking Mrs. Beale, as you call it, now, is a motive sufficient, with other things, to make her, for your sake, stay on without me; it's not a motive sufficient to make her, even for yours, stay on *with* me—swallow, in short, what she can't swallow. And when you say she's as fond of me as you are, I think I can, if that's the case, challenge you a little on it. Would *you*, only with those two, stay on without me?" The waiter came back with the change, and that gave her, under this appeal, a moment's respite. But when he had retreated again with the "tip" gathered in with graceful thanks, on a subtle hint from Sir Claude's forefinger, the latter, while he pocketed the money, followed the appeal up. "Would you let her make you live with Mrs. Beale?"

"Without you? Never," Maisie then answered. "Never," she said again.

It made him quite triumph, and she was indeed herself shaken by the mere sound of it. "So you see you're not, like her," he exclaimed, "so ready to give me away!" Then he came back to his original question. "*Can* you choose? I mean can you settle it, by a word, yourself? Will you stay on with us without her?"

Now, in truth, she felt the coldness of her terror, and it seemed to her that suddenly she knew, as she knew it about Sir Claude, what she was afraid of. She was afraid of herself. She looked at him in such a way that it brought, she could see, wonder into his face, a wonder held in check, however, by his frank pretension to play fair with her, not to use advantages, not to hurry nor hustle her—only to put her chance clearly and kindly before her. "May I think?" she finally asked.

"Certainly, certainly. But how long?"

"Oh, only a little while," she said meekly.

He had for a moment the air of wishing to look at it as if it were the most cheerful prospect in the world. "But what shall we do while you're thinking?" He spoke as if thought were compatible with almost any distraction.

There was but one thing Maisie wished to do, and after an instant she expressed it. "Have we got to go back to the hotel?"

"Do you want to?"

"Oh, no."

"There's not the least necessity for it." He bent his eyes on his watch; his face was now very grave. "We can do anything else in the world." He looked at her again almost as if he were on the point of saying that they might, for instance, start off for Paris. But even while she wondered if that were not coming, he had a sudden drop. "We can take a walk."

She was all ready, but he sat there as if he had still something more to say. This, too, however,

did n't come; so she herself spoke. "I think I should like to see Mrs. Wix first."

"Before you decide? All right—all right." He put on his hat, but he had still to light a cigarette. He smoked a minute, with his head thrown back, looking at the ceiling; then he said: "There's one thing to remember—I've a right to impress it on you: we stand absolutely in the place of your parents. It's their defection, their extraordinary baseness, that has made our responsibility. Never was a young person more directly committed and confided." He appeared to say this over at the ceiling, through his smoke, a little for his own illumination. It carried him, after a pause, somewhat farther. "Though, I admit, it was to each of us separately."

He gave her so, at that moment, and in that attitude, the sense of wanting, as it were, to be on her side—on the side of what would be in every way most right and wise and charming for her—that she felt a sudden desire to show herself as not less delicate and magnanimous, not less solicitous for his own interests. What were these but that of the "regularity" he had just spoken of? "It was to each of you separately," she accordingly, with much earnestness, remarked; "but—do n't you remember?—I brought you together."

He jumped up with a delighted laugh. "You brought us together, you brought us together. Come!"

XXX

She remained out with him, for a time of which she could take no measure save that it was too short for what she wished to make of it—an interval, a barrier, indefinite, insurmountable. They walked about, they dawdled, they looked in shop windows; they did all the old things exactly as if to try to get back all the old safety, to get something out of them that they had always got before. This had come before, whatever it was, without their trying, and nothing came now but the intenser consciousness of their quest and their subterfuge. The strangest thing of all was what had really happened to the old safety. What had really happened was that Sir Claude was "free" and that Mrs. Beale was "free," and yet that the new medium was somehow still more oppressive than the old. She could feel that Sir Claude concurred with her in the sense that the oppression would be worst at the inn, where, till something should be settled, they would feel the want of something—of what could they call it but a footing? The question of the settlement loomed larger to her now; it depended, she had learned, so completely on herself. Her choice, as her friend had called it, was there before her like an impossible sum on a slate, a sum that, in spite of her plea for consideration, she simply got off from doing while she walked about with him. She must see Mrs. Wix before she could do her sum; therefore, the

longer before she saw her the more distant would be the ordeal. She met at present no demand whatever of her obligation; she simply plunged, to avoid it, deeper into the company of Sir Claude. She saw nothing that she had seen hitherto—no touch in the foreign picture that had at first been always before her. The only touch was that of Sir Claude's hand, and to feel her own in it was her mute resistance to time. She went about as sightlessly as if he had been leading her blindfold. If they were afraid of themselves it was themselves they would find at the inn. She was certain now that what awaited them there would be to lunch with Mrs. Beale. All her instinct was to avoid that, to draw out their walk, to find pretexts, to take him down upon the sands, to take him to the end of the pier. He said not another word to her about what they had talked of at breakfast, and she had a dim vision of how his way of not letting her see that he was waiting for anything from her would make any one who should know of it, would make Mrs. Wix, for instance, think him more than ever a gentleman. It was true that once or twice, on the jetty, on the sands, he looked at her for an instant with eyes that seemed to propose to her to come straight off with him to Paris. That, however, was not to give her a nudge about her responsibility. He evidently wanted to procrastinate quite as much as she did; he was not a bit more in a hurry to get back to the others. Maisie, herself, at this moment, could be secretly merciless to Mrs. Wix—to the extent, at any rate, of not caring if her continued disappearance did make that lady begin to worry about what had become of her, even begin to wonder, perhaps, if the truants had n't found their remedy. Her want of mercy to Mrs. Beale, indeed, was at least as great; for Mrs. Beale's worry and wonder would be as much greater as the object to which they were directed. When at last Sir Claude, at the far end of the *plage*, which they had already, in the many-coloured crowd, once traversed, suddenly, with a look at his watch, remarked that it was time, not to get back to the *table d'hôte*, but to get over to the station and meet the Paris papers—when he did this she found herself thinking, quite with intensity, what Mrs. Beale and Mrs. Wix *would* say. On the way over to the station she had even a mental picture of the stepfather and the pupil established in a little place in the South, while the governess and the stepmother, in a little place in the North, remained linked by a community of blankness and by the endless theme of intercourse it would afford. The Paris papers had come in, and her companion, with a strange extravagance, bought no less of them than nine; it took up time while they hovered at the book-stall on the restless platform, where the little volumes in a row were all yellow and pink, and one of her favourite old women, in one of her favourite old caps, absolutely wheedled him into the purchase of three. They had thus so much to carry home that

it would have seemed simpler, with such a provision for a nice straight journey through France, just to "nip," as she phrased it to herself, into the *coupe* of the train that, a little farther along, stood waiting to start. She asked Sir Claude where it was going.

"To Paris. Fancy!"

She could fancy well enough. They stood there and smiled, he with all the newspapers under his arm, and she with the three books, one yellow and two pink. He had told her the pink were for herself and the yellow one for Mrs. Beale, implying, in an interesting way, that these were the vivid divisions, in France, of literature for the young and for the old. She knew that they looked exactly as if they were going to get into the train, and she presently brought out to her companion: "I wish we could go. Won't you take me?"

He continued to smile. "Would you really come?"

"Oh yes, oh yes. Try."

"Do you want me to take our tickets?"

"Yes, take them."

"Without any luggage?"

She showed their two armfuls, smiling at him as he smiled at her, but so conscious of being more frightened than she had ever been in her life that she seemed to see in her own whiteness as in a glass. Then she knew that what she saw was Sir Claude's whiteness: he was as frightened as herself. "Have n't we got plenty?" she asked. "Take the tickets—have n't you time? When does the train go?"

Sir Claude turned to a porter. "When does the train go?"

The man looked up at the station clock. "In two minutes. *Monieur est placé?*"

"*Pas encore.*"

"*Vous n'avez que le temps.*" Then, after a look at Maisie, "*Monieur veut-il que je les prenne?*" the man inquired.

Sir Claude turned back to her. "*Veux-tu bien qu'il en prenne?*"

It was the most extraordinary thing in the world: in the intensity of her excitement she not only, by illumination, understood all their French, but fell into it with an active perfection. She addressed herself straight to the porter. "*Prenny, Prenny. Ob Prenny!*"

"*Ab, si mademoiselle le veut——!*" He waited there for the money.

But Sir Claude only stared—stared at her with his white face. "You have chosen then? You'll let her go?"

Maisie carried her eyes wistfully to the train, where, amid cries of "*En voiture, en voiture!*" heads were at windows and doors were banging loud. The porter was pressing. "*Ob, vous n'avez plus le temps!*"

"It's going—it's going!" cried Maisie.

They watched it move, they watched it start;

then the man went his way with a shrug. "It's gone!" Sir Claude said.

Maisie crept some distance up the platform; she stood there with her back to her companion, following it with her eyes, keeping down tears, nursing her pink and yellow books. She had had a real fright, but had fallen back to earth. The odd thing was that in her fall her fear too had been dashed down and broken. It was gone. She looked round at last, from where she had paused, at Sir Claude's, and then she saw that his was not. It sat there with him on the bench to which, against the wall of the station, he had retreated, and where, leaning back and, as she thought, rather queer, he still waited. She came down to him, and he continued to offer his ineffectual intention of pleasantry. "Yes, I've chosen," she said to him. "I'll let her go if you—if you——"

She faltered; he quickly took her up. "If I, if I——?"

"If you'll give up Mrs. Beale."

"Oh!" he exclaimed; on which she saw how much, how hopelessly he was afraid. She had supposed at the café that it was of his rebellion, of his gathering motive; but how could that be when his temptations—that temptation, for instance, of the train they had just lost—were, after all, so small? Mrs. Wix was right. He was afraid of his weakness—of his weakness.

She could not have told you afterwards how they got back to the inn: she could only have told you that even from this point they had not gone straight, but once more had wandered and loitered and, in the course of it, had found themselves on the edge of the quay, where—still, apparently, with half an hour to spare—the boat prepared for Folkestone was drawn up. Here they hovered as they had done at the station; here they exchanged silences again, but only exchanged silences. There were punctual people on the deck, choosing places, taking the best; some of them already contented, all established and shawled, facing to England and attended by the steward, who, confined on such a day to the lighter offices, tucked up the ladies' feet or opened bottles with a pop. They looked down at these things without a word; they even picked out a good place for two that was left in the lee of a lifeboat; and if they lingered rather stupidly, neither deciding to go aboard nor deciding to come away, it was, quite as much as she, Sir Claude who would n't move. It was Sir Claude who cultivated the supreme stillness by which she knew best what he meant. He simply meant that he knew all she herself meant. But there was no pretence of pleasantry now: their faces were grave and tired. When at last they lounged off it was as if his fear, his fear of his weakness, leaned upon her heavily as they followed the harbour. In the hall of the hotel, as they passed in, she saw a battered old box that she recognised, an ancient receptacle with dangling labels that she knew

and a big painted W, lately done over and intensely personal, that seemed to stare at her with a recognition, and even with some suspicion, of its own. Sir Claude caught it too, and there was agitation for both of them in the sight of this object on the move. Was Mrs. Wix going, and was the responsibility of giving her up lifted, at a touch, from her pupil? Her pupil and her pupil's companion, transfixed a moment, held, in the presence of the omen, communication more intense than in the presence either of the Paris train or of the Channel steamer; then, and still without a word, they went straight upstairs. There, however, on the landing, out of sight of the people below, they collapsed so that they had to sink down together for support: they simply seated themselves on the uppermost step while Sir Claude grasped the hand of his stepdaughter with a pressure that, at another moment, would probably have made her squeal. Their books and papers were all scattered. "She thinks you've given her up!"

"Then I must see her—I must see her," Maisie said.

"To bid her good-bye?"

"I must see her—I must see her," the child only repeated.

They sat a minute longer, Sir Claude with his tight grip of her hand and looking away from her, looking straight down the staircase to where, round the turn, electric bells rattled and the pleasant sea-draught blew. At last, loosening his grasp, he slowly got up while she did the same. They went together along the lobby, but before he reached the *salon* he stopped again. "If I give up Mrs. Beale——?"

"I'll go straight out with you again and not come back till she has gone."

He seemed to wonder. "Till Mrs. Beale——?"

He had made it sound like a bad joke. "I mean till Mrs. Wix leaves—in that boat."

Sir Claude looked almost foolish. "Is she going in that boat?"

"I suppose so. I won't even bid her good-bye," Maisie continued; "I'll stay out till the boat has gone. I'll go up to the old rampart."

"The old rampart?"

"I'll sit on that old bench where you see the gold Virgin."

"The gold Virgin?" he vaguely echoed. But it brought his eyes back to her, as if, after an instant, he could see the place and the thing she named—could see her sitting there alone. "While I break with Mrs. Beale?"

"While you break with Mrs. Beale."

He gave a long, deep, smothered sigh. "I must see her first."

"You won't do as I do? Go out and wait?"

"Wait?"—once more he appeared at a loss.

"Till they both have gone," Maisie said.

"Giving us up?"

"Giving us up."

Oh, with what a face, for an instant, he won-

dered if that could be! But his wonder, the next moment, only made him go to the door and, with his hand on the knob, stand as if listening to voices. Maisie listened; but she heard none. All she heard, presently, was Sir Claude's saying, with speculation quite averted, but so as not to be heard in the *salon*: "Mrs. Beale will never go." On this he pushed open the door, and she went in with him. The *salon* was empty, but, as an effect of their entrance, the lady he had just mentioned appeared at the door of the bedroom. "Is she going?" he then demanded.

Mrs. Beale came forward, closing her door behind her. "I've had the most extraordinary scene with her. She told me yesterday she'd stay."

"And my arrival has altered it?"

"Oh, we took that into account!" Mrs. Beale was flushed, which was never quite becoming to her, and her face visibly testified to the encounter to which she alluded. Evidently, however, she had not been worsted, and she held up her head and smiled and rubbed her hands as if in sudden emulation of the *patronne*. "She promised she'd stay even if you should come."

"Then why has she changed?"

"Because she's an idiot. The reason she herself gives is that you've been out too long."

Sir Claude stared. "What has that to do with it?"

"You've been out an age," Mrs. Beale continued; "I myself could n't imagine what had become of you. The whole morning," she exclaimed, "and luncheon long since over!"

Sir Claude appeared indifferent to that. "Did Mrs. Wix go down with you?" he only asked.

"Not she; she never budged!"—and Mrs. Beale's flush, to Maisie's vision, deepened. "She moped there—she did n't so much as come out to me; and when I sent to invite her she simply declined to appear. She said she wanted nothing, and I went down alone. But when I came up, fortunately a little primed"—and Mrs. Beale smiled a fine smile of battle—"she *was* in the field!"

"And you had a big row?"

"We had a big row"—she assented with a frankness as large. "And while you left me to that sort of thing, I should like to know where you were!" She paused for a reply, but Sir Claude merely looked at Maisie; a movement that promptly quickened her challenge. "Where the mischief have you been?"

"You seem to take it as hard as Mrs. Wix," Sir Claude returned.

"I take it as I choose to take it, and you do n't answer my questions."

He looked again at Maisie, and as if for an aid to this effort; whereupon she smiled at her step-mother and offered: "We've been everywhere."

Mrs. Beale, however, made no response, thereby

adding to a surprise of which our young lady had already felt the light brush. She had received neither a greeting nor a glance, but perhaps this was not more remarkable than the omission, in respect to Sir Claude, parted with in London two days before, of any sign of a sense of their reunion. Most remarkable of all was Mrs. Beale's announcement of the pledge given by Mrs. Wix and not hitherto revealed to her pupil. Instead of heeding this witness she went on with acerbity: "It might surely have occurred to you that something would come up."

Sir Claude looked at his watch. "I had no idea it was so late, nor that we had been out so long. We were n't hungry. It passed like a flash. What *has* come up?"

"Oh, that she's disgusted," said Mrs. Beale.

"Disgusted? With whom?"

"With Maisie." Even now she never looked at the child, who stood there equally associated and disconnected. "For having no moral sense."

"How *should* she have?" Sir Claude tried again to shine a little at the companion of his walk. "How, at any rate, is it proved by her going out with me?"

"Do n't ask *me*; ask that woman. She drivels when she does n't rage," Mrs. Beale declared.

"And she leaves the child?"

"She leaves the child," said Mrs. Beale with great emphasis and looking more than ever over Maisie's head.

In this position suddenly a change came into her face, caused, as the others could, the next thing, see, by the reappearance of Mrs. Wix in the doorway which, on coming in at Sir Claude's heels, Maisie had left gaping. "I *do n't* leave the child—I *do n't*, I *do n't*!" she proclaimed from the threshold, advancing upon the opposed three, but addressing herself directly to Maisie. She was girded, she was positively exalted, for departure, arrayed as she had been arrayed on her advent, and armed with a small, fat, rusty reticule which, almost in the manner of a battle-axe, she brandished in support of her words. She had clearly come straight from her room, where Maisie in an instant guessed she had directed the removal of her minor effects. "I *do n't* leave you till I've given you another chance: will you come *with* me?"

Maisie turned to Sir Claude, who struck her as having been removed to a distance of about a mile. To Mrs. Beale she turned no more than Mrs. Beale had turned; she felt as if, already, their difference had been disclosed. What had come out about that in the scene between the two women? Enough came out now, at all events, as she put it, practically to her stepfather. "Will *you* come? Won't you?" she inquired as if she had not already seen that she should have to give him up. It was the last flare of her dream; by this time she was afraid of nothing.

"I should think you'd be too proud to ask?" Mrs. Wix interposed. Mrs. Wix was herself conspicuously too proud.

But at the child's words Mrs. Beale had fairly bounded. "Come away from *me*, Maisie?" It was a wail of dismay and reproach, in which her stepdaughter was astonished to read that she had no hostile consciousness, and that, if she had been so actively grand, it was not from suspicion, but from strange entanglements of modesty.

Sir Claude presented to Mrs. Beale an expression positively sick. "Do n't put it to her *that* way!" There had indeed been something in Mrs. Beale's tone, and for a moment our young lady was reminded of the old days in which so many of her friends had been "compromised."

This friend blushed—it was before Mrs. Wix; and though she bridled she took the hint. "No—it is n't the way." Then she showed she knew the way. "Do n't be a still bigger fool, dear, but go straight to your room and wait there till I can come to you."

Maisie made no motion to obey, but Mrs. Wix raised a hand that forestalled every evasion. "Do n't move till you've heard me. I'm going, but I must first understand. Have you lost it again?"

Maisie surveyed, for the idea of a particular loss, the immensity of space. Then she replied lamely enough: "I feel as if I had lost everything."

Mrs. Wix looked dark. "Do you mean to say you *have* lost what we found together, with so much difficulty, two days ago?" As her pupil failed of response, she continued: "Do you mean to say you've already forgotten what we found together?"

Maisie dimly remembered. "My moral sense?"

"Your moral sense. *Have n't* I, after all, brought it out?" She spoke as she had never spoken even in the schoolroom and with the book in her hand.

It brought back to the child's recollection of how sometimes she could n't repeat on Friday the sentence that had been glib on Wednesday, and she thought with conscious stupidity of the mystery on which she was now pulled up. Sir Claude and Mrs. Beale stood there like visitors at an "exam." She had, indeed, an instant, a whiff of the faint flower that Mrs. Wix pretended to have plucked and now, with such a peremptory hand, passed under her nose. Then it left her, and, as if she were sinking with a slip from a foothold, her arms made a short jerk. What this jerk represented was the spasm, within her, of something still deeper than a moral sense. She looked at her examiner; she looked at the visitors; she felt the rising of the tears she had kept down at the station. The only thing was the old flat, shameful schoolroom plea, "I *do n't* know—I *do n't* know."

"Then you've lost it." Mrs. Wix seemed to close the book as she fixed the straighteners on Sir

Claude. "You've nipped it in the bud. You've killed it when it had begun to live."

She was a never Mrs. Wix than ever, a Mrs. Wix high and great; but Sir Claude was not after all to be treated as a little boy with a missed lesson. "I've not killed anything," he said; "on the contrary I think I've produced life. I don't know what to call it—I have n't even known how decently to deal with it, to approach it; but, whatever it is, it's the most beautiful thing I've ever met—it's exquisite, it's sacred." He had his hands in his pockets, and, though a trace of the sickness he had just shown still perhaps lingered there, his face bent itself with extraordinary gentleness on both the friends he was about to lose. "Do you know what I came back for?" he asked of the elder.

"I think I do!" cried Mrs. Wix, surprisingly unmollified, and with a crimson on her brow that was like a wave of colour reflected from the luridness lately enacted with Mrs. Beale. That lady, as if a little besprinkled by such turns of the tide, uttered a loud, inarticulate protest, and, averting herself, stood a moment at the window.

"I came back with a proposal," said Sir Claude.

"To me?" Mrs. Wix asked.

"To Maisie. That she should give you up."

"And does she?"

Sir Claude wavered. "Tell her!" he then exclaimed to the child, also turning away as if to give her the chance. But Mrs. Wix and her pupil stood confronted in silence, Maisie whiter than ever—more awkward, more rigid, and yet more dumb. They looked at each other hard, and as nothing came from them Sir Claude faced about again. "You won't tell her—you can't?" Still she said nothing: whereupon, addressing Mrs. Wix, he broke into a kind of ecstasy. "She refused—she refused!"

Maisie, at this, found her voice. "I did n't refuse. I did n't," she repeated.

"It brought Mrs. Beale straight back to her. 'You accepted, angel—you accepted!' She threw herself upon the child and, before Maisie could resist, had sunk with her upon the sofa, possessed of her, encircling her. 'You've given her up already, you've given her up forever, and you're ours and ours only now, and the sooner she's off the better!'"

Maisie had shut her eyes, but at a word of Sir Claude's they opened. "Let her go!" he said to Mrs. Beale.

"Never, never, never!" cried Mrs. Beale. Maisie felt herself more embraced.

"Let her go!" Sir Claude more intensely repeated. He was looking at Mrs. Beale, and there was something in his voice. Maisie knew, from a loosening of arms, that she had become conscious of what it was; she slowly rose from the sofa, and the child stood there again, dropped and divided. "You're free—you're free," Sir Claude went on; at which Maisie's back became aware of a push

that vented resentment, and that placed her again in the center of the room, the cynosure of every eye, and not knowing which way to turn.

She turned with an effort to Mrs. Wix. "I did n't refuse to give you up, I said I would if *he*'d give up."

"Give up Mrs. Beale?" burst from Mrs. Wix.

"Give up Mrs. Beale. What do you call that but exquisite?" Sir Claude demanded of all of them, the lady mentioned included; speaking with a relish as intense, now, as if some lovely work of art or of nature had suddenly been set down among them. He was rapidly recovering himself on this basis of fine appreciation. "She made her condition—with such a sense of what it should be! She made the only right one."

"The only right one?"—Mrs. Beale returned to the charge. She had taken, a moment before, a check from him, but she was not to be checked on this. "How can you talk such rubbish, and how can you back her up in such impertinence? What in the world have you done to her to make her think of such stuff?" She stood there in righteous wrath; she flashed her eyes round the circle. Maisie took them full in her own, knowing that here, at last, was the moment she had had most to reckon with. But, as regards her stepdaughter, Mrs. Beale subdued herself to an inquiry deeply mild. "Have you made, my own love, any such condition as that?"

Somehow, now that it was there, the great moment was not so bad. What helped the child was that she knew what she wanted. All her learning and learning had made her at last learn that; so that if she waited an instant to reply it was only from the desire to be nice. Bewilderment had simply gone, or at any rate was going fast. Finally she answered: "Will you give *him* up? Will you?"

"Ah, leave her alone—leave her, leave her!" Sir Claude, in sudden supplication, murmured to Mrs. Beale.

Mrs. Wix, at the same instant, found another apostrophe. "Is n't it enough for you, madam, to have brought her to discussing your relations?"

Mrs. Beale left Sir Claude unheeded, but Mrs. Wix could make her flame. "My relations? What do you know, you hideous creature, about my relations, and what business on earth have you to speak of them? Leave the room this instant, you horrible old woman!"

"I think you had better go—you must really catch your boat," Sir Claude said distressfully to Mrs. Wix. He was out of it now, or wanted to be; he knew the worst and had accepted it; what now concerned him was to prevent, to dissipate vulgarities. "Won't you go—won't you just get off quickly?"

"With the child as quickly as you like. Not without her." Mrs. Wix was adamant.

"Then why did you lie to me, you fiend?" Mrs. Beale almost yelled. "Why did you tell me an hour ago that you had given her up?"

"Because I despaired of her—because I thought she had left me." Mrs. Wix turned to Maisie. "You were *with* them—in their connection. But now your eyes are open, and I take you!"

"No you do n't!" and Mrs. Beale made, with a great fierce jump, a wild snatch at her stepdaughter. She caught her by the arm and, completing an instinctive movement, whirled her round in a further leap to the door, which had been closed by Sir Claude the instant their voices had risen. She fell back against it and, even while denouncing and waving off Mrs. Wix, kept it closed in an incoherence of passion. "You do n't take her, but you bundle yourself; she stays with her own people and she's rid of you! I never heard anything so monstrous!" Sir Claude had rescued Maisie and kept hold of her; he held her in front of him, resting his hands very lightly on her shoulders and facing the loud adversaries. Mrs. Beale's flush had dropped; she had turned pale with a splendid wrath. She kept protesting and dismissing Mrs. Wix; she pressed her back to the door to prevent Maisie's flight; she drove out Mrs. Wix by the window or the chimney. "You're a nice one—'discussing relations'—with your talk of our 'connection' and your insults! What in the world is our connection but the love of the child, who is our duty and our life, and who holds us together as closely as she originally brought us?"

"I know, I know!" Maisie said with a burst of eagerness. "I did bring you."

The strangest of laughs escaped from Sir Claude. "You did bring us—you did!" His hands went up and down gently on her shoulders.

Mrs. Wix so dominated the situation that she had something sharp for every one. "There you have it, you see!" she pregnantly remarked to her pupil.

"*Will* you give him up?" Maisie persisted to Mrs. Beale.

"To *you*, you abominable little horror?" that lady indignantly inquired, "and to this ignorant old idiot who has filled your dreadful little mind with her wickedness? Have you been a hideous little hypocrite all these years that I've slaved to make you love me, and deludedly believed that you did?"

"I love Sir Claude—I love *him*," Maisie replied with a sense, slightly rueful and embarrassed, that she appeared to offer it as something that would do as well. Sir Claude had continued to pat her, and it was really an answer to his pats.

"She hates you—she hates you," he observed with the oddest quietness to Mrs. Beale.

His quietness made her blaze. "And you back her up in it and give me up to outrage?"

"No; I only insist that she's free—she's free."

Mrs. Beale stared—Mrs. Beale glared. "Free to starve with this pauper lunatic?"

"I'll do more for her than you ever did!" Mrs. Wix cried. "I'll work my fingers to the bone."

Maisie, with Sir Claude's hands still on her shoulders, felt, just as she felt the fine surrender in them, that, over her head, he looked in a certain way at Mrs. Wix. "You need n't do that," she heard him say; "she has means."

"Means?—Maisie?" Mrs. Beale shrieked. "Means that her vile father has stolen!"

"I'll get them back—I'll get them back; I'll look into it." He smiled and nodded at Mrs. Wix.

This had a fearful effect on his other friend. "Have n't I looked into it, I should like to know, and have n't I found—an abyss? It's too inconceivable, your cruelty to me!" she wildly broke out. She had hot tears in her eyes.

He spoke to her very kindly, almost coaxingly. "We'll look into it again; we'll look into it together. It is an abyss, but he *can* be made—or *Ida* can! Think of the money they're getting now!" he laughed. "It's all right, it's all right," he continued. "It would n't do—it would n't do. We *can't* work her in. It's perfectly true—she's unique. We're not good enough—oh no!" and, quite exuberantly, he laughed again.

"Not good enough, and that beast *is*?" Mrs. Beale shouted.

At this, for a moment, there was a hush in the room, and in the midst of it Sir Claude replied to the question by moving with Maisie to Mrs. Wix. The next thing the child knew she was at that lady's side with an arm firmly grasped. Mrs. Beale still guarded the door. "Let them pass," said Sir Claude at last.

She remained there, however; Maisie saw the pair look at each other. Then she saw Mrs. Beale turn to her. "I'm your mother now, Maisie. And he's your father."

"That's just where it is!" sighed Mrs. Wix with an effect of irony positively detached and philosophic.

Mrs. Beale continued to address her young friend, and her effort to be reasonable and tender was, in its way remarkable. "We're representative, you know, of Mr. Farange and his former wife. This person represents mere illiterate presumption. We take our stand on the law."

"Oh the law, the law!" Mrs. Wix superbly jeered. "You had better indeed let the law have a look at you!"

"Let them pass—let them pass!" Sir Claude pressed his friend—he pleaded.

But she fastened herself still to Maisie. "Do you hate me, dearest?"

Maisie looked at her with new eyes, but answered as she had answered before. "Will you give him up?"

Mrs. Beale's rejoinder hung fire, but when it came it was noble. "You should n't talk to me of such things!" She was shocked to tears.

For Mrs. Wix, however, it was her resentment that was shocking. "You ought to be ashamed of yourself!" she roundly declared.

Sir Claude made a supreme appeal. "Will you be so good as to allow these horrors to terminate?"

Mrs. Beale fixed her eyes on him, and again Maisie watched them. "You should do him justice," Mrs. Wix went on to Mrs. Beale. "We've always been devoted to him, Maisie and I—and he has shown how much he likes us. He would like to please her; he would like even, I think, to please me. But he has n't given you up."

They stood confronted, the step-parents, still under Maisie's observation. That observation had never sunk so deep as at this particular moment. "Yes, my dear, I have n't given you up," Sir Claude said at last, "and if you'd like me to treat our friends here as solemn witnesses I do n't mind giving you my word for it that I never, never will. There!" he dauntlessly exclaimed.

"He can't!" Mrs. Wix as distinctly commented. Mrs. Beale, erect and alive in her defeat, jerked her handsome face about. "He can't!" she literally mocked.

"He can't, he can't, he can't!" Sir Claude's gay emphasis wonderfully carried it off.

Mrs. Beale took it all in, yet she held her ground, on which Maisie addressed Mrs. Wix. "Shan't we lose the boat?"

"Yes, we shall lose the boat," Mrs. Wix remarked to Sir Claude.

Mrs. Beale meanwhile faced full at Maisie. "I do n't know what to make of you!" she launched.

"Good-bye," said Maisie to Sir Claude.

"Good-bye, Maisie," Sir Claude answered.

Mrs. Beale came away from the door. "Good-bye!" she hurled at Maisie; then passed straight across the room and disappeared in the adjoining one.

Sir Claude had reached the door and opened it. Mrs. Wix was already out. On the threshold Maisie paused; she put out her hand to her stepfather. He took it and held it a moment, and their eyes met as the eyes of those who have done for each other what they can. "Good-bye," he repeated.

"Good-bye." And Maisie followed Mrs. Wix.

They caught the steamer, which was just putting off, and, hustled across the gulf, found themselves on the deck so breathless and so scared that they gave up half the voyage to letting their emotion sink. It sank slowly and imperfectly; but at last, in mid-channel, surrounded by the quiet sea, Mrs. Wix had courage to revert. "I did n't look back, did you?"

"Yes. He was n't there," said Maisie.

"Not on the balcony?"

Maisie waited a moment; then, "He was n't there," she simply said again.

Mrs. Wix also was silent a while. "He went to her," she finally observed.

"Oh, I know!" the child replied.

Mrs. Wix gave a sidelong look. She still had room for wonder at what Maisie knew.

THE END.

REVIEWS

BEHIND THE SCENES—AT WINDSOR

THE PRIVATE LIFE OF THE QUEEN.—By a Member of the Royal Household. 12mo. D. Appleton & Co. \$1.50.

HOWEVER it may be in England, in this country at least very few persons have anything more than the meagerest knowledge of the private life of Queen Victoria. It is, therefore, good to come on a volume "by a member of the Royal Household," which tells most of the things one desires to know, and at the same time gives a picture of Her Majesty at close range which is remarkably satisfactory. In some respects the book is an extremely silly one; it is written from an almost groveling point of view—in fashionably ungrammatical English. It is filled with the tritest anecdotes of Her Majesty which, so far from illustrating, as they are supposed to do, the breadth of mind, the early formation of character, and other features of the Queen's life, only serve by their inanity to discredit the author's judgment altogether. Besides this, there is an amateurish superabundance of superlative adjectives. Every quality of mind or body of the Queen is hailed as "infinite," "indescribable," "most remarkable," or "most magnificent." We are told that the Queen was "the best dancer in her kingdom," "a wonderful horsewoman." If she "had been destined by Fate to write in lieu of ruling, she must have left a great mark on the literature of the country." And so on. Many of the statements may be true, and the knowledge of the Queen we gain from the book certainly tends toward a great admiration for her. Yet the perpetual use of superlatives only wears the reader.

The book is written by a person, presumably a woman, whose intimate connection with the royal household, if not with the Queen herself, may not for a moment be doubted. The description of the Queen and her private life is illuminating in the extreme.

"If you are a student of photographs or portraits of the Queen, you will have great difficulty in recognizing her in conversation. All I have ever seen are very far from doing her justice, for not only does she not photograph well, but her face in repose is very different from when she commences to talk. The kind, sad eyes light up, the nostrils distend, the cheeks glow, the curves of the mouth

turn up in smiles and display a very pretty and complete set of teeth in one so old, and the voice, instead of being husky, as might be expected, is singularly soft and retains much of that pretty singing voice which the great Lablache cultivated and Mendelssohn praised so highly."

"The Queen is a singularly good talker. Not only is she well read in history, biography, and fiction, and speaks five languages fluently, besides being a very fair Latin and Hindostani scholar, but there is scarcely a picture or an artist of any note in the world with whom and with whose works she is not intimately familiar, and she possesses an appreciative and practical acquaintance with the works of all the great composers. . . . She is gifted with a marvelous memory, which she has cultivated and preserved most carefully, not only for faces and facts, but for all the little interesting characteristics which are the salt of good table talk. . . . Besides this she has a very pretty wit of her own and an enormous appreciation of any fun, far from being blasée. She is the first to suggest and applaud anything which would give pleasure in ordinary good society."

"There is nothing to be gained by misrepresentation, and therefore there is nothing ungracious in saying plainly that the Queen is very short, but this is only a first impression, for her manners and bearing, in some unaccountable way, give her height. . . . Though she has almost every female foible which a well-bred lady might in truth and without detriment be said to possess, she leaves a distinct impression upon those who have an opportunity of studying her, that she is something more than a merely good, kind old lady. . . . One is inclined to call her a genius without being quite able to fix upon any particular quality in which to say lies her especial talent, unless, indeed, . . . I accept Carlyle's definition of genius as 'a capacity for hard work.' This capacity Her Majesty possesses to a very large extent."

The Queen's really unusual accomplishments, her great skill and economy in the control of her personal fortune and affairs, her realization of the dignity of her position, the wise supervision and yet the strict etiquette of her court, are treated adequately and well. In the more domestic details of her life she is "extremely fanciful and particular"; about her own clothes she has never shown "any particular taste." Her passion for being photographed and painted, her loathing of cats, her insistence on a cleric's preaching in a black gown without surplice, her fancy for wax candles and antipathy to electric lights and gas—these are some of the characteristics which go to make the picture complete.

An anecdote about Dickens, presumably now printed for the first time, is especially interesting. "The great author, while still early in his career, conceived the most passionate attachment for Her Majesty, the girlish beauty which she retained un-

impaired for very many years after her marriage and her sweet grace having made the deepest impression on him. He went everywhere where he was likely to be able to see her, and in a most touching letter to Mr. Thompson, then a light in literary circles and the father of Mrs. Alice Meynell and the well-known artist, Lady Butler, he poured out his love for the Queen, not as his sovereign but as a woman. In this same letter he described how he had spent days and weeks in the neighborhood of Windsor, hiding among the trees in the park and lounging about her favorite drives, that he might sometimes catch a glimpse of her."

The story goes on to say in the most heartless and unsentimental manner, "The Queen once saw Dickens act at a charity performance, and one of her pet Skye-terriers was named 'Box.'"

The origin of the greater portion of the Queen's wealth is a very romantic story. On the 30th August, 1852, there died a penurious old gentleman of seventy-two. John Camden Nield was the son of a goldsmith who had executed work for George III and kept a shop in St. James's Street. The old jeweler was, in his way, a great philanthropist, and emulated Howard in his attempt to ameliorate the condition of those poor wretches who languished in Her Majesty's prison. He sent his son to Trinity College, Cambridge, and the bar, and at his death left him £250,000. This great sum John Camden Nield saved and invested, living himself in a most miserly fashion. When his will was opened, it was found that, with the exception of a few legacies, he had left his fortune of £500,000 to "Her Most Gracious Majesty, Queen Victoria, begging Her Majesty's most gracious acceptance of the same for Her Majesty's sole use and benefit and that of her heirs." The Queen sought out Nield's relations and gave them £1,000 each and raised a monument to his memory.

MAID AND BOOK

PATRINS. TO WHICH IS ADDED AN INQUIRENDO INTO THE WIT AND OTHER GOOD PARTS OF HIS LATE MAJESTY KING CHARLES THE SECOND.—By *Louise Imogen Guiney*. 16mo. Copeland & Day, Boston. \$1.25.

THESE *Patrins* are "handfuls of leaves or grass" cast by a gypsy on the road, to denote to those behind the way she has taken. The gypsy is an inveterate mouser in libraries, to whom the essay is a joy, and one that is communicated to those who follow her from a distance, breathlessly glad that their guide knows all the squirrel-tracks in the forest.

There is the note of inconsequential whimsicality in the very titles of these papers, ranging from *A Bitter Complaint of the Ungentle Reader*, On the *Ethics of Descent*, On the *Rabid* versus the *Harmless Scholar*, to *Teaching One's Grandmother How to*

Suck Eggs. Yet the patins, and the disquisition added thereto on Charles II, have a singular and agreeable unity, in that the essayist finds her inspiration either in her subject or the novelty of her point of view. This is a distinction, when so many eyes are enamored of their own seeing, and so many minds are not distressed with their own vacancy. Nor is Miss Guiney's modest absorption in her theme a substitute for personality, as a former volume of essays, mainly "expository," might have justified one in supposing. What with a brave, practical optimism, which prompts her to "sing out for the happy she feels inside," and a mellowing humor, she evinces an out-of-door freedom and jollity that do much to alleviate the shock of her prodigious bookishness. She will pretty soon be able to "swim alone," but the closeness and handsoneness with which her learning sits upon her will happily save her from elaborate trifling.

The best thing in the present volume is the *Inquirendo Into the Wit and Other Good Parts of His Late Majesty Charles the Second*, which is thrown into the form of dialogue, that, for the nonce, the writer may not appear to hold a brief for that much-abused Merry Monarch. "Mr. Clay," says Mrs. Wetherell, "have n't you some more nice Charles-Secondy things to tell me? I am so interested." And forthwith Mr. Clay launches out upon the sixty-six page documentary account of His Majesty,—leaving the rottenness of the Restoration for the street-corner evangelists to harp upon, and concerning himself zestfully with its "human sparkle." His listeners do not yawn or interrupt, and, when he is done, their only comment is that it's "lopsided," "mortal serious, you know." The fact is that Clay's harangue is a vibrant, nobly compact piece of work, quite worthy to stand on its own legs as an essay, and challenging comparison with one of Mr. Austin Dobson's vignettes. The "dolly dialogue," however, goes to smash when it frames such weighty matter.

If, at the present stage of her literary advancement, Miss Guiney is *caviare* to the general, it is because of her large retinue of unusual words, and the length and close weaving of her paragraphs. It would be trite to urge the charm of the open page, or that the unusual word is not necessarily the striking or the picturesque word. But who will deny that Mr. Birrell gains immensely by the former device, or that Charles Lamb and Hazlitt kept, for the most part, well within the province of every-day speech? Miss Guiney has observation, but it is too industriously minute, and at times produces a disjointed effect. What guarantees her an ultimate readableness is that her words stand for ideas, her impressions for realities. In *Quiet London* we do not find her speaking of "admirable trees," as Mr. James did. And in her account of the *Tudor Exhibition* she displays neither the temper of the society journalist nor that over-anxious research of technical phrasings

which Mr. Lang says is the joy of the art critic. In the three canine papers she even drops to the cozy level of familiar chat.

HISTORY OFF-HAND

ITALY IN THE NINETEENTH CENTURY, AND THE MAKING OF AUSTRO-HUNGARY AND GERMANY. By Elizabeth Wormeley Latimer. 8vo. A. C. McClurg & Company. \$2.50.

THIS latest volume from Mrs. Latimer's flowing pen has the merits and defects of its predecessors in the series of histories with which her name is chiefly associated. Those who take up the volume, expecting to find such a formal history as the title might seem to indicate, are assured of disappointment. But it is by no means certain that the cheerful gossip of historical personages, offered in its stead, permits the book to be other than agreeable disappointment. Mrs. Latimer is thoroughly aware that it is not for contemporaries to write history, so she puts forth in lieu thereof annals, lightly sketched in, often wrong in perspective, and always leaving an impression on the mind which is felt to be rather pleasing than accurate.

The style of the work is at times perilously near to what may be termed the "heart-to-heart" manner, now greatly affected by women—and men who write in and of boudoirs. It assumes a body of readers ignorant of many things supposed to lie within the common knowledge of literate mankind, as when the author defines with care and substantial accuracy the meaning of such terms as *index expurgatorius* or *mobilization*. The explanation of this is to be found in numerous little slips on Mrs. Latimer's part, as where she speaks of the Sacred College and its components, "a few of whom," she remarks with evident surprise, "though cardinals, are not in priests' orders," or where she changes the two best known lines of Halleck's *Lament for Drake* into the third person, and attributes them to Wordsworth. Moreover, she is given to quoting unknown authorities. Of Caroline, Queen of Naples, she says: "My father always called her 'that vile woman'"; or of saying things altogether unimportant, following, for example, an account of the writing of Silvio Pellico's *Le Mie Prigione*, with the comment: "I read it with deep emotion when I was a schoolgirl," or inserting in a foot-note a long defense of herself against a charge of plagiarism—"never a matter of much consequence," as has been rightly observed.

Most serious of all its defects, however, is the book's wanting a sense of proportion. "The story of the kingdom of Naples and Sicily is strong, picturesque, and interesting during the first twenty years of the nineteenth century," she says early in the narrative, "but it is not to be told here." Yet, before she has finished a third of her work, she inter-

rupts her history to quote—as extensively as digressively—from Miss Yonge's *Treasury of Golden Deeds* in regard to the crown of St. Stephen. Characters of importance rise and fall within a page; frequent repetitions, both of anecdote and incident, give pause to the work's free progress; extended accounts of unimportant persons, like Orsini, add to the halting effect, and there is little attempt at philosophic reflection, and that little not well considered.

But all these comments are but a longer way of saying that Mrs. Latimer has not written, though she does not disclaim writing, a formal history. She has certainly saved for the world many an important fact which it was in great danger of forgetting, and, at its best, her manner is delightful. If for nothing else, we should be grateful for her rescuing from oblivion an account of that General Nugent, who, commanding the Austrian army, during the siege of Brescia, in 1849, was so impressed by the valor displayed by its inhabitants against double their number of assailants, that, dying before its capture, he left the city his entire fortune. But it was unnecessary to add that the General was of Irish descent.

GEORGIA SCENES—SIXTY YEARS AFTER

GEORGIA SCENES.—*Characters, Incidents, etc., in the First Half-Century of the Republic. By a Native Georgian. 12mo. Harper & Brothers. \$1.25.*

THE republication, after nearly sixty years, of this book may have been inspired by the success attending the rejuvenation of that kindred but vastly superior work, *Flash Times in Alabama and Mississippi*; or it may be another indication, like the new edition of *Phe-nixiana*, of the reviving interest in matters American, especially when humorous; in any event, it presents pictures of life in the South at a period exceedingly remote in everything but years, which are sufficiently lifelike on the face of them to induce feelings of gratitude. But it is not to be supposed that all these pictures are delightful or even pleasant ones—they are, collectively speaking, anything but likely to make us proud of that bygone generation of our fellow-countrymen who inhabited Georgia; some of them, notably the anecdotes of fighting, being wholly ruf-fianly. Still, the most repulsive chapters of the book go to attest the accuracy of the author's observation, and can be made to serve a sociological, if not a literary, purpose.

The style in which these living descriptions of old-fashioned Southern life are told is interestingly reminiscent of the *Spectator* and *Tatler* school, upon which we know the South modeled its writings for so many years. The humor beneath has a similar smack of the day of Queen Anne, though the irrepressible tendency of the American to jest at anybody and everything is sufficiently obvious to form,

in combination with the Addisonian elaboration and classicism, a cause for mirth which could not have been intentional. Quite the most remarkable feature of the book is—to begin a series of Hibernicisms—the practical omission of the results of slavery. However certain it may be that the peculiar institution was quite as much a matter of fact to the Northerner as to a Georgian in the thirties and forties, it still seems as if more use should have been made of it here, if only for the sake of posterity.

THE VIA MEDIA

MARIETTA'S MARRIAGE.—*By W. E. Norris. 12mo. D. Appleton Co. \$0.50.*

CHEERFULLY, although in these days he is almost without a comrade, Mr. Norris treads the *via media* of the novelist. He is, we believe, rarely interviewed. If this should happen, he might quite frankly say that he was trying, not so much to write the great novel as to avoid writing the bad novel, and to produce the good and entertaining one. This is exactly what he does. He is not a master stylist, but in spite of the Messrs. Appleton's proofreader he writes delightfully sure and correct English; his plot is not startlingly intricate nor novel, but it is really well constructed and has sufficient incident; his psychological analysis is perhaps not profound, but his characterization is discriminating, accurate, and satisfactory; he displays no great sense of beauty, but his taste is beyond reproach; he is not a wit, perhaps, yet there are epigrams and to spare in the book.

It would be possible to reproach Mr. Norris with not being Mr. Hardy or Mr. Meredith, and to urge him toward emulation of these masters. Yet he might reply in the words of one of his own characters: "Advice is one of the things which it is more blessed to give than to receive." And it is true that the qualities which he already possessed are, when combined in one writer, sufficiently remarkable.

The story of *Marietta's Marriage* would gain nothing from retelling in a review. We suppose that the critic of this morning's paper might call it "unpleasant" since its chief figures are a vacillating, pretty, discontented woman who is married, and a man who is not, and is a bit of a blackguard to boot. Yet we have not found it unpleasant reading, and there are plenty of other characters who are wholesome and lively. And, after all, Marietta stops this side of the brink, to which she comes so close.

The only reproach we make Mr. Norris is his old-fashioned, leisurely way of taking 455 pages for his story. For modern taste this is a little too long. Yet almost every one of the 455 pages is readable.



WITH PLEASURE AND PROFIT

THE HALF-CASTE: AN OLD GOVERNESS'S TALE.—
By the Author of *John Halifax, Gentleman*.
12mo. Thomas Whittaker. \$1.00.

NO better opportunity than this was ever given for the comparison of the art of to-day and the art of day before yesterday in the telling of a short story. Six of Dinah Maria Mulock's (Mrs. Craik's) tales have been released from the limbo of old *Chambers's Journals*, "and are now published in book-form, in the belief that the present generation will read with pleasure and profit what charmed and instructed their fathers and mothers." The three pairs of words linked by the *ands* in the foregoing quotation from the brief publisher's note which prefaces the book describe the quality of the stories better than a page of analysis. Who now is writing for the sake of being read with "pleasure and profit"? or to "charm and instruct"? or for "fathers and mothers"?

The half-dozen little tales cover much ground. Here is history, romance, everyday life, pathos, patriotism, love, remorse, and hope. Here are heroines vastly better behaved under adverse circumstances than heroines are wont to be, now that we are fathers and mothers, rather than sons and daughters. Here, too, are heroes who loom, mighty men in deeds, or words, or sentiment. It is another, and we fear a better, assuredly a drearier, world. The publisher is right—the book will be read "with pleasure and profit."

THROUGH ENGLISH SPEC-TACLES

THE LAND OF THE DOLLAR.—By G. W. Stevens.
12mo. Dodd, Mead & Co. \$1.50.

ONE may lay it down as an axiom that no book that sets out to describe the character and institutions of a foreign country will have any permanent value unless based on sympathy. Especially and for obvious reasons is this the case with America, and yet it is just this power to enter into the feelings of a nation so widely different from their own that has been wanting in our European critics. Mr. Bryce, of course, is a distinguished exception; De Tocqueville is another; but as a rule foreigners, and Englishmen particularly, have looked on us as mere curiosities and written of us with a certain amused contempt. *The Land of the Dollar* is a sign that this attitude is beginning to die away and give place to intelligent interest and sane, candid, and proportionate criticism. Mr. Stevens could not have written his book twenty-five years ago; even five years ago he would have had to spice it with a mixture of superiority and disdain. As it stands to-day, it is perhaps the first

attempt on the part of an average Englishman to give a true picture of America as she really is. The book is made up of a series of letters contributed to a London newspaper during the campaign of 1896. It is written from first to last with unflagging vivacity, clearness, and sympathy. The author calls himself "an ignorant but unprejudiced Englishman." The ignorance does not matter; it is the lack of prejudice that is the important thing. And Mr. Stevens, whether he writes of the United States navy, or McKinley, or the Colorado silver men, or American hostility to England, or Chicago, or our railway system, or breakfast table, is keen-sighted, amusing, and unbiased. He introduces just enough criticism and comparison to make an American realize what manner of country America is; and his comment is never harsh and unreasoning, but sober, kindly, and usually very just. Even when he is wrong, one could not wish for a pleasanter writer to disagree with. The descriptive passages are admirable for their terse vividness, and the whole style of the book is altogether above any journalistic work we are used to here. But there is another reason why the book should be read on this side. No man ever understands his own country till a foreigner comes to explain it to him; and Mr. Stevens can be recommended as a bright, thoughtful, and discriminating guide.

A PROTEST

SOLDIERS OF FORTUNE.—By Richard Harding Davis.
12mo. Charles Scribner's Sons. \$1.50.

WITH a prejudice wholly in its favor, and the most friendly intentions in the world, we find ourselves quite unable to join in the chorus of praise with which critics, both great and small, have greeted *Soldiers of Fortune*. To state, as the *New York Tribune* has done, that the book is "a triumph for Mr. Richard Harding Davis," is as unfair to Mr. Davis as it is to his readers, and argues either a weakness of judgment or no judgment at all. To continue by saying that "There are two reasons why Mr. Davis should be congratulated upon his *Soldiers of Fortune*. In the first place, he has given us in it the novel of life in a revolutionary South American state for which we have long been waiting, and furthermore, he has made it a revelation of his finest gifts,"—to continue thus argues merely ignorance. It leads one to suppose that the individual who wrote the passage had never met with a book by Anthony Hope, published now several years ago, and called *A Man of Mark*. Mr. Hope's story, it is true, is not reckoned among his best. It is just this fact which makes the applause over Mr. Davis's performance so silly and insulting. *Soldiers of Fortune* is not in any sense taken from *A Man of Mark*, but that—in its present form—it was largely inspired by the earlier book, we cannot help feeling,

Besides this, it is much the same sort of novel; the characterization is no better and no worse. The personages are American and therefore more appealing to us, but the incidents are the same, about as dramatic and stirring, and the two books deserve to stand side by side and rank alike. Mr. Anthony Hope has done much better work than *A Man of Mark*. Mr. Davis has surpassed *Soldiers of Fortune* in several of his shorter stories.

With this protest against the absurdity of a newspaper criticism which is being spread broadcast as an advertisement by the Messrs. Scribner, it is a pleasure to state that Mr. Davis's novel is light, quick, and amusing. In the first chapter he is in his best vein: it has all the unexpectedness, the spirit and swing of the short stories that made him famous, and as an introduction to the hero, it is hardly to be improved upon. The whole book is agreeably written; it is really dramatic. The episode of poor Stuart's death is broadly pathetic, the rescue on the beach and the daring of Hope are things to make one rush through the pages in eager excitement. Finally, the scene on shipboard, and the end, are all that one can ask—that is, of a novelist who is very clever, but is not, in *Soldiers of Fortune* at least, by any means what the *Tribune* calls him—"a veritable master of the art of fiction."

BOLANYO

BOLANYO.—By Opie Read. 16mo. Way & Williams. \$1.25.

IF we are to judge from this volume, we should much prefer dining with Mr. Opie Read to reading his novel. The merit of *Bolanyo* and the thing which has lured us somewhat unwillingly through its pages is the occasional after-dinner anecdote which Mr. Read interjects into his narrative. The anecdote is largely of Southerners and negroes, and at times it makes pathetically ineffectual efforts to connect itself logically with the plot, but in general it escapes any such degrading connection. When it appears, one may hear the frank, clear laugh of the "drummer" as such stories enliven his hotel evenings.

The anecdote is the real hero of the book, and it is more eagerly awaited than is ever Mr. Belford. Beneath the tread of this gentleman, the *jeune premier* of the *National Dramatic Company*, a Mississippi steamboat explodes, landing him in what Mr. Read begs leave to offer us as a delightfully typical Southern environment. Belford proceeds to enjoy the environment, manage a theater for the puppets who live in *Bolanyo*, and fall in love with a colorless young woman whose father had befriended him and whose husband was away at the state capital. This watery affection arose, not especially at the dictate of passion, but apparently because an impossible negro, who was at once clergyman and domestic servant, from the moment of Belford's

appearance had warned him against the danger of such an illicit fondness.

Almost nothing happens until about two hundred and fifty pages have been passed. Then indeed Mr. Read gives us excitement enough for any novel. Really, one gets a whole dime's worth. For he hews his way to the finish and a happy ending through a murder, a false accusation, an attempted lynching, a rescue by the heroine, an escape through the woods, an existence as a cab-driver in Chicago, a hunt by detectives, and many other extraordinary incidents. All this in not quite fifty pages.

Bolanyo is the kind of book which a certain kind of critic will pronounce "not very literary, perhaps, but very natural." The judgment is only half right; *Bolanyo* is not very literary, and it is not very natural. The dialogue is needlessly stiff and bombastic, and the characterization most conventional. The cover of the book, however, will make it an ornament to any library table.

MADE IN WISCONSIN

MAY-TIDE LYRICS.—By Caleb Hauser. 32mo. Sheboygan Zeitung Press. \$0.15.

IN place of the customary review, we take pleasure in printing the letter which accompanied this volume.

FRANKLIN, Wis., June 25, 1897.

PUBLISHERS:—I take the liberty to submit to you a booklet of poems, entitled *May-Tide Lyrics*, which I wish you to review in the next issue of your valuable paper or periodical, or insert from a clipping as follows:

A WISCONSIN POET.

A small book of poems, bearing the euphonious title, *May-Tide Lyrics*, by Caleb Hauser, has reached this office. . . . His verse is of an amatory character, and has considerable merit. Sheboygan people should buy it, as a tribute to Wisconsin genius.—*Sheboygan Daily Journal*.

Please mention that the poems will be sent, postage prepaid, to any address upon receipt of price, which is 15 cents.

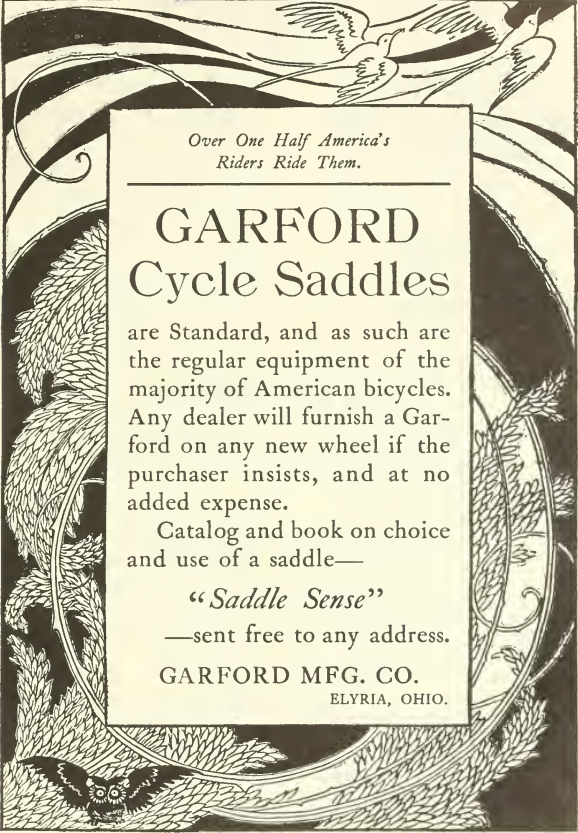
Yours respectfully,

CALEB HAUSER.

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- R. S. V. P.: A NOVELLETTE.—By Charles P. Didier. 4to. Williams & Wilkins Co., Baltimore.
- THE MISSIONS OF CALIFORNIA.—By Laura Bride Powers. 12mo. William Doney.
- THE EVOLUTION OF DODGE'S SISTER.—By Charlotte W. Eastman. 12mo. Rand, McNally & Co.
- DANESBURY HOUSE.—By Mrs. Henry Wood. 12mo. Rand, McNally & Co. \$0.25.
- EPIGRAMS.—By Arthur Stringer. 8vo. London, Ont. \$0.50.
- NULMA, AN ANGLO-AUSTRALIAN ROMANCE.—By Mrs. Campbell-Praed. 12mo. D. Appleton & Co. \$0.50.
- MURIELLA OR LE SELVE.—By Louise de la Ramée (Ouida). 12mo. L. C. Page & Co. \$1.25.





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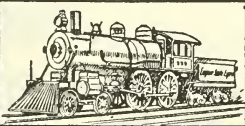
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SENTIMENTALITY	250
BOOKS RECEIVED	250

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NOTES

FOR ROSEMARY Mr. John Drew sacrificed his moustache, and was much changed in appearance. This summer Mr. Max Beerbohm saw Mr. Drew in the lobby of a London theater and approached to greet him. For the moment Mr. Drew's memory came near to failing him, but Max's *aplomb* saved everything. "Oh, Mr. Drew," he said, "I'm afraid you do n't remember me without your moustache."

THE ANGLO-SAXON who considers the lottery a device of evil will find a certain naïveté in the spectacle of Pope Leo XIII instituting one. But the keenness will be taken from his disapproval, if he disapprove, by the very pleasant circumstances and object of the affair. August 22 the little hill town of Urbino is to raise a statue to Raphael Sanzio, and, not being a rich place and not trusting too much to the generosity of the public, it has had, what seems to us, on the whole, pretty and harmless recourse to a lottery. From Rome the Pope has sent a beautifully cut cameo, which serves as the prize.

THE BACHELOR OF ARTS has declared that the failure of its prize competition proves nothing about the condition of English composition in the colleges; and the college papers, without entering into long discussions of the matter, have admitted that, on the whole, they write pretty well. It remains to be seen what will be proven by the college competition instituted by *The Century*. Three prizes of \$250 each are offered, not exactly for college work, but for work done during the year following graduation.

"1st, for the best metrical writing of not fewer than fifty lines. 2d, for the best essay in the field of biography, history, or literary criticism, of not fewer than four thousand or more than eight thousand words. 3d, for the best story of not fewer than four thousand or more than eight thousand words."

The Century is a sufficiently imposing goal to inspire the best efforts of young men, and the leisure time of the post-graduation year should be enough for the attempt.

THE EVER-DELIGHTFUL Professor, or Lieutenant, Totten of New Haven, has just issued a volume which can be heartily recommended to all who have the leisure and the sense of humor to fre-

quent the byways of pseudo-scientific and esoteric theory. In it they may learn that we who inhabit the United States of America are in reality the lost tribe of Manasseh, and that the proof is in the great seal of the United States, which is the seal of that people. The fact that in 1782 a committee chose our seal, and that we have knowledge of our varied origin, offers no difficulties to the splendid onrush of Lieutenant Totten. Man proposes, but God inspires committees and guides the steps of the immigrant. This is the simple formula which enables the author of this remarkable book to set aside all objections.

Prophecy declares that Manasseh shall become a great people. But the ten tribes are lost. "Nay," says our author, "we are that great people." Prophecy declares that the daughters of Manasseh shall inherit with his sons. "We fulfil that oracle," says our author, "by granting to women, as we do in some states, the right to vote." Manasseh's emblem was the eagle and the olive branch, says prophecy. "It is ours also, by divine inspiration," says Professor Totten. "Manasseh's government was by the people and for the people," says Holy Writ. "So is ours, say we all of us." "As a matter of fact," he says, "America is no accident, neither as to time or place, nor yet as to persons, for America is Manasseh."

This is the "symbology," as Professor Totten calls it, of the obverse of the seal. The reverse, with the pyramid and the eye, is declared to contain all those secrets of history, science, and religion, which other delightfully crack-brained people discover in the Egyptian pyramid of Ghizeh. In a second volume Professor Totten will bring to light these secrets so artfully concealed. The pyramid theorists have always been a joy, and this new idea, which may be studied economically in every home by a great seal medal, is more practicable as a game than the Egyptian, and by that more welcome.

MR. SHERMAN'S APPOINTMENT as Secretary of State was not generally regarded as a happy augury for the success of the McKinley administration in treating infinitely delicate questions of foreign policy. A number of incidents of the closing days of the last regular session of Congress revealed painful evidences of mental decay in the senator from Ohio. But it was necessary to make room for Mr. Hanna in the senate, and Mr. Sherman could only be lured from the luxury of a seat in that chamber by the fascinations of the state department. It was definitely understood that he would not engage in the active work of the office. It was almost as definitely expected that he would promptly resign. But Mr. Sherman himself apparently entertains no thought of retiring to the comfortable economy of life in Mansfield, Ohio, and as might have been foreseen, the consequences of entrusting the direction

of foreign affairs to his weak hands has been the rise of all kinds of personal scandal and petty intrigues in the state department. A sadder instance of debilitated personal honor than the publication of the Bering sea dispatch has not recently come to light. The Bering sea dispatch itself was a fearful blunder. It was written by John W. Foster, who occupies a position slightly above that of professional lobbyist in Washington, whose intimate relations with foreign governments as hired attorney for their legations, makes his employment in the foreign service a very perilous matter. It went to Mr. Hay and arrived in London while Mr. Whitelaw Reid was sojourning in that city as special envoy to the queen. Mr. Reid and Mr. Hay are close friends. Mr. Hay was once a writer of leading articles for the *New York Tribune*. A picturesque account of the relations of the two men in their disguise can be found by the curious in a book called "The Money Makers," published ten or fifteen years ago as a re-tort to "The Bread Winners," supposed to be Mr. Hay's work. The chain is perfect from Mr. Foster to Mr. Hay, from Mr. Hay to Mr. Reid, from Mr. Reid to Mr. Isaac Ford in London, from Mr. Isaac Ford in London to Mr. Donald Nicholson, managing editor of Mr. Reid's *New York Tribune*, where the full text of the dispatch finally appeared, to the great disgust of the two nations. The suspicions gathering around Mr. Reid are rather heightened by the fact that the father-in-law of the special editorial envoy is Mr. D. O. Mills, vice-president of the sealing company most interested in the quarrel. Of course it is possible that Mr. Hay did not give the dispatch to Mr. Reid and Mr. Reid did not turn it over to his staff. But this is a cynical world and Mr. Reid refuses to be interviewed.

The scandal could not have arisen if a man with a strong wrist were guiding the state department. But Mr. Sherman is so generally regarded as a figure-head that no one under him fears his wrath. He seems to have taken the incident with great amiability. He showed no anger toward Mr. Reid till the special envoy offended his *amour propre* by inviting him to the Reid country house—instead of hastening to the Long Island hotel where the "sage of Mansfield" is spending his vacation. Then rose the lion! Mr. Sherman would not go to "Ophir Farm" by sitting still he compelled Mr. Reid to come to him, which Mr. Reid did, trudging across the sandy roads with his bag in his hand. The interview was brief and cold. At its conclusion, with characteristic Sherman cruelty the Secretary of State informed the reporters that he loved Mr. Reid, whom he had known in Cincinnati "when he was a little ragged boy, before he met Horace Greeley." "He has done very well since," he added. Thus it will be seen that Mr. Sherman has not withered as to his power to wound.

The scandal deprives Mr. Reid of the reversion of the secretaryship, which he was supposed to

enjoy. It would be a blessing all around if Mr. Sherman should be succeeded by Assistant Secretary Day. Mr. Day, it is true, has done nothing to distinguish himself even in that resort of mediocre lawyers, the lower United States bench. But among his intimates he is known as a person of caution and reserve, and he is young.

THE PRESIDENT himself is apt to take a hand if the scandals of the state department become embarrassing. Mr. McKinley is an easy man, and his good-nature is imposed upon by politicians of all grades, but he has a "streak of iron in him," and it is bound to show when the impositions of his friends become burdensome. Senator Mason felt it a few weeks ago. An Eastern congressman who was in the room with the President at the time tells the story. Mason hustled in, fat, florid, with a loose tie flying in the air, and perspiration rolling from his brow. He asked abruptly: "What has been done about that appointment?" The President replied that "the matter would be attended to in due time." "Look here," said Mason, "you need n't try to 'con' me. You've gone back on your friends, and you're looking out for the men that fought you." "Mr. McKinley rose slowly from his chair," said the man who tells the tale. "His features hardened, and he looked every inch of his five-feet-five. 'Senator,' he said slowly, 'that is unjust, ungenerous, and untrue,' and sat down without another word. I was so scared I had to leave the room. Mason stood frozen for a full minute, and then paddled out. He thought the interview over, and went around the next day to apologize. I don't think he knows now what struck him."

THE PASSING OF THE *LARK* and the co-incident hegira of Gelett Burgess have snapped one of the threads which bound San Francisco, in a literary way, to the rest of the world. And such threads were few. The work of Californian writers has often been important, but, before the *Lark* was hatched, there was no literary coöperation there, no union of purpose, no group. San Francisco's position in letters was isolated—unique. West of the West, the work of its writers could not fitly be included under that classifying brand of the critic—Western literature. Neighborless, as far as seats of learning were concerned, it depended upon the fraternal, publishing East to purchase and dispense the wares of its authors. It is true, Californians might have recognized in this a verification of the biblical words: "As far as the east is from the west, so far hath he removed our transgressions from us"; but it was, nevertheless, rather hard on local pride. For the apprentice, however, the way to fame was, happily, as precarious as the passage of the Mohammedan's bridge to the gates of Heaven, to which fact

is due, no doubt, the very respectable average, in point of merit, of Californian literature.

It would be supererogatory to catalogue the achievements of the authors of the Pacific Coast; this has been done *ad nauseam* by the Californian press, in an abortive spirit of literary jingoism; nor is their geographical distribution a matter of special interest to any but that family of fauna itself. San Francisco has always been the radiant whence the shooting stars of literature take their flight with an occasional explosion, amid the "flashes of silence," that are heard even as far as Boston.

It was from such a condition that the *Lark* emerged, something over two years ago, and proceeded to be "discovered" in all parts of the country. *Les Jeunes*, or, in other words, Gelett Burgess, Ernest Peixotto, Bruce Porter, Porter Garnett, Florence Lundborg, and the rest, pooled their faculties, as it were, and immediately engaged the interest of the discriminating. They constituted a group, the first in the history of Californian letters, and by virtue of a certain deftness and *naïveté*, made for their fancies friends that they knew not of. But the *Lark* was like a prophet, and it had to look toward the rising sun for appreciation and support. And now it is dead. *Les Jeunes*, taken doubtless with an affection similar to the gold-fever of the Klondyke, are striking out for the East, where the nuggets of recognition and encouragement are to be picked up in the fertile fields of literature and art. Gelett Burgess and Ernest Peixotto are in New York, Bruce Porter and Florence Lundborg are headed toward Europe, and "the Homeless Snail" Yone Noguchi, alone remains:

"Standing like a ghost in the smiling mysteries of the moon garden."

THE THEATRICAL SYNDICATE'S effect on the American stage for a time seemed problematic. That it was sure to have some marked effect no one doubted. Its managers had secured almost all the leading stars and traveling companies, and in each city controlled perhaps two thirds of the first-class theaters, from which every one not playing under their management was to be excluded. The scheme was high-handed and arbitrary, and in so far it was not entirely pleasant to contemplate. Yet it seemed after all to promise a better selection of companies and accessories than the old system.

This problem, however, still remained. A large number of persons had trained themselves for the stage, and were not included in the syndicate companies, a quantity of theaters had been built and were not included in the syndicate circuit. Provision had to be made for these, and for the public, which could not all be jammed into the syndicate houses.

For a time everything went headlong toward vaudeville. The managers thought they had dis-

covered Eldorado, and the critics the final downfall of the American stage. Both were wrong.

Some months ago we expressed the opinion that the vaudeville craze was in no sense matter for regret. It was merely the weeding-out process, which would leave a goodly number of players where they belong, on the variety stage, and finally release the better actors for better ends. The coming autumn will see the next step in this process, and some of the late oppressed players will bob up to the surface of "the legitimate." In almost all of our larger cities there is talk of and preparation for establishing stock companies, which are to give plays and operas.

As to opera, nearly every one is ready to admit that the stock company system is the only way we are likely to get it in this country. We may be able to hear the superb performances of the Metropolitan, at equally superb prices, and for an absurdly short time. But that can hardly be called having an opera, as music-loving cities in Europe understand the phrase. Moderately good performances at moderate prices we may easily have, to the profit of both amusement and education. Boston has demonstrated this with her Castle Square Company, which draws almost as much talk from the critics as the Symphony Orchestra formerly did.

Exactly what kind of dramatic performances the first season of stock companies will offer us, it is difficult to prophesy. So much depends on the individual managers. The arguments that apply to the musical situation have not the same force here. Moreover, it is difficult to see just what plays are to be produced. Revivals and adaptations are always feasible. But the plays by the better known writers are fairly sure to go to the syndicate. The most that can be said is that the system is a flexible one, and if a new dramatist of merit appears he will find entrance into it easy. So, doubtless, will many bad dramatists. We are not ready to believe the final solution of the theatrical problem is found. But something is happening, and the American stage is not the lifeless thing it seemed not long ago.

ALTHOUGH MISS WINIFRED EMERY has been acting for some time in London, and has toured America for one season with Sir Henry Irving, it was not until recently that people have realized the position she holds on the English stage. She is coming to take the place in the hearts of the people that for a number of years has belonged exclusively to Miss Ellen Terry.

Miss Emery has youth and beauty, and a great deal of talent. What is more, there spreads over all she does an irresistible personal charm. At least it is becoming more and more irresistible. We have—in 1897—succumbed entirely to her for the first time. There seemed before to be a certain unsatisfactoriness about her. One found fault—although generally for reasons difficult to explain. In *The Benefit of the Doubt* one stopped

finding fault, and now since seeing her in *A Marriage of Convenience*, one has only praise for her. She is as romantic an actress as Miss Terry, but she is also a little more modern. Besides she can be as natural as Mrs. Campbell, if needs be. She has all Miss Terry's power of placing herself in any period whatsoever, and making it for the time being her own. This she does to absolute perfection in her present performance. No other actress on the English stage, beside these two, has anything like this power, and none in America except Miss Rehan and Mrs. Marlowe-Taber. Miss Emery's talent lies in much the same vein with Miss Rehan, although they are very different. One has not yet seen the flash of genius in Miss Emery that is in Miss Rehan, but there is no assurance it isn't there. At present we can only say that, in the limitations we feel are Miss Emery's, she evinces more art, while in Miss Rehan we have already seen a larger accomplishment. As the Marquise in Mr. Sidney Grundy's present adaptation from Dumas, Miss Rehan would not be as exquisite as Miss Emery, nor as real and natural in the slightly pathetic portions of the play; but she would probably extract more fun out of the part, and as a whole would undoubtedly be excellent. Miss Emery wears her somewhat difficult Louis XV gowns as if she had never worn any others, and becomes them hugely; all the little accessories of the *toilettes* of the period, too, she wears and uses as if all her life accustomed to them. Indeed, from first to last she creates about her the atmosphere of the France of the Time. The management of the Haymarket have done their share, too, toward creating the atmosphere by making the scene as perfect in detail and as charming as is possible on the stage. It is not overloaded; there is n't a makeshift in sight. If only the scene could be faithfully repeated in America! But these faithfully repeated scenes at home are nearly always unrecognizable. We can do wonderful exteriors in America, and American interiors, but that is about all.

JOHN DREW will play *A Marriage of Convenience* in America, opening in New York very soon, one imagines. He will play the rôle there undertaken here by Mr. Terriss, who by some people is liked in it, but to our thinking Mr. Drew should make twice as much of the part—certainly from a comedy point of view.

MR. GRUNDY'S work of adaptor in the Haymarket play (from *Une Marriage Sous Louis XV*) has been most delicately and delightfully done. It is somewhat in the nature of a shock, therefore, to simply cross the street to Her Majesty's (Mr. Tree's new theater) and find the same Englishman failing, in all the points where he has but just now succeeded, in adapting another of the same Frenchman's plays—*Mlle. de Belle Isle*—and by way of a sort

of dramatic climax the actors also failing in exactly those graces which helped personally to make the success on the opposite side of the way. The stage settings are beautiful and elaborate and correct. They show a certain originality in arrangement, too, which is one of the charms of the Trees, but it shows the fault of most of their productions,—their interiors always suggest the theater, not a real house and room. And so with the performance of this new play, which is called, by the way, *The Silver Key*; it is all acting, flagrantly acting, and also poor acting. Even Mr. Tree seems out of his element, and acts like a weak amateur—of period and atmosphere he does n't give or even suggest a jot. Mrs. Tree is a little more successful, but you see and feel the effort she makes. The play seems very old-fashioned, but the furniture looks new, made to imitate the old, and so do the people. There is plenty of bowing and curtsying, but one feels as if it is "for this night only," and if not against everybody's will, it is at least "against" their bones and bodies! One would have thought Mr. Tree had learned a lesson from *The Seats of the Mighty*, but he must needs follow it with the "*Understandings*" of the *Weak*!

THE VITASCOPE has at last been introduced into the actual scenery and action of a play, *The Good Mr. Best*, which was produced in the early summer at the Boston Museum. This innovation will permit a real revolution in the mounting of plays. The spectacular extravaganza and the plays of Shakespeare are likely to profit especially by it, we should say. Mr. David Henderson and Mr. Augustin Daly may consider their careers extended, and at last we shall have a real battle-scene in Richard III.

IN M. ÉMILE ZOLA we have an unending source of controversy. Perhaps, of all modern authors, he has had, on the whole, the greatest popularity, the most significant effect on the art of fiction, and the greatest variety of criticism. (We do not speak, of course, of the "underground" successes, such as E. P. Roe and Oliver Optic.) He has advanced along his road with critics buzzing in a cloud about him like a swarm of gnats. And today, according to the Minister of Public Instruction in Paris, he is the second most popular novelist in France, Dumas, the elder, alone surpassing him.

Criticism has shifted many times about Zola. First, it was granted that he was an unflinching realist, and he was rebuked for his sordidness and indecency. Then the pupils began to surpass their master, and we were told that Zola was no accurate realist. He was, in fact, a poet, "composing" his novels, choosing and massing his facts as an epic poet might. Then he was merely a plagiarist. Now M. Brunetière objects to him, on the score of gross inaccuracy. His pictures of French life we are

to believe fanciful, the results of obliquity of vision. The next moment we may expect an attack from some new direction. M. Zola's reply to his critics in *Nouvelle Campagne* is sure to stir them up again.

THE TROUBLE that has led to Dr. Andrews's resignation of the presidency of Brown University should be fully and clearly understood. The trustees at the commencement meeting unanimously requested of President Andrews "a forbearance, out of regard for the interests of the University, to promulgate his views" as to the expediency of the free coinage of silver. Dr. Andrews's reply was that he could not meet the wishes of the trustees in this particular "without surrendering that reasonable liberty of utterance which my predecessors, my faculty colleagues, and myself have hitherto enjoyed, and in the absence of which the most ample endowment for an educational institution would be of little worth." He accordingly sent in his resignation, which the trustees are to refuse or accept on September 1st. The whole case of the corporation is that Dr. Andrews's vagaries have injured the University financially; that men were unwilling to place money at the disposal of one of Mr. Bryan's supporters; and that consequently bequests which otherwise would have gone to Brown were being diverted to other institutions. The trustees do not express any opinion as to the soundness or unsoundness of Dr. Andrews's views, nor do they make any objections to his entertaining them. What they do object to is his publication of them with the authority and to the detriment of Brown University. "You may be right, or you may be wrong," they say to him. "We do not as a body care in the least which you are. But we are responsible for the success of this university, we find our supplies are being cut off by reason of your advocacy of opinions which are out of harmony with those of our patrons, and we are bound to take measures to prevent this institution from shrinking to an inferior position, or maybe coming to an end altogether. We therefore ask you to keep your views on free silver to yourself."

Standing by itself, that seems a reasonable request. It is easily intelligible, and it appeals to business instincts; the justice of it will be indorsed by nine out of ten "practical men" all over the country. But is it based on accurate knowledge? Can the trustees point to a single definite instance in which a legacy or donation has been withheld from Brown University because President Andrews favored the free coinage of silver? We are excessively curious to know the name of any philanthropist who was really deterred from supporting Brown University on account of the political opinions of its president. The whole position of the trustees turns upon this one point, and we should very much like to see some well-attested proof that their suspicions

are correct, and that the decreasing revenue of Brown University is due to Professor Andrews, and not to the bad times and general depression of the last three years. That there is room for doubt on this fundamental point is shown by the manifesto issued by twenty-four members of the faculty, in which it is emphatically denied that the college has suffered any pecuniary loss from the president's political views. If that be so, the case of the trustees, on their own showing, falls completely to the ground. It is, therefore, at any rate from the trustees' point of view, of first importance that this question of profit and loss should be definitely settled. They have chosen their position, and must be prepared to defend it.

We do not for a moment admit, even if it is conclusively proved that Brown University has suffered financially from this cause, that President Andrews' resignation should be required of him. Such action we consider would be disastrously opposed to the splendid spirit of toleration and freedom from bigotry which mark out our colleges among the educational institutions of the world. A few years ago the trustees of the University of Kansas asked for the resignation of President Canfield because he differed from the majority of them on the tariff question. What was the result? President Canfield was immediately offered the presidency of another university whose trustees were of the same political belief as those of Kansas, but of a higher order of intelligence. Professor Sumner taught free-trade at Yale persistently, but that did not prevent the stiffest protectionists in the country from endowing the university. President Chapin, of Beloit, preached free trade for forty years and his protectionist trustees made no complaint. If there is one thing more important than another in the conduct of a university it is that its professors should not be subjected to what the twenty-four members of the faculty of Brown call "the deadening influence of known or suspected repression." Free and independent teaching is the salt of college education. The trustees of Brown University will have to consider before September, firstly, that they have not proved or brought forward any evidence to prove that Professor Andrews' advocacy of free silver is the real cause of their impoverished exchequer; secondly, whether if they accept his resignation they will be able to find a man of any vigor or originality to succeed him; thirdly, whether for a problematical increase of income they are not betraying the best traditions of their own and every other college.

WE HAVE HAD to comment more than once on the extreme despotism which prevails in the government of many of our public libraries. Mr. Putnam, of the Boston Free Library, may serve as a fresh example of this narrow-minded autocracy. He has refused to allow such anarchists and socialists as are

to be found in Boston free access to the writings of their French and German brethren. *La Lanterne* is on the *index expurgatorius*; so is Louise Michel; so are the more audacious of the German magazines. And this is the justification of Mr. Putnam's action, in the words of one of his subordinates:—"In the opinion of the librarian no good can be gained and much harm may be done by allowing works of this extreme character to be generally read. It may be asked why are these books placed in the library if not to be read? They are in the library for that purpose and they may be read, but Mr. Putnam and his assistants reserve to themselves the right to choose the readers, and most common-sense people will agree with Mr. Putnam in such a decision. The average man of anarchistic or socialistic tendencies that frequents the library is not qualified by education or judgment to read the works I refer to, and estimate them at their proper value." One hardly knows where to begin commenting on this astounding apologia. It seems almost useless in the face of such arrogant pretensions to point out that the Boston Free Library exists for the people of Boston and not for Mr. Putnam, and that he has no more claim to refuse books to his readers than the President has to withhold the right of voting from a citizen whose appearance suggests that he may not quite appreciate the beauty of universal suffrage. If Mr. Putnam wants to choose his readers he must hire a private reading-room. It is absurd to speak of the Boston Free Library when the librarian thinks he is entitled to circulate only such books as he personally approves of. A petty, foolish bit of persecution like this does infinitely more harm than Henri Rochefort and *La Lanterne*. We should advise Mr. Putnam to pay a speedy visit to the reading-room of the British Museum. There his scandalized eyes will see atheists and anarchists and socialists working merrily at their studies day after day; and on the following Sunday he will meet them again in the London parks giving the people the benefit of their researches. But then in England they seem to think that a library should be maintained for its readers, not for its librarian.

THE LONDON PAPERS are waging a silly-season fight over the merits and propriety of Rudyard Kipling's Jubilee poem. After the intoxicating enthusiasm of the Jubilee week, after the groveling, halting paeans of the Poet Laureate, Mr. Kipling published in the *London Times* this stern rebuke.

RECESSIONAL

GOD of our fathers, known of old—
 Lord of our far-flung battle line—
 Beneath Whose awful Hand we hold
 Dominion over palm and pine—
 Lord God of Hosts, be with us yet,
 Lest we forget—lest we forget!

The tumult and the shouting dies—
 The captains and the kings depart;
 Still stands Thine ancient sacrifice,
 An humble and a contrite heart.
 Lord God of Hosts, be with us yet,
 Lest we forget—lest we forget!

Far-called our navies melt away—
 On dune and headland sinks the fire—
 Lo, all our pomp of yesterday
 Is one with Nineveh and Tyre!
 Judge of the Nations, spare us yet,
 Lest we forget—lest we forget!

If, drunk with sight of power, we loose
 Wild tongues that have not Thee in awe—
 Such boasting as the Gentiles use,
 Or lesser breeds without the Law—
 Lord God of Hosts, be with us yet,
 Lest we forget—lest we forget!

For heathen heart that puts her trust
 In reeking tube and iron shard—
 All valiant dust that builds on dust,
 And guarding calls not Thee to guard—
 For frantic boast and foolish word,
 Thy mercy on Thy people, Lord!

Amen.

THE *Daily Chronicle*, unmindful of the days when it hailed William Watson as another Wordsworth as he blew his trumpet in the Sultan's face, objected to Mr. Kipling's assumption of clerical costume. The *Spectator*, more sanely, insisted that "burnt into Mr. Kipling's spirit is a touch of that Puritanism which has inspired our empire-builders so largely," and pronounced his poem to be "the simplest, the sternest, and the most direct appeal which men are capable of feeling." One does not naturally think of Mr. Kipling as a religious poet, and when the British Empire is not under discussion, a hymn-book is quite the last place in which one would expect to find him. But it is undeniable that running through his imperialism is that strain of strong, sincere sentiment which great patriots never lack, and which is in its way a kind of religion. And as to preaching, Mr. Kipling has preached before now. Read the exordium to his *Song of the English in The Seven Seas*, or the *Hymn Before Action* in the same book. Nor does it strike one as forced or theatrical, or as a mere pose, or as anything but the honest, natural expression of a man of strong feelings writing on the theme that is nearest to his heart. It is really one of the greatest proofs of Mr. Kipling's influence that he can chastise and rebuke and have his sincerity questioned only by the *Daily Chronicle*.

SOME UNAPPRECIATIVE critics have been complaining that Mr. Richard Harding Davis in his article on the President's Inauguration in the current

number of *Harper's Magazine*, has put down the thing that is not. It seems that he has credited the Senate Chamber with a procession of "swinging leather doors," when the Senate Chamber has no such things; and that he saw flags and oil paintings on the wall when there were no such decorations. What has all this to do with Mr. Davis? What does it matter whether Mr. Davis described the whole ceremony out of his imagination or not? He is still Mr. Davis. He is still our only Reporter. We still read him and try to look like him. What are truth, style, grammar, and good sense when compared with the advantage of being Richard Harding Davis? We would say more in his praise if we thought any eulogies of ours could win him back to America. But if the prayers and protestations of ten thousand desolate *matinée-girls* cannot move the British aristocracy to part with their brightest ornament, we recognise that our private efforts would be worse than useless. For it is given out that Mr. Davis intends to make London his home. So, too, it is announced does Mr. Stephen Crane. Mr. Crane, Mr. Davis, and John Hay—all gone from us in one year! Truly London is the literary center of America.

JONGLEUR

A H, ye that loved my laughter once,
 Open to me!—'Tis I
 That shed you songs like summer-leaves
 Whenever a wind came by.
 The leaves are spent and the year is old,
 And the fields are gray that once were gold;
 Heart of the brook, my heart is cold!
 —My song is like to die.

The windows look another way,
 The walls are deaf and stark.
 Who heeds a glowworm in the day,
 Or lifts a frozen lark?

*Warm yourself with the days that were;
 Follow the Summer, beg of her,
 But never sadden us: Jongleur,
 Jongleur go down the dark!*

JOSEPHINE PRESTON PEABODY.



ARTHUR MORRISON

WE owe much to the bicycle, and among our other debts we must write down the evolution of Mr. Arthur Morrison. For Mr. Morrison in his early days, far back in the eighties, before bicycling became a fashionable amusement, was an enthusiastic cyclist. He attacked records and won races; more or less by accident he wheeled himself into journalism, and for some time practiced his unaccustomed pen in writing for the cycling press, which was then in its infancy. Those were the days when Mr. G. R. Sims was teaching the rich how the poor live, and Sir Walter Besant was crying aloud in *All Sorts and Conditions of Men* and *Children of Gibeon* for some alteration in the lot of those who dwell in the dismal East End of London. And it was these writers who, in some degree, pointed the path which was to lead Mr. Morrison to his kingdom. For they directed the eyes of the West to the East, and brought the bitter cry of outcast London to the drawing-rooms of the wealthy. Philanthropy was started into activity; the People's Palace was brought into being; University Settlements sprang up on this side and on that, and charitable institutions were founded by people whose pity was usually greater than their discretion. "Slumming" became fashionable; spruce young men from Mayfair disguised themselves in bowler-hats and took their sisters—in dresses borrowed from their kitchenmaids—to spend thrilling afternoons in the noisome slums of Shoreditch.

Among them went Arthur Morrison; not however, as an amateur, or with any idea of gathering "copy," but to his appointed task as secretary to one of those philanthropic institutions which the startled conscience of the community had called into existence. Here he lived for a year or two, going in and out among the poorest and most degraded in the daily exercise of his business, and learning the ways of thought and standards of conduct that obtain among the million or so of slum-dwellers who are seldom more than half a meal distant from starvation. He saw much, and remembered most of what he saw. For Arthur Morrison is a man of observation, as the least observant might note. Slim and alert, the quick turn of his slightly rounded shoulders and the restless glance of his eyes suggests the man who is always on the lookout for detail. Nor does he lack that personal sympathy with the human element in the criminal, the drunkard, and the drab which draws ready confidence in return. And so Mr. Morrison, at the end of his sojourning in the East End, came back to Fleet Street and journalism bearing with him rich nuggets of experience,—nuggets of which he did not as yet know the value.

It was left for another to tell him the value of the experience he had brought back, and for some

time Arthur Morrison, with all the grim realities of outcast London simmering at the back of his brain, sat in the office of the *Globe* and wrote funny paragraphs for the "By the Way" column,—the most flippant daily column in England. In due course he came under the eye of Mr. W. E. Henley, who was then beating up recruits for the paper which had lately developed into the *National Observer*. Mr. Henley found, among others, Mr. G. S. Street, Mr. Marriott-Watson, and Mr. Whibley; he also found Mr. Morrison, and laid him under a huge obligation. In the first place Mr. Henley largely influenced the style of Mr. Morrison, as he influenced that of every young man who came into literary contact with him. But, what was even more important, he saw the sort of thing that Mr. Morrison should be writing, and, after a certain number of his articles had appeared in the *National Observer*, Mr. Henley suggested his writing some sketches of the East End life of which he had had so intimate an experience.

Mr. Morrison had other business on hand at the moment, and begged for six weeks' grace in which to get married and settled down. When this was accomplished to his great satisfaction, he set to work and produced *Lizerunt*, which was quickly followed by the rest of the stories which go to make up the *Tales of Mean Streets*. Most of them appeared in the *National Observer*; but before the series could be completed, Mr. Henley had retired from the paper, and *That Brute Simmon*, and *A Conversion* sought and found a welcome from the *Pall Mall Budget*. As soon as *Lizerunt* appeared every one who kept an eye open for new writers knew that while Mr. Henley had found Mr. Morrison, Mr. Morrison had found himself. But the general public imagines that all stories in weekly newspapers are written by some unknown person called the Editor; and it was not until these stories were collected and republished as *Tales of Mean Streets* that the people who pay for their literature realized that in Arthur Morrison they had a writer who could not only photograph the life of the poor as it had not been photographed before, but could also develop his negatives with astonishing skill.

By the success of this first book Mr. Morrison's path was clearly marked out. He determined to write a long story of the East End,—an epic of the slums, with a slum boy for hero; and furthermore, as the East End is by no means homogeneous, but contains just as many various kinds of happiness and misery, vice and virtue, as the West, he determined to find a single typical parish and work out the history of its inhabitants. Thereupon he began the search for his parish; and meanwhile, having undertaken to write a series of detective stories for the *Strand Magazine*, he carried out his task in intervals of leisure honestly and capably.

In due course the parish was found,—the parish of Holy Trinity, Shoreditch. From Mr. Morri-

son's point of view it was an excellent parish, being fearfully overcrowded, disgustingly dirty, and horribly unsanitary. Moreover, scarcely a single occupant gained a living within the four corners of the Decalogue. It was no worse than many other districts of London; but it was compact, and its grimness was relieved by the presence of an incumbent of wonderful energy, insight, and sympathy, by name the Rev. Osborne Jay. You may recognize him in the Father Sturt of *A Child of the Jago*. The worst portion of the Old Jago has since been swept away, and the place is more wholesome and less interesting. But here, as elsewhere, the civic authorities have done their moral dusting after the manner of the incompetent housemaid. The dust has only been scattered; the inhabitants of the Jago have only been compelled to find lodging in other streets, and by this time they are forming centers of infection at various points in the surrounding neighbourhood.

To this parish then went Mr. Morrison, and spent day after day in it for the space of a year and a half. Already he had acquaintances scattered here and there who could throw interesting sidelights on the ways and the language of those whose lives are "on the cross." Notable among these was an ex-pugilist, himself as honest as the skin between his eyes, who made a living by teaching young thieves how to get out of a tight corner by means of their fists. With him Mr. Morrison spent many happy hours, sparing and talking by turns, for he still retains some measure of the athletic impulse from his cycling days; once he even won a cigar from the ex-pugilist, whose custom it was to give a "smoke" to any one who could lay him upon his honest back. Moreover, he

smoked it, thus tasting the penalties of success. But his time was chiefly spent in that network of streets which you may see mapped out in the forefront of *A Child of the Jago*. He learned every corner of the district; he drank swipes in the public houses; he lived the lives of those that sit in darkness and make matchboxes at a penny a million, making them sometimes himself to see how it felt; he talked familiarly day by day with the thief and the

"fence," with the harlot and the bully, until it seemed to him that he could think their thoughts and talk their language. And then at last he sat down in his home, on the borders of Epping Forest, to write his epic of the slums.

I have dwelt at some length on the making of this book because it affords an excellent illustration of Mr. Morrison's method, and also because its publication brought a storm of criticism upon the author's head. It is true that kind-hearted people, moved to tears by the misery of the outcast poor, sent to Mr. Morrison from the ends of the earth blankets and beef-tea for the dwellers of the Jago. But the critics were very angry, for somehow it had got about that Mr. Morrison was a

"realist"; and though no one seems quite certain what a realist is, the reputation of realism lays a writer open to a very extended line of critical fire. Wherefore, while some argued that the book was of no account because it contained only a lot of facts which everyone knew already, others argued that the book was of no account because it did not contain facts at all, but only the morbid imaginings of Mr. Morrison. As to the former, it may be replied that Mr. Morrison has surmounted the well-known difficulty—*proprie communia dicere*—and has made the facts which every one knows his



Mr. Morrison

own private enclosure. To the latter Mr. Morrison will reply that there is scarcely an incident in the book which has not been witnessed with his own eyes, scarcely a character that has not its living and breathing prototype; many of them—among them Mr. Weech, who has unfortunately not yet found his murderer,—he still numbers among his acquaintances.

Other critics of subtler insight objected that though the individual incidents might be correct, they were out of their proper relation to slum-life. Even slum-life, it was contended, could not be so uniformly grim, so utterly unrelieved by any glimmer of goodness as Mr. Morrison would have it. This shows, I think, a complete misconception of the import of the book. The Jago dwellers must not be judged by the moral standard of Mayfair, or indeed by the moral standard of any who go to church and pay income tax.

Curiously enough it was a French critic, a M. de Wyzewa, writing in the *Revue des Deux Mondes*, who first saw the author's meaning in the *Child of the Jago*, though, with Gallic disregard of English nomenclature, he called the author Mr. "Alfred" Morrison. M. de Wyzewa saw, to Mr. Morrison's delight, that the Jago had a standard of its own, and that there were those among its dwellers who, with such virtue as they could command, strove to live up to it. To take the single instance of the hero of the book, Dicky Perrott does his best to be a good boy. When Dicky "done a click" the righteous and well-clad may grieve. But Dicky loves the highest that he sees, and the highest that he sees is the doing of clicks. The moral relief of the book lies in the continual endeavor of Dicky to do the right thing, while its pathos consists in the conditions of his life which compel him to sin for conscience' sake.

It is seldom that Mr. Morrison is to be met in London, though now and then you may find him at the Savage Club, or dining with the New Vagabonds. For the most part he stays quietly at Loughton, a village about fifteen miles to the north-east of London, where his house stands on the very verge of Epping Forest. Here, as he will explain to you with an apologetic glance at his nether extremities, he can "dress like this." He cares little for society; I do not believe he is very fond of writing. He delights in pottering about and looking after his hobby, which is collecting all things Japanese, and, in particular, Japanese prints. The walls of the house at Loughton are full of these prints; the dining-room is devoted to Hiroshige alone, whose drawings hang around in a triple line. Bureaus are full of prints; and for the benefit of the interested visitor Mr. Morrison will ransack his store and translate the Japanese inscriptions; for in the whole-hearted pursuit of his hobby he has gone to the length of studying the Japanese language. You may spend the whole day with him and never suspect that he had any interests but in the East

End of Asia, unless you drag the conversation back to the East End of London. But, understanding that you are really interested in his work as much as in his play, he will take you to his study,—a plainly-furnished room with a wide view of the valley of the Roder,—and show you the original manuscript of *A Child of the Jago*, whence you will obtain some notion of his method of work. He does not sit at a desk, dipping a meditative pen into ink. He curls himself into the most comfortable chair he can find, and writes with a pencil, slowly, steadily, certainly. On the first page of the manuscript there are a few erasures, and corrections; but they become fewer and fewer as you turn the pages. It took him five months of steady writing to complete it.

Mr. Morrison has not yet done with the Jago. When I last saw him in the early spring, and plunged with him over the slopes of the budding forest, he told me that he had many more stories left over from his years in the East End, and that when he had worked off his detective tales, he would set to work to write them. In all likelihood his next important work will be a collection of short stories of the Jago. He has established his claim to be the exponent of the outcast in literature, and it would be a pity to relinquish a kingdom which he has conquered at such a cost.

CLARENCE ROOK

A VISION

I DIED and passed from earth and went my way;

I trod the starry gulf from sphere to sphere;

I felt the breath of God upon my brow
As I drew near.

I paused above Infinity's abyss,
Scanning the upward path my spirit trod;
A million silver planets spun between
Myself and God.

Yet, scarlet on the ether's inky wave
The crooked orbit of the earth was cast,
Dark silhouettes against that lurid light,
I saw its creatures pass.

I saw the human shadows stumble on,
Rising in anguish, passing in a breath,
Blind atoms, treading their predestined doom
From birth to death.

I saw the smiling mask that Nature wears
Blurred by the blasphemy of human wills;
I saw man's bloody footprint on the shore,
His hand upon the hills.

I heard his laughter as he passed along;
I heard the mortal boast immortal breath;
I saw the earth in tragic irony
Plunge to its death.

Then low into Jehovah's listening ear
I spoke: "O God of Gods,—the life you
gave

Is but a lying travesty, whose lie
Ends with the grave.

"Look on the lives that you have made and
marred,
Filing black phantoms in a bloody train;
The stronger finds your heaven; the weaker finds
An endless pain.

"O God, within the hollows of whose hand
A million worlds are tossed to win or lose,
You choose the stronger for salvation,—but
The damned I choose.

"I take my stand upon the weaker side,
I grasp the sinner's hand, I share his fate;
The Hell of those who failed I choose, or those
Who win too late."

God smiled; across the inky ether way
A flash that lighted worlds supernal fell;
"It is the damned you look upon," God said;
"The earth is Hell."

ELLEN GLASGOW.

A GLIMPSE OF THE UNDER WORLD

IT was a little dinner indeed, a dinner for eight only; and it was given one evening in March, in a spacious and handsome dwelling in Madison Avenue, high up on the slope of Murray Hill. The wide dining-room was at the rear of the house, and it had a broad butler's pantry extending into the yard behind. The large kitchen was under the dining-room; and under the butler's pantry was a room of the same size, which the servants used as a parlor. In one corner of this sitting-room for the domestics was the dumb-waiter which connected with the pantry above, and in another corner was a spiral staircase which allowed the butler to descend swiftly to the kitchen in case of emergency. There was a table near the window of this servant's parlor with a battered student-lamp on it; and around the table were grouped three or four chairs.

A whistle sounded gently in the kitchen, and the Swedish cook walked leisurely to the speaking-tube and whistled back. Then she listened and heard the butler say, "They're all here now; I've got the oysters on the table, and I'm a-goin' in now to announce dinner to the Madam. So you get that soup ready,—do you hear?"

The cook did not deign to make any direct reply,

but as she left the speaking-tube and went back to the range she said, loud enough to be heard by the servants in the sitting-room adjoining, "As though I did not know anything! I will never have another place if a black man is butler."

In the room under the pantry a sharp young boy was grinning. "They're allus havin' spats, ain't they, them two? If I was Cato I would n't let no Dutch cook sass me even if I was a nigger, would you?"

"Who is this young cub, when he's at 'ome?" asked the clean-shaven, trim-looking young British valet.

"He's Tim," answered the Irish laundress.

"I'm Tim," said the boy indignantly, "that's who I am, and I'm as good as you are, too, for all you belong to a lord! And you need n't put on no frills with me, neither, for when I'm a year or two older I can lick ye!—see?"

"Do n't ye mind the boy, Mr. Parsons," the Irish girl intervened. "He's no call here at all, at all. He'd run of an errand belike in the mornin', and does be sthrivin' to make himself useful. That's why they kept him here the night."

"I've got just as good a right here as he has," the boy declared, "and he does n't come here after you either, Maggie,—you're not his steady. It's that French Elsie he is sparkin'."

"An' greatly I care if he is! Sparkin', in truth! Bad cess to yer impudence," said the pleasant-faced laundress, drawing herself up; "a man is it? Sure, it's lashins and lavins of men I could have if I'd a mind."

Fortunately the cook called Tim at this juncture and gave him a chore to do; and so left the Irish girl and the young Englishman alone.

He had been standing until then with his hat and cane in his hand and his overcoat across his arm. Now he laid these things on the table and took his seat by the side of the comely Irishwoman.

"Mam'zelle Elise," he began, "is a French girl, of course, and I never could abide a foreign lingo. Now, it's a pleasure for me to hear you talk, Miss Maggie."

"Ah, do be aisy, now, Mr. Parsons," she returned coquettishly.

"It's gospel truth," he rejoined. "I enjoy talkin' to you. You keep your eyes wide open and you can always tell me what's goin' on."

"Troth, can I?" replied the laundress. "I know which ind of the egg the chick'll be after chippin'—every time."

"Then tell me who's dinin' 'ere to-night," the valet asked.

Before she could answer, a whistle sounded faintly, and the cook immediately brought in the green-turtle soup in the handsome silver tureen and sent it up on the dumb-waiter. Then she returned at once to the kitchen.

"It's not a big dinner," the Irishwoman ex-

plained. "There's only eight of them. There's us three, is n't there?—Mr. and Mrs. Van Allen and Miss Ethel. Then there's your lord—an' I'll go bail it's Miss Ethel he's after now? He'll be the lucky man if he gets her too; it's a sweet angel she is."

"She won't be so unlucky to 'ave 'im neither," the Englishman returned; "mark that! She'll be Lady Stanyhurst, won't she? And my lord is a fine figure of a man too!"

"Sure, it is n't under the skin of any man that ever stepped to be worthy of the likes of Miss Ethel," said Maggie, looking at Parsons out of the corner of her eye.

"There ain't any girl in the States 'ere that would n't be proud to 'ave my lord," the valet returned. "There's lots of 'em settin' their caps for 'im now. He can 'ave 'is pick, 'e can."

"The sorra cap Miss Ethel'll set for him or any man," the laundress declared. "The boy that wants her'll have to court her."

"I 'ave reason to believe that the marriage is arranged," Parsons asserted. "I 'ope—" then he paused, and with an effort went on again, "I 'ope that 'er father is a warm man. He's good to give the girl a plum at least, I 'ope? We could n't throw ourselves away on a girl who 'ad n't a plum, you know."

"An' what might a plum be?" asked Maggie.

"A plum," the young Englishman explained, "is a 'undred thousand pounds—'alf a million dollars, is n't it?"

"It's a whole million Mr. Van Allen can give Miss Ethel," Maggie said, "and more, too, if he wanted to. By the same token, they do be after tellin' me he has one big building downtown somewhere, I do n't know, where the tenants pay him a hundred thousand dollars a year,—an' they pay it too, regular, an' niver an eviction from one year's end to the other."

The whistle shrilled out again and the cook made haste to place on the dumb-waiter the dish containing the fillets of sea-bass.

A few minutes later Mdlle. Elise, the French maid of Miss Van Allen, entered the servants' sitting-room and was cordially greeted by Mr. Parsons, Lord Stanyhurst's English valet. It appeared that the Frenchwoman had been detained in Mrs. Van Allen's room, relieving the guests of their wraps.

"Zat ole maid, Miss Marlenspuyk—what devil of name it is—" said Elise, "she is a true grand dame; but that Mistress Playfair—O, I cannot suffer her! She is—how you say—made up? stuck up?"

"It's both stuck up and med up she is," the Irish laundress declared. "She's that painted her own mother would n't know her. An' as for stuck up, her manners is that bad, there is n't none of her girls will stay in the house the second month; they gets their bit of money and they goes. Sure,

my brother is coachman there, and it's seven years he's had the place."

"How can he rest zere?" asked the French maid, "if she is so stuck up?"

"Ah, my brother is a steady lad, and they get on very well," Maggie returned. "He knows his place, and she knows her place too. She never says nothin' to him, and he never says nothin' to her. An' it's a good job he has, an' he do n't mean to let go of it. He keeps a still tongue in his head, Danny does; but there's months when, with his wages, and with his board-wages, and with what he makes on the feed, the place is worth more than a hundred dollars to him."

"It's as much as a man's place is worth sometimes to accept the commission you're entitled to," the valet remarked.

"Ah, Danny's the boy!" the laundress responded shrewdly. "It's too much he knows about Mrs. Playfair for him to lose the job; trust him for that. As long as he wants that place he can have it and welcome; she won't never say nothin' to him."

"Is she a widow, or is she divorced, zis Mistress Playfair?" asked the French maid.

"She's the wan an' the other," said the laundress with a laugh. "Mr. Playfair he took and died a week after the trial, barrin' a day."

"What's this I 'ear about your Mr. Van Allen and Mrs. Playfair?" Parsons inquired. "Is there anything between them, do you think?"

The whistle was heard again, and the cook passed before them with a saddle of mutton; and for the moment the valet's question remained unanswered.

"Who is they have to dinner after all?" the laundress inquired. "There's our three and your lord and Miss Marlenspuyk and Mrs. Playfair—but that's, sure, only six. There was to be eight all out, I'm thinkin'. It's two more men they must have."

"I heard his lordship say that he expected to meet the Lord Bishop," the Englishman remarked.

"And Madame say zat ze judge would be here," said the French maid.

"Judge Gillespie?" asked the valet with a certain interest.

"Yes," the Frenchwoman answered, "the Judge Gillespie. What does that make to you zat you jump like zat?"

"O, nothin', nothin' at all," returned Parsons, settling himself back in his chair with a snigger.

"Out with it," cried the Irish girl. "Do n't be brinnin' there like a stuck pig all night! Out with it,—I see it's on the end of your tongue."

"But yes—but yes," urged the maid, "what is it you have to laugh?"

"Really," the valet began, "I do n't know that I ought to say anything 'ere in this 'ouse, you know—house, I mean. But I 'ave been told that this 'ere Judge Gillespie is a very great friend of Mrs. Van Allen's. Mind, I do n't say there's anything

wrong in it, you know. I only tell you what I've 'eard tell myself in society 'ere and there. You see this ain't the only 'ouse I visit in New York,—not by a long shot, it ain't. And knowin' I visit 'ere, why, naturally, you see, my other friends tell me the news, you know—the news about the goin's on 'ere, you know."

The Irish laundress and the French maid looked at each other for a moment, and then both laughed.

"It's not outside they get the first news, is it?" the laundress inquired.

Apparently, the maid was also going to make a remark, but she changed her mind as the cook again came to the dumb-waiter with the dish of little silver saucepans containing terrapin.

The valet was somewhat puzzled by the failure of his two attempts to open the family cupboard of the host and hostess for the inspection of the skeletons it might contain.

"I do n't know how she has them seated at the table," Maggie declared.

"Of course his lordship took her in," the Englishman declared. "An earl 'as precedence of a judge or a bishop."

"I'd like to have a look at that lordship of yours," the Irishwoman said, as she rose to her feet. "I'll slip up the stairs there, and maybe I can get a glimpse of them through the door, an' no one a haphorth the wiser. Is it a young man your lordship is?"

"His lordship is a young man yet," the valet replied.

"I know what that means," the laundress answered. "If he's a young man yet, I'll go bail he has n't a hair between him an' heaven. An' to think that our Miss Ethel here is to take up with a poor, hairless cratur like that. Well, well; there's no accountin' for tastes! Maybe I'll marry a Dutchman myself, one of these days."

And with that she began to climb the spiral staircase in the corner of the room.

"What sort of a man is he, your milord?" asked the Frenchwoman.

"He is not a bad sort at all," the Englishman answered. "Your young lady might do worse than 'ave 'im, you know—have him, I mean. I won't say but that 'e's been a bit fast in 'is time, you know; but that's nothin' to her now, is it? 'E's sowed his wild oats long ago, and 'e's ready to marry now and settle down."

"He is zen—*de-fraichi*—how you say—worn? your milord?" the Frenchwoman went on. "And Mademoiselle is an angel of candor. Zey would give her *le bon Dieu* wizout confession."

"Angel or no angel," returned Mr. Parsons, "there's is n't any better catch in the three kingdoms than 'is lordship-to-day. 'E's a earl, is n't 'e? And then there's the Castle! Your young lady would n't be in a 'urry to let 'im go, if she's only seen the Castle now!"

"Mademoiselle has seen ze Castle," was the answer.

"Well, I'll be damned," said the valet.

"But yes," the French maid explained. "Last summer, in London, your milord was presented to Mademoiselle, and he began to make his court. Fifteen days after, when we were at Leamington, Mademoiselle and I, we go see your Castle."

"It's a tiptopper now, ain't it?" he asked. "There's sometimes twenty and thirty of us in the servant's 'all—and there's goin's on and larks, and all manner of sport. If this match comes off now, his lordship and your young lady, will you come with her, or stay here with her mother?"

"Never of the life do I quit Mademoiselle," the Frenchwoman responded.

"Then I'll 'ope to 'ave the honor of introducin' you into the best society at the Castle whenever you come over," urged Mr. Parsons.

The Irish laundress now began to descend the spiral stairs. The cook also came into the room and went toward the dumb-waiter, carrying a silver platter, on which shook and shone a dozen little jellied cones.

"An' what might that be in thrimbles like that?" asked the Irishwoman with curiosity.

"*Pâté de fôie gras en aspic*," the cook responded curtly, sending up the dish, and then returning silently to the kitchen.

"Patti's photograph?" repeated the laundress. "Do ye mind the impudence of her, tellin' me a lie like that?"

The English valet looked at the French maid and laughed. Then he explained patronizingly:

"Patty de four grass, as we call it in French,—not Patti's photograph. It's a delicacy, and it's made of goose-livers."

"Then why could n't that Dutch cook have said so?" the laundress asked indignantly. "I've as good a right to know about a goose as ever she has. I misdoubt she was that poor, where she came from, they had never the grass of a goose to their cabin."

"Did you see 'is lordship?" asked the valet.

"I did that," the Irish girl replied. "An' what did I tell you about him? His head has grown through his hair! There's been good an' bad harvests since he was young, I'm thinkin'—and it's mighty quare he looks about the eyes too. It'll be a poor day for Miss Ethel when she marries a bald-headed old runt like that, for all he's a lord!"

"You must not talk so disrespectful of his lordship!" Parsons insisted.

"It's that Mrs. Playfair 'ud be the match for him, I'm thinkin'," said Maggie. "It's a bold-faced creature she is, an' no more clothes on her than ain't decent, anyway. And then how she looked at Mr. Van Allen and then at the Bishop; and how she talked—I'd no patience with her. Do ye mind what it was I heard her say now?"

"How could we know what you 'eard her say?" the valet responded impatiently.

"Sure, ain't I tellin' ye?" the Irish girl returned. "She was talkin' to the Bishop, and she says, says she, 'The Judge is a better man than you, Bishop,' she says; 'leastwise he makes more people happy,' she says. 'How so?' says the Bishop, says he. 'This way,' she says, 'when you marry a couple you make two people happy,' she says, 'an' when the Judge divorces a couple, he makes four people happy,' she says. Miss Ethel and the old lady with the white hair they said nothin', but the rest of them laughed."

What other fragments of the conversation at the dinner table upstairs Maggie had been able to gather during her brief visit to the butler's pantry could not then be made known to the other domestics, for Tim came slouching into the sitting-room.

"Say, Maggie," he began, "did n't you hear that ring at the bell? That's your feller,—I seen him. He's out at the gate now."

"Is it the letter-man you mean?" asked Maggie, adjusting her hair as she passed the looking-glass.

"Ah, go on," returned Tim impatiently, "what t' 'll are you givin' us? How many fellers do you want, say?"

After Maggie had chased Tim out of the room, the Swedish cook went to the dumb-waiter once more to send up the four smoking canvas-backs that lay luxuriously on their cushions of fried hominy.

The French maid and the English valet continued to chat, discussing chiefly the personal peculiarities of the members of the households in which they had served. His former masters Parsons was willing enough to find fault with, but Lord Stanyhurst he seemed to think it a point of honor to defend. Mrs. Van Allen the Frenchwoman had no high opinion of, nor of Mr. Kortight Van Allen; but of their daughter, Miss Ethel Van Allen, she could not say too much in praise.

"I told that wild Irish girl that the marriage was arranged," said Parsons, "and I'm sure I 'ope so with all my heart, for 'his lordship needs money badly—I do n't mind tellin' you, Mam'zelle, 'e 'as n't paid me my wages this six months,—not that I'd demean myself by askin' for them. But is it really settled after all?—that's what I'd like to know."

"I zink so," the Frenchwoman responded, "you see Mademoiselle is not happy here. Monsieur and Madame are at drawn knives. Zey have not spoken since two years."

"Mr. and Mrs. Van Allen do n't speak to each other?" asked Parsons with great interest. "But they must be speaking to each other upstairs there at dinner now."

"O, at dinner, yes," the French maid explained, "in the world, yes,—zey talk zemselves. But at the house, never a word. Zat is so sad for Mademoiselle, is it not? It is not remarkable zat

she marry herself with anybody to get out of ze house."

"O, ho!" rejoined the valet, "I see, I see!—But if that's the way she's been brought up, you know, I don't believe she will 'it it off with 'is lordship."

"If he makes her not happy, your milord," began the maid,—"but he must. He must render her happy, for she will have nobody to go to, after ze marriage except her husband."

"Whatever do you mean by that?" asked Parsons a little suspiciously.

"I know what I mean," she responded. "Monsieur and Madame only attend till Mademoiselle is married—and zen zey are divorced. Zey don't tell me zat, no,—but I know."

"Yes," the valet admitted, "it ain't so very 'ard to find out a thing like that."

"And I know more yet," added the French maid. "I am not blind, am I? I can see that two and two make four, is it not? Zen, I tell you zat after ze marriage of Mademoiselle, Monsieur and Madame are divorced—zat is one zing. Zen Madame will marry zat Judge Gillespie—and Monsieur will marry zat Madame Playfair—you see!"

"That would be a rum start, would n't it?" was the only comment of Parsons.

At this moment the portly form of Cato, the black butler, was seen descending the staircase in the corner of the room.

As soon as the aged negro's white head was visible, he paused, and negro over the light iron railing, he addressed himself to the young Englishman.

"Misto' Parsons," he said solemnly, "'yo' lord knows a good thing when he gets it, sah! He tasted my celery salad and he said to Mrs. Van Allen that he had n't never eaten no better salad than that, 'sah,—and I do n't believe he never did, neither!"

So saying he slowly withdrew upstairs again, as the cook advanced to the dumb-waiter carrying the Nesselrode pudding.

BRANDER MATTHEWS.

SONG

THERE'S a little red calf lying down in the clover,
Whose mother is licking it over and over;
And just at the rim of the hill, the spring
Is peeping and smiling and promising.
If I want to be wise, and not half try,
I must look and listen, and by and by
I may catch the strange secret of Mother Earth,
And know what this great round world is worth.

DOROTHEA MOORE.



THE PERSONAL NOTE

A STINGY mood is often the one most affected by Nature in her exhibitions of creative composition, from which our realists seem to have inferred that poverty of language best suits high literary art. A barren mountain-side, built of germless clay and archæan rock, where even serpents find life but arid existence, may have a certain charm when seen through the unpurpling mist of distance; but in such a case the mountain-side is the subject, the mist is the style, a distinction quite overlooked by the realist.

A bald, dry, lifeless subject needs to be held far aloof, suspended in a chromatic perspective, that it may borrow lights and shades, take on filmy splendors. Nature observes this rule, being a mistress of romance, when she spreads a mantle fair and fine over the ragged scrub-oak grove on a prairie knoll three miles away. Yonder is a fairy boscage, you imagine, while trudging eagerly toward it. The delusion is what every true genius knows the secret of,—a color-weaving art. Yet, as old Aristotle remarks, style must be clear.

What is the true clearness in this connection? To my mind Aristotle was wrong if he meant that the best style was so plain that it barely missed poverty of diction. "To be plain and yet not low is the best style" [*λέγεται δὲ ἀρετὴ σαφὴ καὶ μὴ ταπεινὴ ἔναος*], he says; but why shall the thought of depravity be associated with extreme clearness of diction? I know that men of science, leaning strongly toward Aristotle, have been careful to avoid beauties of color in style, seeming to fear that the refraction caused by splendid words would destroy truth by distorting facts; but is it true that a diction with rich bloom upon it and rare color-lights in it is necessarily not perfectly understandable?

The world "simplicity" casts a gloom over the pages of our school-books on literature; it has caused untold miseries in the youthful conscience by expurgating adjectives. Who of us has not felt the thief's furtive impulse to take a gorgeous phrase by stealth? Classic simplicity dinned against our eardrums has turned out to be an incentive to excessive ornamentation; for when we read the most perfect of all classics, the Greek poets, every vein within us shines, every brain-cell coruscates, every nerve flashes with the resplendent word-colors forbidden us by our teachers.

"Reserve of statement implies mastery of the subject," says some recent critic. As well affirm that a dribbling well-head is proof of a vast reservoir of water underground. Over-statement is another thing; we instinctively discredit the spendthrift. Classical profusion of word-riches flung against paper, as if with all scorn of meanness in style, cannot, however, be wholly covered with the true meaning of simplicity, and it certainly does not look like re-statement. The pathos of poverty touches

us keenly through life; an ill-clothed child shivering in a March wind stirs even the most stolid heart; whereas a story or poem strutting in public, wearing garments cut to a plebeian economy, skin-tight and badly sewed, attracts no sympathy.

Water tastes cooler and purer out of a cup that responds to the freshness of the draught, as if it too were deliciously thirsty.

τὸ σίκερος ἤδὲ γέγηθε.

"With the sweetness thrills the cup."

The "old oaken bucket that hung in the well" knew all the riches of its chill drippings. By the smack of the soaked and time-stained gourd I used to measure my delight at the spring in the Georgian hills. We know by the intense zest in a writer's style how much he enjoyed his expenditure of diction. Every word was honey to him, and the fragrance of Hybla lingers with his phrases. He loved his thoughts, he clothed them in a splendor of lilies, he filled them with an unsophisticated nectar. Style is not only "the man himself," as Buffon guessed; it is the man himself plus what he has gathered from Nature and transmitted in his crucible of genius. It is the cup and the sweetness that has made it glad. Old Isaac Walton felt this when in his quaint preface to the *Compleat Angler* he wrote: "And I wish the reader also to take notice, that in writing of it I have made myself a recreation of a recreation." To this day the swish of his fly-rod comes with his words, so genuine the delight he brimmed them withal, and the generous warmth of the man still glows in his style.

Now, "art for art's sake" should not mean less than that the creative act is to be honored by the creator, that the sweet imperious ecstasy of making is reward enough for the maker. The commercial aspect is not, however, to be escaped; the laborer is well worthy of his wages; but if the thought of money blend with the artist's initial mood, it will set a flaw in his style; for the market, with its sordid influences, will control his design and his execution. Then he will construe "art for art's sake" to mean that anything is good which has an artistic veneering. Here again the ancient writers had the advantage of us in being subject to the minimum of financial temptation. Pindar gave way, it is said, to the fascination exerted by a heavy purse; but not always; for it was his hymn that Pan (forgetting the sweet sylvan flute) sang on the fells; and it was upon his lips that the bees hung their bubbling combs of honey.

Indeed every one of the Greek singers, however humble, had the Parnassian thrill in his tone, the "flame-clear laugh"—*χαυρόν γελάσας*—of one who has chummed with a god in the heyday of receptivity, and has heard the rapturous flow of Arethusa. Even Rhintha was a "little nightingale of the Muses"—*μοῦσάων ὀλίγη τις ἀηδωνίς*—although but a maker of mirth-tragedies. The link

of style—not mere diction—connects our lowliest genius with all the masters behind us. Touch Keats and you will receive a shock sent down from a magnetic source far beyond Homer. In the finest bursts of Shakespeare, Goethe, Hugo, Tennyson, and Emerson, we are gladdened by immemorial echoes faintly heard before in the imperishable Greek and Latin snatches hummed by burning lips at the “source of the hours,” and we recognize an inexhaustible freshness. Really it is the singer, not the song; it is the god, not the ambrosia substance, that captivates us. Style is the secret of ageless and deathless art, and style is the charm of a personal distinction shimmering on diction like bloom on a maiden’s cheek.

It is pitiful to see the efforts of self-conscious mediocrity to arrive at the witchery of what sanctifies genius, the hereditary sleight of the heaven-born, the electric quality congenital in the divine succession; and it is yet more pitiful to hear the small and disappointed ones deny the authority of the masters; but most pathetic, pitiful beyond despair, is the wail of him who will not be comforted because Walt Whitman is not now and can never be accepted as America’s link in the chain of divine apparitions! I have often wondered just what sort of critical sense it can be that gladdens at the “tremendous impact of Whitman’s mind”; but there is instructive amusement in simple side-by-side comparison of lines from Whitman and any of the Greek poets. A single example will serve my turn:

ἡνίκα καὶ χροὸνισμα μεχισταγὰς ἔνθα μελίσσων
ἦδ' ἔρημαῖσι ἔνθον ἄγ' ἀκαλάρμοις.

“Lo! here is the honey-spilling fountain,

Where, playing on my lonesome reeds I induce
sweet drowsing.”

Now Whitman:

“Here, by myself, away from the clank of the
world,

Tallying and talked to here by tongues aromatic.”

The Greek lines are absolutely untranslatable; but I have given a bald English prose rendering, so that the least scholarly of readers can have, for the looking, a vague glimpse of the distinction I would call attention to; for I can scarcely imagine a better example of the difference between the true primitive voice and the assumed primitive voice. The Greek singer was genuinely Greek; the American singer was pseudo-Greek. Whitman tried to fit self-conscious personation to the crude understanding he had of a heathen ego. He failed, as every modern poet must who assumes the Greek attitude, because style was defeated in the act of attempting what was unnatural to him. The reeds were to him mere gabbling tongues saying aromatic things; but the old Greek made them lonesome flutes blowing sleep across the soul beside a well-

head in Arcadia, and in his words lingers the haunting something which is the imperishable element of style.

In his noteworthy book, just translated from the French, *Mouvement Littéraire Au XIX Siècle*, M. Georges Pallissier, commenting upon Charles Baudelaire, calls him a poet “without ideas or imagination, affecting an obscurity that affords no illusion concerning his poverty of mind.” It is criticism of this sort, as well as that of the “scientific school,” so called, that has misled and almost hopelessly confused the judgment of the present generation regarding poetry. Baudelaire, like Swinburne, was decoyed at the outset of his career by the will-o'-the-wisp of morbid morals; but he suffered less from “poverty of mind” than from precisely the same disease which so completely paralyzed Walt Whitman as a poet, namely, the disease of chronic self-deception. Both Baudelaire and Whitman deliberately set out to play the part of originality—to be different from all the rest of the world—and they ended in actually imagining themselves supremely successful. This self-deception destroyed style by keeping the real “man himself” out of the work. The sincerity of Whitman and Baudelaire cannot be questioned; but it is the sincerity of the man who has told a lie so often and so unctuously that he has imbedded it in the deepest tissues of his moral structure, where it has become a fact, and actually seems to him a living truth. Whitman was not really the amorphous lump of indecencies he so boastfully describes in his *Leaves of Grass*; but he diligently imagined that he was; and Baudelaire, even with the aid of debasing philtres and drugs, could not quite demonstrate his personal embodiment of the spirit of *Fleurs Du Mal*.

Self is hard to obliterate; it persists in reappearing at the very blank spot where we thought it most effectually washed out. All through Baudelaire’s poems an exquisitely rich and sweet personal zest manifests itself accidentally, as if by the sudden, involuntary escape of genius from the meshes of artificiality. What could be more like the finest illusion of Greek style than—

“Infinis bercements du loisir embaumé,”

“Infinite cradlings of balmy idleness,”

when taken as referring to what Buchanan Reed sketched more lightly in *Drifting*? But when we connect it with a woman’s hair, as Baudelaire did, and pass on to the verse—

“Cheveux bleus, pavillon de tenebres tendues,”

we feel the hopeless insincerity of the poet’s attitude. It is not his real self, but his assumed self, that poses before us. Not intellectual poverty, but artificial perversity, renders these *fleurs du mal* abjectly destitute of true style,—they are paper roses of evil. They have no living roots running down into the soil of human sincerity, and their perfume is a waft from the drugstore.

Turning to Whitman, the same make-believe attitude is apparent. His assumption of shaggy beastliness is a romance, it is a goat-skin mantle awkwardly put on, and he cannot force it to appear real in his lines. Here and there his true self beams through with a flash of style, like a thread of lightning in a jumbled cloud; but these infrequent accidents only make more obvious the chronic self-deception upon which his art is based. His cry is—

"I connd old times;

I sat studying at the feet of the great masters;
Now, if eligible, O that the great masters might return and study me!"

But every scholar knows that Whitman had not "sat studying at the feet of the great masters"; for he could not read the great masters he referred to. His knowledge of "old times" was superficial to puerility; he dealt in pedantry of the shallowest sort, mixing up with his insistent plebeian claims to unsophisticated democratic simplicity absurd linguistic assumptions, a make-believe that all learning lay at his command. This insincerity of diction has a countenance behind its thin film; it is not the face of Walt Whitman the man, but the visage of a coarse and unnatural mask put on for the exigencies of a career. Through such a mask the soul-beam, the genuine character-flash—*—θός*—cannot escape, and so there is no style in *Leaves of Grass*.

When carefully examined, what we call the "dramatic vision" will be found identical with the "lyric vision," and we shall discover that a true poet is always one who gives vent to his own native character. The moment that he consciously attempts to set himself outside of his work he loses the very quality that makes him a poet, and becomes a mere artisan chiseling and whittling and sandpapering his wooden images. If now and again he forgets his dramatic assumption, lo! he lapses into a natural mood and forth flashes a stroke, like a bolt from heaven, burning in the marble or on the canvas or page a line of supernal beauty. Our dramatic critics are prone to overlook this truth in attempting to discriminate between dramatic and lyric genius. There is no difference save in form of expression. We see this in Tennyson's dramatic failures just as well as in the amazing successes of Theocritus; for the *Idylls* of Theocritus are no more fit for the stage than Tennyson's plays. What makes the *Idylls* truly dramatic and Tennyson's plays not dramatic is just the difference between Walt Whitman and Robert Burns. Tennyson's consciousness of the dramatic attitude strangles his Muse; but Theocritus, not aware of what stage-people clamored for, wrote straight to the goal of absolute dramatic expression, yet with the perfect lyrical self-note.

The only difference between the dramatic and the lyric genius is that one uses the form "He said," and the other the form "I said"; in both cases it

is the poet speaking of himself. The old Book says that God made man in His own image out of clay and blew into him the breath of life. Nothing else could have been creation. The poet who does not truly sing himself is like Eutychus, the painter in the epigram, who "begat twenty sons and never got a single likeness, even among his children."

Εὐτυχὶς γεννήσας ὁ ζωγράφος Εὐτυχὸς υἱοὺς,
οὐδ' ἀπὸ τῶν τέκνων οὐδὲν ὁμοίον ἔχει.

Style is the artist's breath of life, which, with divine power, he blows into his clay and makes it a living soul in his own image.

MAURICE THOMPSON.

QUATRAINS OF IDLENESS

WHEN angels walk across the sky
On God-sent errands, near or far,
To keep their golden sandals dry,
They merely step from star to star!

There is a grove where every breeze
Is made of tender lovers' sighs,
And kisses blossom on the trees,
And every leaf has loving eyes.

The magic gardens of the night
I know are very, very far;
Because their dewdrops are tears of light
Shed by a mourning widowed star.

If it had been my lot to be
A moon to light the summer air,
I think you would have been the sea—
I would have seen my image there!

You must have climbed the sky last night,
And reached the moon and sat you there,
And bathed your soul in silver light—
So pure you look, so white and fair!

The moon must be a well profound
Whence flow the floods of limpid beams
That, as they spill upon the ground,
Make bathing-pools for souls of dreams!

If all the stars should fall some night
Upon a beach where I might be,
I'd build with them a road of light
For you to walk across the sea!

The moon is but an icy jar
Where angels cool their wine, I think.
In lieu of cups each has his star
To use in case he has to drink.

EDWIN LEFÈVRE.



"PANACEAS" AND "NOSTRUMS"

NEW YORK CITY, July 22, 1897.

TO THE EDITORS OF THE CHAP-BOOK:

SIRS:—Mr. John Jay Chapman displays his good taste by classing, in his article on Whitman, published in a recent issue of your magazine, the advocates of a system of taxation under which public revenues would be wholly derived from ground rents with the promulgators of various other "panaceas" and "nostrums." Mr. Chapman's ignorance of the principles at which he sneers is hardly a matter of literary interest; but since his attitude is that of other writers who assume to criticize the "single-tax," I beg to offer a brief protest and explanation.

The "single-tax," as the proposition to take for public purposes the increase in the value of land due to increasing population or to natural advantages of location, fertility, etc., is generally known,—is a scientific and logical principle of political economy. John Stuart Mill, whose eminence as a thinker and trained investigator of social phenomena no one will question, strongly advocated the taxation of land values, and showed clearly that property in land was essentially different from property in things made by labor. Herbert Spencer, in *Social Statics*, outlined the "single-tax" principle more than fifty years ago. But it was not until Henry George, in that widely-circulated work, *Progress and Poverty*, showed the relation between our present system of taxation and land ownership and the social evils of the time, that public sentiment was aroused and took the form of a definite movement for the abolition of all other taxes except those levied on land values.

Briefly stated, the "single-tax" is the application of the principle of individual liberty to economics. It is not a panacea, because it does not propose to cure social ills by doing something for the people. It proposes to allow the people to cure themselves. It does not seek to make everybody rich through legislation. It desires the repeal of all laws which now enable a few persons to get rich at the expense of others. It does not attack property rights. On the contrary, it maintains the right of every man to the products of his labor, and its strongest indictment of existing conditions is based on the fact that land-owners who do no work take a large share of the wealth produced by the workers.

The advocates of the "single-tax" have no objection to hostile criticism of their method for establishing a wiser and juster social order. They do, however, resent the cheap wit of shallow minds which find in a movement having for its object the abolition of oppressive monopolies nothing but a "nostrum" of self-exalted and deluded quacks. The literature of the "single-tax" is extensive and easily accessible, and there can be no excuse for Mr. Chapman's error.

WHIDDEN GRAHAM.

REVIEWS

"OLD REDAN"

THE CRIMEAN DIARY AND LETTERS OF LIEUTENANT-GENERAL SIR CHARLES ASH WINDHAM, K. C. B. WITH OBSERVATIONS UPON HIS SERVICES DURING THE INDIAN MUTINY, AND AN INTRODUCTION.—By Sir William Howard Russell. *The Whole Edited by Major Hugh Pearse.* 12 mo. Kegan Paul, Trench, Trubner & Co. \$2.50.

ABOVE all things I do earnestly pray that God will give me strength and courage to behave as becomes a man and a soldier, come what may," was the humble petition Colonel Windham entered in his diary at Constantinople, September 1, 1854. Though forty-four years of age and a commissioned officer in the Coldstream Guards since 1826, he was on the point of embarking for Sebastopol and his first battle, being newly appointed Assistant Quartermaster-General of the Fourth Division of the British Army in the Crimea. And it was the answer to his prayer which enables Sir William Howard Russell to set down in his preface:

"The Brevet Colonel of June, 1854, returned home in 1856 a General Officer and a Companion of the Bath, a Commander of the Legion of Honour, with a medal and four clasps, a First-class of the Military Order of Savoy, the Medjidieh, and the Turkish War Medal—'a made man'—his name in every mouth."

Of these multifarious dignities the Generalship occupies a position quite by itself. It was partly given as a reward for efficient and devoted service in the line of duty, and partly to place him where, as one in command, he would have less time and fewer opportunities to devote to the criticism of those who were. For, certainly, no army ever possessed a more conspicuous scenter-out of abuses, intentional or inadvertent, than the British had in the person of our hero during most of the Crimean War. He filled a number of MS. volumes, hundreds of reports, the ears of all who would listen and the very air with his complaints of carelessness, inaptitude and mismanagement. The horrors resulting from this neglect and inexperience, which went on until the British heart was set on fire by the newspaper notoriety given many of its details, is shown in all its naked ugliness by Windham, and the better condition of things which followed is due in no small degree to his untiring efforts—if he was insistent in his faultfinding with existing evils, he was indefatigable in seeking to obviate them.

Windham had a sprinkling of fire—hardly sufficient for a regular baptism—at the battle of the Alma, and then suffered the indignity of being kicked into temporary uselessness by a horse; but he managed to take a small part in the fight at Balaclava in spite

of his injury. Of the charge of the Six Hundred there, he says:

"The enemy were strong, twenty battalions of infantry, twenty guns, and 3,500 horse. They had, however, met with so rough a reception, particularly from the Scots Greys (whose horses were fresh from England), that they had partially withdrawn (the Ninety-Third having pitched into them heavily) when a Captain Nolan, of the Quartermaster General's Department, rode up to Cardigan and told him it was Lord Raglan's order to him to charge the enemy with the Light Brigade. Cardigan hesitated, seeing the danger of leading six hundred men with starved horses against such a mass of cavalry, supported by a battery of heavy guns in their front, another on their right, and a third lot in the captured redoubt. Captain Nolan got excited, insisted on its being Lord Raglan's order, and Cardigan then submitted, made a most plucky and valourous charge, and left on the field three hundred of his men, and nearly five hundred horses. Captain Nolan was killed, but I have every reason to believe that this melancholy business would never have happened had it not been for his unfortunate conduct. . . . The whole plain was covered with wounded men and horses."

It was not until the battle of Inkerman that Windham's courage was fully tested. There the major-general commanding his division was killed, and the two brigadiers mortally wounded, so that our hero found himself in command for more than seven hours of a desperate engagement. The Allies could muster but 6,000 soldiers to repel the Russians' attack with 40,000, and so, of the 2,225 who went into action in Windham's division (the Fourth), 42 officers and 700 men were killed or wounded. It satisfied him of his ability to stand fire, and he wrote to a friend the next day:

"My escapes were marvellous, and I give you my honour I never once bobbed my head or flinched, although I was mounted on a big horse, and . . . eight hundred Russians fired at me alone, at distances varying from one hundred and fifty to sixty yards."

In the first attack upon the Redan, Windham was little more than a figure-head, being in command of the Reserves. Between that and the second attack he was made a Companion of the Bath and a Brigadier-General. It is significant his criticisms cease in good part as soon as he enters upon his duties as a general officer, and learns how difficult executive duties may become. Certainly Headquarters was justified in advocating his promotion.

It was at the second attack that General Windham so distinguished himself, obtaining the permanent sobriquet of "Redan," and coming into the long list of honors heretofore enumerated. Though commander of the Second Division of this manœuvre, the success of which would have led to the abandonment of Sebastopol, he was permitted no share

in the plans. He uttered a characteristic and ineffectual protest against their inefficiency, and then went over the trenches at the head of his troops. Finding it impossible to rally them after they were well in the Russian lines, and being under heavy and continuous fire, he alternately begged and commanded his men to advance, "doing the theatrical," he subsequently called it, and then sent his aide-de-camp, Roger Swire, to ask for reinforcements. None came. He successively despatched Major Rickman, Lieutenant Young, and Colonel Eiman for supports of some kind, and then, obtaining no one, went back himself, after calling an officer to witness that he was "not in a funk." In spite of the enemy's bullets he found General Codrington and said to him:

"If you will only send me a fresh battalion now, and help me with it, I can carry the work."

"Come down, Windham; you'll only be killed there," was the answer, as he tried to get the obstinate soldier to a place of safety beside him in the trenches, adding, "Why, my good fellow, they won't go, and I have no number to send."

So Windham rushed off to find General Markham, and, though he there obtained permission to take a battalion forward, Codrington again interposed. Before Windham could get back to his men in the Russian outwork, they became discouraged, retreated with heavy loss, and the second attack was, like the first, a failure.

It is somewhat disheartening to reflect that, had it not been for the wide publicity given this exhibition of courage and tenacity by the correspondents at the front, little or no reward would have followed. As it was, Windham was made commandant of the city of Sebastopol upon its fall, and, in after years, a knight commander of the bath and a major-general. But, even when he volunteered for service during the Indian mutiny, and was ordered to the front, the Duke of Cambridge said to Sir William Howard Russell:

"Well, we will see what your Redan general makes of it now," adding directly, "We all know that it was you who made him the 'Hero of the Redan.'" Though the distinguished aide to the *London Times* modestly denied this, his very use of the anecdote in the preface here indicates that it comes near the truth.

If Windham was lucky in the Crimea, he was most unfortunate in his defense of Cawnpore,—the deed so prominently connected with his later history. Under him it was that the almost unique instance occurred, during that most terrible of rebellions, of a British officer exhibiting cowardice in the face of the native enemy. The eternal shame which thus descended upon one of his generals could not but reflect upon Windham himself until a complete investigation disclosed the truth. Still, it is comforting to know that "Old Redan" was set right at last, given his lieutenant-generalcy and

the command of the forces in Canada, and that his death crowned a life full of years and honors, the hero sinking to sleep in Jacksonville, Florida, in 1870.

MAKING SCHOOL-GIRLS

THE MAKING OF A SCHOOL-GIRL.—By Evelyn Sharp.
16mo. John Lane. \$0.50.

THE EVOLUTION OF DODD'S SISTER.—By Charlotte W. Eastman. 12mo. Rand, McNally & Co.

SIMILARITY of title and subject justifies one in classing these books together, although one must at the outset offer Miss Sharp an apology for doing so. They are curious as showing the effect which the recent interest in child-literature has had, not only on the practiced writer whose main object is to turn out a marketable volume, but on the inexperienced victim of hysteria who expects her first book will reform the world.

The author of the "Bodley booklet" is concerned with no educational problems or psychological questions of childhood. The extent of her desire is to write in correct English a readable small volume. *The Making of a School-Girl* is a slight performance, but it fulfills its trifling purpose. Miss Sharp's heroine does not seem to us to have anything of the special flavor of childhood about her, but she is a wholesome and manly little girl, and she relates in an incisive, smart, up-to-date fashion the innocently humorous course of her career at school.

Miss Eastman is prodigiously impressed by the problem with which she attempts to grapple, but very little by her own appalling lack of literary ability. She says a quantity of perfervid and incoherent things about the education and physical care of young girls in a manner quite hopeless. Her observations are given a certain continuity by the pretense of following the career of a wretched, vulgar little snob whose only thought is to keep her frock clean, be "toney" and exclusive, and attract the attention of boys. We had supposed that this well-known conventional character had long since evacuated her last stronghold in the Sunday-school library, and we have felt an extreme disgust at meeting her again. Her survival in either real life or fiction is unfortunate, and we had believed in neither. In fact the surpassing quality of *The Evolution of Dodd's Sister* is its vagrancy. Since reading Mrs. Atherton's last production we have chanced upon no author except Miss Eastman who has found life wholly cheap. Her observations have been confined to social circles considerably lower than those which Mrs. Atherton describes, and we think this is, on the whole, matter for regret. If any portion of the community must be slandered, we think it should be "the 400."

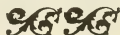
SONNETS AND SONNETS CYCLES

ELIZABETHAN SONNET CYCLES.—Edited by Martha Foote Crow. 12mo. A. C. McClurg & Co. \$1.50.

ENGLISH SONNETS.—Edited by A. T. Quiller-Couch. 18mo. Chapman & Hall. \$0.70.

THE labor of republishing a series of Elizabethan sonnet cycles has not oppressed Mrs. Crow unduly. We may be thankful to her for modernizing the spelling of a number of graceful little poems, and for giving them to us in an accessible form; but here our obligation ends. The volume in hand is the third of the projected set of four. It is made up of the *Idea*, of Michael Drayton; the *Fidessa*, of Bartholomew Griffin, and the *Cbloris*, of William Smith; even as the first book held Lodge's *Phyllis* and Fletcher's *Licia*, and the second Daniel's *Delia* and Constable's *Diana*. In the last, as in the preceding volumes, each cycle is introduced by a brief essay on its author and his works. For such facts as these contain, the editor appears to have sought no further than in a dictionary of biography for one and in Main's *Treasury* for another set—the ensuing collocation being too limited in scope to be otherwise than barren. This applies with especial force to the consideration of Griffin and of Smith, while Drayton's finer work is certainly worthy a more extended study.

The efforts Mr. Quiller-Couch puts forth as an editor also result in disappointment. He has, apparently, been so anxious to avoid all conflict with Mr. William Sharp's recently published *Sonnets of This Century* that he has sadly neglected many of the more recent sonneteers, nothing being given from the Rossettis, for example, not even an excuse for omitting them—reason there is not. We notice also the suggestion that "Helice," in Spenser's sonnet, "Like as a Ship," is intended for "Eliza" or Elizabeth, when it is merely the Greek name for the constellation of the Great Bear, with its meaning made doubly certain by the context, "My Helice, the lodestar of my life"; the unaccountable blunder which assigns to Lord Byron, the period "(1874-1859)," rather than 1788-1824; the misreading of *all for old* in Leigh Hunt's, "It flows through old hushed Egypt and its sands," the error being repeated in the index of first lines, though the line is quoted correctly in the notes; and the absence of any index of authors, necessary in a book containing more than two hundred sonnets. The introductory essay, though slight and containing nothing new nor forceful, is in accord with the opinions generally received, and so is sufficiently scholarly to pass.



THE UNIFORM SAVAGE

THE LITTLE LADY OF THE LAGUNITAS.—By Richard Henry Savage. 12mo. Rand, McNally & Co. \$0.25.

PRINCE SCHAMYL'S WOOING. *Ut supra.*

STORM SIGNALS. *Ut supra.*

FOR LIFE AND LOVE. *Ut supra.*

THE PRINCESS OF ALASKA. *Ut supra.*

THE FLYING HALCYON. *Ut supra.*

A DAUGHTER OF JUDAS. *Ut supra.*

IN THE OLD CHATEAU. *Ut supra.*

MISS DEVEREAUX OF THE MARIQUITA. *Ut supra.*

A MODERN CORSAIR. *Ut supra.*

HAD it nothing else to distinguish it, any one of these ten books would serve as a *vae mecum* for the young and ambitious writer, since each has, complete in itself, every imaginable fault known to the world of letters except mere dullness. Failing that, ten lines—any ten lines—from one or the other of them would make an excellent exercise for use in secondary schools where English is taught, as a means, through correction, of avoiding errors in syntax, construction, style, and the like, and, in the case of the occasional original poems inserted, in orthoepy and prosody as well. Since they abound in quotations from the classics of many nations, a further usefulness as works of reference lies open to them; for if a gem from another author lies imbedded in Colonel Savage's mental débris, it is certainly incorrect. Finally, in these things there is not even the merit of originality, all being made as kindred as possible to kindred solecisms in the published works of Mr. Archibald Clavering Gunter, a predecessor in this peculiar field, and all accomplishing a deed of singular difficulty in being no improvement on their exemplars.

Collectively, the stories cannot fail to leave the impression that their author has been exceedingly unfortunate in his surroundings, human and otherwise. His women are all referable to the Faithful Griselda type, or, if not that, to the kind designated in Mr. Rudyard Kipling's poems by "etc."; while his men, without exception are *déclassés*, or ought to be. Honor, integrity, disinterestedness, and other virtues send no far beams to shine through the moral mephitism of the author's world, which is assuredly nasty rather than naughty. Yet it is known that Colonel Savage was educated in part at the United States Military Academy, an institution bearing a most enviable reputation in the world of letters for teaching its students the use of terse, clean, and idiomatic English, by instructing them solely in the crowning virtues of single-mindedness and self-forgetfulness. If, therefore, the place of Colonel Savage in the eternal scheme of things is sought, he must be taken as proving this rule by his total exceptionality—though it is possible he was also in-

tended to illustrate the truth of Coventry Patmore's dictum that—

"health is ofttimes in the flesh
And measles in the mind!"

We should not be doing our duty to any one concerned if we omitted mention of the illustrator of these tales. However obnoxious the author may have made his characters in manner and habits, they could not be intended to appear as viciously inept as Mr. Denslow has succeeded in making them. It is to the publishers alone that a word of unqualified commendation must be awarded: By providing these impossible books with such preposterous pictures and sending them out in the cheapest form conceivable, the paper miserable, the print bad, and the proofreading infamous, they have climbed to a most arduous height—that of an ideally harmonious ensemble.

AN ESSAY IN BIOGRAPHY

MAJOR-GENERAL THE EARL OF STIRLING; AN ESSAY IN BIOGRAPHY.—By Ludwig Schumacher. 12mo. The New Amsterdam Book Company. \$1.00.

THE fact that he was a British lord fighting on the side of the seceded colonies; his promotion for skill and bravery from a colonelcy to be major-general of the Continental Line; his selection as president of the court-martial which condemned the traitor, Charles Lee, after he had done so much, as general, to retrieve the results of that scoundrel's infamy at Monmouth; his disagreeable, though just adjudication, as a member of the court of inquiry of Andre's status as a spy; his important services in overthrowing the Conway Cabal; all these things and many more endear Lord Stirling to the American heart, and insure his biographer a respectful consideration.

But Mr. Schumacher is too deeply enamored of what he styles "the conservative patriot" to permit his readers to feel that his essay in biography is anything more than a mere panegyric. He does not, to take the most obvious example, disclose the fact that the identification of "William Alexander, Esq., claiming to be Earl of Stirling," with the patriot cause during the Revolution, was by many of his own associates attributed to self-interest, the usual mainspring of your "conservative patriot's" action, in that the House of Lords had recently rejected his claim to the earldom. We may be grateful for the book in spite of this, for, though it discloses no new matters of consequence and withholds some old ones, it gives an excellent likeness of one of the most interesting figures in the War of American Independence, one whose efforts in the cause of liberty entitle him to more extended recognition than that afforded by this handsomely designed and executed little volume.

PROFESSOR SAINTSBURY'S RIVAL

A HISTORY OF ENGLISH POETRY.—By W. J. Courthope, M. A. 8vo. Macmillan & Co. Volumes I and II, each \$2.50.

“THE criticism which alone can help us for the future is a criticism which regards Europe as being, for intellectual and spiritual purposes, one great confederation, bound to a joint action and working to a common result.” This statement of Matthew Arnold’s promises to be as pregnant with results as with meaning, for, if *The Periods of Literature* series now appearing under the auspices of Professor Saintsbury is confessedly due to the suggestion it contains, this *History of English Poetry* from the learned and skillful pen of the Oxford Professor certainly takes its rise from no other source. The single volume lately issued by Professor Saintsbury—and that the second of the projected series—dealt with romantic poetry, and raked Europe from Iceland to Spain and Wales to Constantinople for its materials. The two larger books before us are less comprehensive in a territorial sense, but more nearly exhaustive in point of time. Holding Chaucer to be the father and founder of our English poetry, and failing to discern in his works any real connection, literary or historical, with his British or Saxon predecessors on the island, Professor Courthope goes to the writers of classical antiquity, the fathers and doctors of the Church, the early Italians and French, touching the Saxons only so far as is necessary to show how profoundly they were stirred from their old habits by the invading Normans, and so moves triumphantly on. Allegory, the early Scots, the mysteries and moralities, and the ballads take up the first volume and carry it on to the middle of the sixteenth century.

The second volume lacks the interest of first things, but provides an excellent substitute in the sharpening of wits which was the first result of the Renaissance and Reformation. It deals with the Italianists, Wyatt and Surrey, giving the latter the credit too often denied him for fixing our metrical forms, and concludes, on one hand, with Spenser and, on the other, with the predecessors of Shakespeare, everywhere adhering strictly to the promise made in the former volume: “I shall not attempt to judge the work of individual poets by any *a priori* standard, artistic or moral, but rather to form conclusions from experience and observation as to the causes of phenomena in poetical life.” It is this fairness to every one—except, possibly, the “scientific” *a priori* critic,—this unwillingness to commit himself to the extreme views of partisans that constitutes Professor Courthope’s greatest strength. The clashing schools of metricists will find some comfort in his pages and not a little to

annoy, while the calm steerer of a middle course will encounter nothing but fair weather.

The work is so voluminous that nothing of importance is omitted, and its constant references to continental contemporaries heightens the reader’s point of view and correspondingly broadens his horizon. It would, perhaps, be too much to expect that so learnedly comprehensive an undertaking should be less than tedious; but its stride is hardly more than forty years a volume, and movement so deliberate cannot be otherwise than ponderous. In fact, this stately solemnity induces a curious reflection on the future of the work. At the present rate a brief calculation shows that in the year of our Lord 1913, Professor Courthope having then successfully passed his scriptural climacteric, his *History of English Poetry* will come to a contemporaneous conclusion with the publication of its tenth volume. May his pen be spared to conclude it!

THE WALDENSES

A SHORT HISTORY OF THE ITALIAN WALDENSES.—By Sophia V. Bompiani. 12mo. A. S. Barnes & Co.

THE equipment of an historian, according to the author of this volume, should be uncompromising hatred of the Roman Church, and his tactics in argument should be the marshalling of question-begging adjectives in platoons. This is not the way to write serious history, but it does not necessarily preclude the composition of an interesting volume. The story of the Protestant communities of the Alpine valleys lying near Mont Cenis is a striking one, and Mrs. Bompiani has told it with fierce sympathy. “From time immemorial,” as she has it, a sturdy, brave and sober race has lived in these mountains, cherishing the simpler virtues nobly and the Bible evangelically. They first appear in contemporary records as Leonists, so called from Vigilantius Leo, who, after a controversy with Jerome, fled from Aquitaine to their mountains. The name Waldenses comes possibly from the name of their district, but it is commonly, this author says, falsely supposed to be a derivation from Peter Waldo, of Lyons, who started to evangelize Europe in the twelfth century. The Waldenses suffered frightful persecutions, both in their parent valleys and their colonies in Calabria, from 1476 till 1686, when they were actually driven from their home, and survived only as a miserable remnant, to which Switzerland gave an eager welcome. They defended themselves with almost incredible valor during these persecutions, and suffered martyrdom unflinchingly. Protestant Europe flamed up in their behalf. Milton’s sonnet, beginning—

“Avenge, O Lord, thy slaughtered saints, whose bones
Lie whitened on the Alpine mountains cold,”

was written about this time. The great event in Waldensean history is the "Glorious Return" of 1689, when nine hundred of the faith were led back over the Alpine wilderness from Geneva to take possession of their old valley homes, where fortunate circumstances allowed them to remain. This was the end of the actual persecution and slaughter, but until 1848 they were hedged in and bound by all kinds of restrictions. During this period the spirit of the old religion rather died away, but after 1848, stimulated somewhat by foreign aid, it was once more in evidence. Again the brown-robed *barbes* tramped through Italy with the missionary's zeal, and now all the great towns of the peninsula have Waldensean churches.

LESSER ECHOES

ECHOES OF HALCYON DAYS.—By *Maximus A. Lesser*, Counselor-at-Law. 12mo. Truman Joseph Spencer. \$1.50.

IF the misdeemeanor in this case—that is, the person chiefly responsible before and after the fact for the appearance of this book—could have brought himself to the belief that for many things on this earth silence is not only high praise but servile flattery, it is possible he would not have written *THE CHAP-BOOK* a twelfth demand that his work be reviewed. We have had the volume close at hand for several months, and with each reiterated insistence upon its mention have gone over it carefully in the hope that its perpetrator was not—like so many poetasters—hopelessly at sea in regard to its total lack. But each reperusal, like the first reading, has been a cause for merriment, tempered by a very real pity for any one who will waste time and money, however little, in thus providing the world with a medium through which his lack of talent, of judgment, and of taste is made so pellucidly apparent.

In his prefatory note, Mr. Lesser says that his career has borne "literary fruit in the form of a treatise on *The Historical Development of the Jury System*." Having thus placed himself on the pedestal occupied by the two Sir Williams, Blackstone and Jones, the only other writers who have succeeded in giving a literary flavor to a law-book, he turns to his verse with the statement that "this symposium thereof is cast into the literary maelstrom with little concern for fame and less for fortune," an unconcern abundantly attested by its urgency that *THE CHAP-BOOK* notice it, willy-nilly.

To begin, then: It would be an injustice to say that Mr. Lesser knows nothing of poetry, for his work is always a feeble reflection of some one's else happy song. But to set it down that Mr. Lesser knows anything about writing poetry—making the distinction between that and mere verse-making—would do him equal wrong. He writes to com-

memorate the death of a friend, a young poet, and ends the Shakespearean sonnet with the couplet:

"For tho' forever vacant is thy dais
We never can forget our Adonais."

It is impossible to explain to a man who must have such work as that criticised when really good things go begging, what the matter is with it, but the sense of humor is one ingredient missing. Nor can he be made to understand—though studying Calverley might help—why

"Nightly when on Siam's thickets sheds its silver
 sheen the moon

And a myriad sportive crickets chirp in the nocturnal noon"—

is both humorous and lingering; or why *onward* and *poniard*, indeclinably and incomparably, *lanthe* and *grant me*, *Thule* and *holy*, *glades* or *shades* and *Hades* should be open to objection when viewed simply as rhymes; or why it is wrong to mangle Charles D. Gardette's clever imitation of Poe, *The Fire-Fiend*, call it *The Fire Demon*, and pass it off as your own imitation of Poe. It is, however, greatly to be desired that Mr. Lesser should learn to apply to his own *eccectes* for scribbling or being scribbled about, the rule he himself lays down, the rule of one

"Who tests—by this hated hegira
To realms 'neath the boreal Lyra—
A passion that free is from taint"—

for, in all earnestness, the only thing about the book to be commended—for the very binding is excruciating—is the prayer,

"May my fate oblivion grant me
'Neath the Northern pine,"—

though even here it seems needless to insist upon either the geographical or botanical non-essentials.

BANKING SYSTEMS

BANKING SYSTEMS OF THE WORLD.—By *William Matthews Handy*. 12 mo. Charles H. Kerr & Company. \$1.00.

THERE has long been reason to believe that banking has both compensations and, generally speaking, redeeming features; that the financial system of a rather great nation may become a species of all too practical joke is to be learned from Mr. Handy's, excellently designed book. He calls to minds among many other things, the failure of the banks of the Argentine in 1891, which brought such trouble to the entire commercial world, and goes on to tell us of the result. "On the ruins of the suspended banks," he says, "the government reconstructed the Bank of the Nation, with branches in all the provinces, in order to afford banking facilities. This was necessary, as there was not a solvent bank in the country. The capital was fixed at \$50,000,000.

Books were opened for private subscriptions, but nobody subscribed; therefore the government was forced to advance the money for the bank, and is now its sole owner. Repeated efforts have been made to negotiate the sale of the bank's charter to foreign capitalists, but without success."

The work is both succinct and encyclopædic, and covers a field not hitherto gleaned. Within less than 200 clearly printed pages is comprehended an account of the banking system in vogue in every commercial nation in and out of Christendom, including China, where, "when disaster comes, the banker disappears with all the assets, and the loss is total." Mr. Handy's qualifications for undertaking such a work as this are nowhere shown more clearly than his ability to set down the system, or systems, in use in the United States, and give us a review of our monetary matters at once absolutely impartial, historically accurate, and easily to be understood of the people. A concluding chapter on postal savings banks, an appendix containing the more important of the amendments proposed for our national difficulties, and a well-filled index round out the book's usefulness.

SENTIMENTALITY

MERE SENTIMENT.—By A. J. Dawson. London and New York. John Lane.

MIDDLE GREYNES.—By A. J. Dawson. London and New York. John Lane.

IF Mr. Dawson has a message, and he evidently believes himself to have one, it lies in the exploitation of the beauty of the Australian Bush. Discovering a subject almost new to literature, he throws himself into it with an abandon which produces a sudden shower of adjectives. Of other places he writes with so much restraint that the flowery richness of the English which he applies to the Bush is all the more conspicuous. Like the vegetation he describes, it is "rampantly luxuriant." In other countries he is crude and stilted; there he may still be crude, but he "lives in every pore." He has felt something, he has experienced a real sensation. And it was so genuine that, although he overlays it heavily and stiffly with ornament, he succeeds in disclosing a bit of it to our imagination. It is intoxicating to him, and, as in some other cases of the kind, it has its ludicrous side for the observer. In the long novel, *Middle Greyness*, he tries to reform and leave the enticing subject behind him; but the temptation is too great, and he continually reverts to it. And when he does so, it is as though a boat, which had been struggling against intercepting rocks and contrary eddies, had suddenly drifted into the open stream. He becomes fluent, and at once the gods make him poetical. He is capable even in other parts of the book—in his sober moments, so to speak,—of making his hero speak in "his usual

dreamy tone," and of writing of "bitter smiles," and "cynical indifference." But it is only when he drinks deep of the Bush that his tongue is properly loosened. Then it is that we learn that "dense, luscious growths, a fresh, damp atmosphere, and moist, loamy soil are amongst the most noticeable features of this district." Then it is that the warmest and most sensuous adjectives the language affords forms but meagre material in which to clothe the author's hurrying ideas.

The first story of *Mere Sentiment*, euphoniously entitled "Wattle-Worship," fairly palpitates with words. It narrates the history of a gentleman with rather mixed emotions, who falls in love with two girls and the Bush at the same time. We are left in some doubt about his final choice in the matter, as he disappears and leaves no trace,—a little way he has in common with other heroes in this book. "Queen Guinevere" is also prematurely and persistently sentimental, but "In the clear Patch" has some real tenderness and beauty within the maze of words. And it is a novel idea of "The Idealist Club" that the highest honor it can confer upon a work of art is to burn it with ceremony in the club brazier. But the book as a whole should have been called *Mere Sentimentality*.

Upon his long novel Mr. Dawson expends much superfluous care. The effect is too labored to produce even a momentary illusion. The characters are so transparent that one understands what they will do long before the author has finished analyzing their emotions. A few chapters reveal the entire plot, and in following it to the end one meets few surprises. The types are all so familiar that the only novelty lies in the contact of two of them with the Bush. And in this book the author's contact with the Bush is less free and untrammelled and exuberant than in the other. But unlike other great open spaces which nature has retained for herself, its influence upon this particular man or woman is continuously morbid and effeminate.

BOOKS RECEIVED

WAYSIDE COURTSIPS.—By Hamlin Garland. 12mo. D. Appleton & Co. \$1.25.

FOR ANOTHER'S SIN.—By Bertha M. Clay. 12mo. Rand, McNally & Co. \$0.25.

ARE THE SHAKESPEARE PLAYS SIGNED BY FRANCIS BACON?—By Isaac Hull Platt. 8mo. Philadelphia. The Conservator.

THE QUEST OF THE GILT-EDGED GIRL.—By Richard De Lyrienne. 18mo. John Lane. \$35.

EX LIBRIS. ESSAYS OF A COLLECTOR.—By Charles Dexter Allen. 12mo. Lamson, Wolfe & Co.

OPALS.—By Olive Custance. 16mo. John Lane. \$1.25.

SPEECH OF JOHN HAY AT THE UNVEILING OF THE Bust OF SIR WALTER SCOTT IN WESTMINSTER ABBEY, MAY 21, 1897. 18mo. John Lane. \$35.

THE STEPMOTHER. A TALE OF MODERN ATHENS.—By GEORGE XENODOROS. Done into English by Mrs. Edmonds. 16mo. John Lane. \$1.00.

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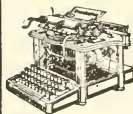


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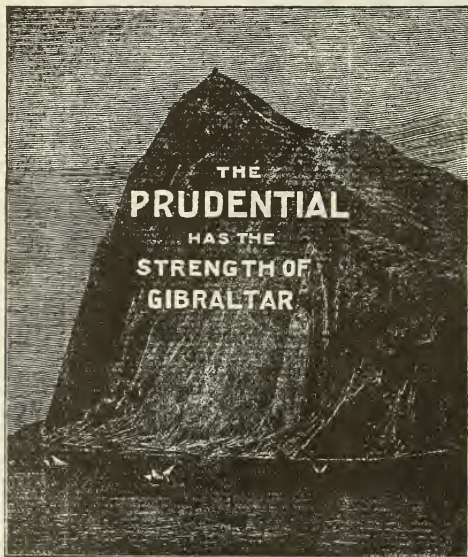
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NOTES

MR. STEPHEN CRANE arrived in London on a wet night. Conscious of the event's importance, he devoted himself assiduously—from the moment he left the train—to salting down his impressions. He is publishing them in weekly installments. So far he has given us five columns—and very interesting reading it is. He tells all about Jim Corright and the town of Tin Can, Nevada, and the constituent who wanted to tell his Congressman at Washington to go to hades, and other exciting things. Incidentally—quite incidentally, in fact,—he mentions his discoveries in London: a new kind of porter, a cylinder of vision, horses that skate, and a young man in a top-hat. These discoveries are certainly of vast moment, and are doubtless admirable, considering they were made at night, and that the rain was still falling.

At the same time, we are filled with misgivings. So far it has taken Mr. Crane two weeks and five columns to record his impressions, and to all appearances he is not yet within miles of his hotel. And it is still raining. We cannot but feel it unsafe for him to linger so long in the wet, even to watch fallen cab-horses. And the hopeless part of it is that at the present rate of progress, there is no prospect of his reaching cover for say six weeks from next Saturday. We trust the rain will let up before then, or London will be a very bedraggled city. After all, how much simpler it would have been if Mr. Crane had stayed at home.

THE SYMPOSIUM is the salvation of editors, it would seem. In summer months, when material is scarce and even the penny-a-liners think more of rest than of copy, most periodicals would have to suspend publication were it not for the everlasting willingness of people to respond in herds to any foolish question an editor may ask. The *Saturday Review* must indeed have been hard pressed during the past few weeks, or it would never have given over its pages to lengthy and tedious articles on "The Best Scenery I Know." Could any subject be more trite? And the replies are on a par. This, for instance from Lady Jeune:

"It is much easier to keep in the beaten track of holiday-seekers than to start on one's own resources

with only the slight information which even the most accurate guide-books can impart, and being so much more the custom to spend one's holiday abroad than in England, some of the most lovely parts of our own country have been neglected or unknown. There is not the grandeur, the extent, or the variety in Great Britain that the Continent affords; but, on the other hand, there is a beauty, a charm and a delight in Scotch and English scenery which will stand comparison with that of any part in the world."

From this on she reads like a guide-book or a Cook's tourist circular—it is all "Thence by coach to the Louvre," and so forth.

Mr. Herbert Vivian starts with the assertion that "Scenery is, of course, an affair of fashion," and then he skips all over Europe, interrupting himself to exclaim "How much depends upon vegetation!" A moment later he says that scenery, "like the kingdom of Heaven, is within us." The two thoughts go agreeably side by side.

No two respondents care for the same spot, and of course the question of the best scenery is in no wise settled. This is fortunate—perhaps preordained—for, stowed away now, it may be resurrected next August to fulfill again the editor's requirements.

THE INTERVIEW with Mr. Hall Caine that appeared in the London *Daily News* of August 5th ought to be enshrined among the curiosities of literature. The reporter noticed Mr. Caine's fagged appearance. Ah, yes; did n't he know?—it was "The Christian." It had been a colossal undertaking, and, now that it was over, poor Mr. Caine hardly knew what to do with himself. Still it was "with feelings of real gratitude" that he wrote the words "Thank God" on the last page of the manuscript. There was so much to study that was quite unfamiliar to a man of Mr. Caine's habits—the arcana of London, the flash houses of Soho, night clubs, gambling hell, the ins and outs of the turf, and so on. The mere physical exertion had been immense, but the mental horror—well, Mr. Caine hoped that that was sufficiently indicated in the book. This scribbling Parkhurst did not shrink from it. It was in the Cause of Literature that he read the "Pink Un" and studied the cockney language, and spent a few dozen "nights out." The noble, generous fellow. He owned, with a wan smile, that he was a stickler for accuracy. He had submitted the proofs of his novel "to not less than twenty different persons, each a specialist in some walk of life." One could not be too careful in a work of this sort. Mr. Albert Chevalier had looked after the dialect for him; a metropolitan magistrate had supervised the police court scenes; clergymen had officially sanctioned the clerical sections,

and a London editor had gone through the whole thing with a blue pencil. Tolstoi would be delighted when he heard of it—the effort was so entirely in sympathy with his views and ideals. No, he had not written to Mr. Caine—not yet; but Mr. Caine was in hope that he would, was indeed expecting a letter every minute.

Then, as to the purpose of the Masterpiece. Mr. Caine's thesis was "that it is impossible for a man to live the life of Christ in Christian society as it is organized to-day." Mr. Caine did not claim any particular originality for pointing this out. He was only following the precedent of several great writers, Mrs. Lynn Linton and others. "No message is new entirely; but shall one be silent on that account?" Not if one is a Hall Caine, evidently. So Mr. Caine set to work and abridged his message into a strife of 100,000 words. Then he rewrote it and dictated it to a typewriter, who is still living. Lastly, he spent a year on the third and final version. How about the names of his hero and heroine? Did Mr. Caine invent them? Certainly not. Such a proceeding would be at variance with the whole spirit of the book. Mr. Caine took them, one from a gravestone, the other from an advertisement of shoe-polish—and let his enemies make the most of it. Mr. Caine is not coming to America to lecture. He fears the strain and exhaustion of such a life. Besides, he has his new book to think about, for, "though it may be years before it comes to be written, I have begun to work upon it. It will deal with the great drink question, and will involve an immense amount of study and preparation."

Mr. Caine is one of those earnest and intensely sentimental gentlemen who never fail in their appeal to what Schopenhauer called "the incorrigible mob of humanity," the mob that reads *Munsey's*, where, by the by, "The Christian" very aptly made its first appearance. These people cannot be cured; they simply do not know and will never learn what literature is, still less what art is. There they are, forming the same hopeless, unchanging majority of readers here and everywhere. Some men, to make money, write down to their understanding. Others, and these are the happiest, men like Mr. Caine and James Lane Allen, are naturally on their level. They can follow their own bent and never rise above the comprehension of the multitude. They need not strain after wit, for the many-headed distrust anything above the humor of practical jokes; they can preach, for most people are never so happy as when listening to a sermon; they can write about Indians, as Mr. Allen does, who "flecked the tender green with tender blood," for not one person in ten thousand has any notion of style; they can be sentimental and goody-goody, for the average reader is a com-

pound of sentiment and Sunday school; in short, they can be themselves with sincerity and enthusiasm, and rest certain of their reward. As to their minor literary methods, accuracy apparently is the quality they set most store by. Mr. James Lane Allen, for instance, in "The Choir Invisible" does not in the least put before us the life and atmosphere of Kentucky a hundred years ago, but he is a regular fashion-plate on the dresses they wore. Indeed, novel writing generally has fallen almost altogether into the hands of reporters.

THE TROUBLE between Dr. Andrews and the trustees of Brown University has had a curious outcome. Mr. John Brisben Walker, the editor and proprietor of the *Cosmopolitan Magazine*, has secured Dr. Andrews for the presidency of the Cosmopolitan University, an institution to be run by correspondence in connection with the magazine. Mr. Walker says he had been in some doubt as to whom to choose for the directorship of his scheme—"the greatest and most beneficent educational enterprise," as he modestly calls it, "ever conceived and brought to realization." He had in his mind President Andrews of Brown, President Gilman of Johns Hopkins; and President Harper of Chicago. All three seemed inaccessible, when suddenly the resolution of the trustees of Brown addressed to President Andrews, paved the way for that gentleman's success. "I went immediately to Providence," says Mr. Walker, "and saw Dr. Andrews. I asked him if he was going to resign, and I told him that, if he was, I wanted him to become the President of the Cosmopolitan University, which I had so long desired to establish. He replied that he did not know what he was going to do; that it looked, however, as if he would resign, and in that event he would accept my proposition to become the head of the Cosmopolitan University." There must surely be some mistake in all this. The interview between the trustees and Dr. Andrews took place on July 16th; his resignation is dated July 17th. No account of the interview or the letter of resignation appeared in the press till July 23d. Mr. Walker must, therefore, have had some private knowledge of what was going on. Indeed it looks very much as though Dr. Andrews was conducting negotiations for his own benefit behind the backs of the trustees. He had apparently made up his mind, even before the interview with the trustees, to leave Brown and take up with an institution which is to be conducted as an adjunct to a popular magazine. Any attempt, therefore, to canonize him as a martyr for free speech or free silver is ridiculous. He was simply looking after the interests of Dr. Andrews all along. This does not, of course, affect our judgment fully expressed in the last CHAP-BOOK as to the wisdom of the trustees' action. They knew nothing of his intrigues with Mr. Walker and simply intended to

force his retirement on the ground that his advocacy of free silver was harmful to the college exchequer. But the recent disclosures will make it easier for them to accept his resignation.

THE GENTLEMEN who have been recently making active, though at times mistaken efforts, to provide grand opera at ridiculously popular prices have, for the time being at least, returned to an easier field. It has always been deplorable that a stock company, similar in character to the successful Castle Square Company in Boston, could not find adequate support in half a dozen other American cities. That such a company is an important factor in the amusement world is unquestionable, and the educational advantages are certainly considerable. A company of this kind is generally the outcome of a summer season of light opera, but contrary to the usual precedent, the change from light opera to more ambitious forms was the occasion of the first material success of the Boston company. After a couple of months of somewhat indifferent productions of the time-honored repertoire, *The Black Hussar*, *The Beggar Student*, *Chimes of Normandy* and the rest, the company, almost without warning, presented a really astonishing performance of *Cavalleria Rusticana*.

It would seem as if Mascagni's opera was the last one which the most intrepid of managers would select, and it is true that there were many sad features. But to be able to go in of an afternoon—at an expense of twenty-five cents—and hear the principal rôles given in a manner almost above reproach, was difficult of realization. Unfortunately, the performances of this opera were the best, and the standard established has by no means been maintained. Finding that the elevation of the masses and of their own profits could strangely enough be simultaneous, the management proceeded with *Faust*, *Il Trovatore*, *Martha* and *Maritana* in rapid and bewildering succession. The drawbacks of some of these have been prominent enough to bury the advantages, and the sins against tradition at times of the blackest. Bad grand opera is, nevertheless, better than no grand opera at all, from the educational standpoint. The people are bound to become familiar with the music, in spite of a halting interpretation, and it is a very narrow argument to maintain that those who cannot hear three-dollar-and-a-half opera should rather go without for fear of creating false musical standards.

In consideration of this it can only be deplored that the grand opera has been abandoned. The management deserves the credit which is always due a pioneer, and, with good luck and not too much discouraging comment, something might have been accomplished.

THE VERSE OF THE DAY, like ancient Gaul, time, and some other things, divides itself into three parts. Of these, two, true poetry and the

rhymes of friends and acquaintances, come within the knowledge of the general reader. The third variety, unnamed so far, comes only to the notice of the few. It comes, for the most part, from country places, and generally from men, affording a marked contrast to the cities, where women are the versifiers nowadays — indicating sufficiently the leisure-sex in each of the several places of abode. With it is invariably associated an egotism both rotund and unabashed, of which the verse appears to be the efflorescence; the versifier being quite as thoroughly convinced of his mission as any man to whose melody the world has moved. *Impossible*, is the title of Mr. J. Gordon Coogler's apt poem, big with undiluted truth, which runs:

"You may as well try to change the course of yonder sun to north and south
As to try to subdue by criticism this heart of verse,
or close this mouth."

Some of these Miltons, not mute but inglorious enough, keep on the hither side of common sense, as when Mr. John Jacob Dickson moralizes:

"The man who thinks God is too kind
To punish actions vile,
Is bad at heart, of unsound mind,
Or very juvenile."

Some, like Mr. Francis Brooks, have their language under so little control that it merely serves to prove the kinship of laughter and tears:

"The grass lies on my love's soft breast,
To-night, to-night,
By death are her dear lips carest,
'T is trite, 't is trite."

Others seem to be half aware of some idiosyncrasy: Mr. Louis M. Elshemus, for example, who has published so many volumes of this sort that they have come to be known, collectively, to connoisseurs as *Elshemi*, asks of himself and a neighboring clergyman,

"Had he permission thus to say high grace,
When at the church-gate stood a poet wild,
Who, from creation's dawn, was God's own child?"

It is this same Mr. Elshemus who names one of his works, *Om Mammon*. A *Spirit-Song*, of which it may be said, in the words of his sonnet, entitled, *Sad!* —

"The expense of power for a gain of weak,
Strange issue is the saddest action here."

But it is after all to some one of Mr. Coogler's five volumes that the illuminati have been, until now, accustomed to turn for diversion. He takes for his theme *Maud*, *the Mill*, and *the Lily*, and the following stanza results:

"There flows the same familiar stream,
Whose waters I oft have drank,
And the old mill-pond, from whose dark edge
I oft, so oft have shrank."

Or says *Farewell, Sweet College Girl*, thus:

"Farewell! ye milk-white dove, farewell!
If on earth we meet no more,
May in that snow-white throng of love
We meet on yonder shore."

But it is not alone in the young woman of grace and culture that the poet sees a suitable theme: witness his lines to *The Working Girl*:

"Sweet working-girl—tho' Fate has destined thy
fair hand
To labor in place of a wayward brother,
Yet Heaven will reward thee for thy honest toil
In support of thy aged, widowed mother."

Again, he furnishes a metrical gloss to his line,
"I sat alone—without a name," by writing:

"Few persons are aware that the author
Never was named in childhood by his parents,
But was left the pleasure of selecting
His own name at the age of fourteen."

Still, however much the reader may feel the force of Mr. Coogler's own distich,

"Farewell"—that word we all must speak,
How it wearies the heart and fades the cheek,"

the time has come when this poet and his five booklets of painless and amusing verse must be spoken of as past; for there has now arisen upon the horizon of poetry a strange and fascinating luminary, glowing with such an effulgence that in his rays all former prepossessions fade to nothing. This brilliant meteor is no less a person than "The Bard Telegrapher," Mr. Jesse P. Tillson, and he bursts upon the public with five dramas bound into one weighty volume. These, containing what their author calls "Humor, Tragedy, Cynical, Philosophy," require pages to do them even partial justice, and are not to be imagined or described otherwise. But, fortunately for this purpose, from his overflowing treasury of song Mr. Tillson snatches a leaf to send with his plays for good measure. This bears the title, *Private Lines for Private Distribution*, which are "Respectively Dedicated to the City of Toledo, Ohio, 'The Lady of the Lakes, and to my Friends and Office Associates with whom it is my pleasure to see their faces every day." It contains but three poems, and of these it is needful to mention none except the last, *To the Queen of Muse, or An Imaginary Love of an Imaginary Poet*.

How notable a production this is, may be learned from the fact that in it an entirely new kind of poetic license buds, blossoms and fructifies. Scorning the time-worn device of catalecticism, Mr. Tillson, not always choosing to end his line with a

rhyming word, indicates where the rhyme is to fall by appropriate punctuation, and then does not scruple in the least to add as many more words as he deems necessary to the sense or to what stands him in the stead of sense. Here are two examples:

"Be that you? ha, ha, hah well,
'T is thine own heart to me must tell—no."

"And steal my shadowy retreat with haughty strides,
To see of this world, there be of brides?"—nay."

These are—among the first of this new specimen—most valuable, for who can estimate the ingenuity required to invent a new species of poetic license at this late day? Gaining strength in his new accomplishment as he goes on, such couplets as these result:

"We now live, each moment is gained or lost—in
battle

And what say thee dear, when at little cost,—"

"That in conclusion I cease my task,
Of talking to—an earnest answer ask—from the
skies;"

Yet these, and indeed all the other verses of which man has heard—the efforts of the Sweet Singer of older time, the *Elsbemi*, the muse of the unequalled Mr. Coogler—pale in the perfect light of the following lines—of all the tumultuous *genre* easily chief:

"For doctor's science to decide anew,
What could of been had we only knew,"

Does not this dispute successfully with everything which precedes it, what Mr. Stedman calls the "command over the unsuspected resources of a language"?

THE RUBAIYAT waited long for an adequate musical setting, and only within the last year has a young woman in England written one which is unquestionably an achievement. This is Miss Liza Lehmann, who is well known in musical London both as singer and composer, though, with the exception of a few songs brought over by Mr. Plunket Greene, her work is practically unknown here. The chief characteristic of her music is a daring originality, which is at times almost too aggressive. It is plain that the charge of commonplaceness is the one she has sought most to avoid.

The setting of the *Rubaiyat*, arranged in the form of a song cycle for four voices, she has called *In a Persian Garden*. Although a year old, there have been only a few performances of the complete cycle in America. Mr. David Bispham gave it in New York last spring, and sang one of the numbers in Chicago. Otherwise it has had none of the recognition it deserves.

Miss Lehmann has used about thirty of the quatrains in the Fitzgerald version, beginning with the verse:

"Wake! For the Sun who scattered into flight"—
set for all four voices. This is one of the most satisfactory numbers in the whole cycle, for it has all the strong and exultant spirit that the words demand. The numbers follow each other without break, being divided up into solos, quartettes, recitations, and one duet for soprano and tenor, a very beautiful rendering of—

"A Book of verses underneath the bough;"

The numbers are of varying distinction, at times being too involved for easy comprehension, but all the subtle mysticism has been caught, and several of the verses have received almost inspired treatment.

The music for the lines—

"Myself, when young, did eagerly frequent
Doctor and Saint, and heard great argument;

But, evermore,
Came out by that same door wherein I went—"

in its scholarly beauty, great dramatic power, and originality, has seldom been surpassed.

Other verses which have received exceptional treatment are the ones commencing with:

"Come, fill the cup!"

"I sent my soul through the Invisible."

"Each morn a thousand roses brings!"

"Ah! Moon of my delight."

In all these there is great variety of composition, but all have the essential Persian color, perhaps, as much as anything else. To attempt a setting of this poem required considerable courage. Miss Lehmann's style in composition in all previous work has been strongly marked, and of just the quality which would indicate her fitness for this undertaking. That she has done it with sympathetic intelligence and success, entitles her to a certain permanent distinction, even though she may never reach as high a standard in any future work.

IN A RECENT ISSUE, *THE CHAP-BOOK* took occasion to criticise Mr. Putnam, of the Boston Public Library, for withholding from anarchists and socialists the writings of their French and German brethren. It now transpires that the story was the invention of a Boston newspaper, and we are happy, therefore, to publish Mr. Putnam's correction. It is gratifying to know that the library is not managed on the narrow and arbitrary lines attributed to it. Mr. Putnam says:

"Any book on any subject which is in the library may be taken by any person who has a card; that is, with the exception of the books in 'The Inferno.' (salacious classics not given out to children.) Secondly, if any book is not in the library it is for one or both of two reasons; either we have no money to buy it with or in our judgment there is already in hand a book covering the same ground."

In regard to the absence of *La Lanterne* from the library, Mr. Putnam says that the newspaper fund

is not large enough to cover both the French and German socialist papers, and Herr Most's *Freiheit* was selected as the most serviceable.

IN THESE DAYS of "nineteenth century civilization," when we have so far abolished war as a means of righting wrongs that the most merciful fate we can hope for thousands of Christians, both in Europe and in the western hemisphere, is speedy death, it is curious to come across a man like Mayor Jones, of Toledo. While the concert of the powers is playing a jig which must fill the devil with pleasure, and while our own country, with diplomatic good-breeding, is deprecatingly rubbing its hands, and mildly remonstrating with our good friend Weyler for some of his little thoughtless acts, Jones, the mayor of Toledo, is actually putting into practice that obsolete rule which modern civilization always refers to in its sermons by the delicately complimentary adjective of "golden."

Mayor Jones is evidently an ignorant man, and does not know that the golden rule is merely used in rhetoric nowadays, and that in real life the far more practical and sensible law of "supply and demand" has entirely superseded it. The golden rule is manifestly absurd; its practice would present the spectacle of giving something for nothing—and that, as everyone knows, is as chimerical as perpetual motion.

It is true that we build asylums and hospitals and refuges and "homes"; but the gain to our comfort directly recompenses us. Compare Rome, with its swarms of loathsome beggars, to our own tidy streets, where the most disagreeable sight that we are compelled to see is a crippled man, now and then, with his plaintive bundle of pencils in his hand. Anything more heart-rending we straightway send to some proper, out-of-the-way place, where it shall fall under no observation but that of officials hired for the purpose of keeping such cases away from our notice. As Professor Peabody says, in answering Professor Sumner's assertion that the proper place for the drunkard is the gutter where he has fallen: "The state where the drunkard was allowed to stay in the gutter, is just the state where the respectable citizen would not stay." Certainly not! The respectable citizen will not remain where he and his family are subject to harrowing sights. He would rather pay for patrol wagons to cart them away, and for institutions to keep them away: he is nothing if not altruistic.

The philosophers tell us that conditions have altered since Christ's time: that then the power of Rome was absolute, and that "Render unto Cæsar that which is Cæsar's," was a necessary political maxim. If Jesus were living now, they say, he would give an altogether different set of maxims.

Yes, we can imagine it. "If thy neighbor be smitten on the right cheek, advise him also to turn the left, lest he be woefully mangled in the resisting." We send prayerful entreaties to the Pope, asking him to exert his influence to protect Evangeline Cisneros from the most shameful fate that can befall a woman. Or we write letters to the Queen of Spain appealing to her in flattering phrases as a noble-minded potentate and as a perfect lady to do something or other.

If ever our conscience pricks us too badly, we put our names down on subscription lists for Cubans or Armenians, and then read the vivid "word-painting" of our clever correspondents in Havana or Thessaly with the comforting feeling that we, at least, have done all we could. The altruism of the nineteenth century is wonderful, when fully aroused.

And meanwhile, Jones, the Mayor of Toledo, utterly ignores the law of supply and demand, he who has solemnly sworn to uphold all law. (And the most peculiar part of it all is that he is generous, not with the city funds, but with his own.) He has not written to the Pope to save Señorita Cisneros, nor to the Sultan to be gentler with the Armenians. He simply—now that he owns oil-wells—remembers the time when he worked on one for wages. And remembering it he does not argue that as he once had to take his medicine, so now others will have to take theirs. He works his men eight hours a day, while others, profiting by the law of supply and demand, are working their men twelve. He says that machinery has cheapened the production of oil, and thinks that the capitalist should not reap all the benefit of this. He actually invites his employees to his house—not once in the year in the character of a benefactor, but often, as a host, with his other guests, with "the very best people" of Toledo. Then, most marvelous of all, at the end of the year he divides part of his profits among them.

Mayor Jones is altogether a peculiar man, and in nothing more than in this, that he seems to have forgotten all about posterity. He gives his benefits—or as he would call it "justice"—to the living, and lets poor posterity rustle for itself. We all know that the ordinary workingman of to-day has no inclination and no time for improving himself. Unless out of a job how many of them ever could go to a library or to a picture gallery? So, as wise men, we who have the time and the culture to enjoy our money, keep it as long as we can, and then leave it to the public works for the benefit of posterity, which we hope may be able to benefit by it. It is very evident that posterity will never raise a monument to Mayor Jones unless he mends his ways and caters a little more to it.

CORRESPONDENCE

MISTAKES IN IRISH

MONTCLAIR, COLORADO, August 16, 1897.

THE EDITOR OF THE CHAP-BOOK:

WILL you grant me, as an Irishman, the medium of the *Chap-Book* to correct a very common error made by American and English writers when they attempt to use Irish dialect? An example of it occurs in Mr. Brander Matthews's sketch "A Glimpse of the Under-World" in the mid-August number of the *Chap-Book*, where an Irish laundress is made to say "I know which ind of the egg the chick 'll be after chippin'—every time." This use of "after" seems no less absurd to the Irish than to the English or American reader, for it is not an Irish idiom. An Irishman might say "the chick was just afther chippin' the egg" meaning "the chick had just chipped the egg," but he would never use the word "after" in this way with a *future* tense. "To be afther doin'" something means "to have just done" it, not to be about to do it, and it is a perfectly logical, if rather cumbersome, form of expression.

Another common mistake in writers of alleged Irish dialect is the use of "forinst" in the sense of "against." It means only "opposite to," in a local sense, never "opposed to." Paddy's favorite attitude in politics is not "forinst the government," but "agin the government."

Yours respectfully,

GEORGE CLARKE.

"ECHOES OF HALCYON DAYS"

NEW YORK, Aug. 19, 1897.
144 Nassau St.

HERBERT S. STONE & Co.,

SIRS:—I am in receipt of your issue of August 15th, containing a notice of above entitled book. You have so evidently—because of my insistence on a review—gone out of your way to vent your spleen on the writer that the venom is apparent, and reacts on "critic" rather than author. My volume has been favorably noticed by the competent and well-balanced critics of our leading papers and periodicals—including New York *Sun*, *Herald*, and *Times*, Boston *Globe*, Hartford *Courant*, Philadelphia *Ledger*—that the comments of your sheet (which our *Evening Post* has stigmatized as meretricious) "pass by me as the idle wind which I respect not."

The only reason I do not consign it (as yet) to the waste basket is, that you charge me with literary theft of Gardette's "Fire Fiend," whereas I have never seen or heard of the poem or the author. Unless you publish this letter, ungarbled, in your

next issue, in exoneration of myself, and publish it as prominently as your remarks, I will sue you for libel in the premises. Yours,

M. A. LESSER.

[The editor of THE CHAP-BOOK has much pleasure in publishing Mr. Lesser's letter, not so much for the statements it contains, as for its unparalleled beauties of style. It is sufficiently evident that a sense of humor must have pervaded by Mr. Lesser "like the idle wind" which he respects not.]

PANAMA

TWO towers the old Cathedral lifts
Above the sea-walled town,—
The wild pine bristles from their rifts,
The runners dangle down;
In either turret, staves in hand,
All day the mongrel ringers stand
And sound, far over bay and land,
The Bells of Panama.

Loudly the cracked bells, overhead,
Of San Francisco ding,
With Santa Ana, La Merced,
Felipe, answering;
Banged all at once, and four times four,
Morn, noon, and night, the more and more
Clatter and clang with huge uproar
The Bells of Panama.

From out their roosts the bellmen see
The red-tiled roofs below,—
The Plaza folk that lazily
To mass and cockpit go,—
Then pound afresh, with clamor fell,
Each ancient, broken, thrice-blessed bell,
Till thrice our mouths have cursed as well
The Bells of Panama.

The Cordillera guards the main
As when Pedrarias bore
The cross, the castled flag of Spain,
To the Pacific shore;
The tide still ebbs a league from quay,
The buzzards scour the emptied Bay:
"There's a heretic to sing to-day,—
Come out! Come out!"—still seem to say
The Bells of Panama.

EDMUND CLARENCE STEDMAN.



POMPE FUNÈBRE

"A wind-swept sky.
The waste of Moorland, stretching to the West;
The sea, low-moaning in a strange uroest—
A sea gull's cry.

"Washed by the tide,
The rocks lie sullen in the waning light;
The foam breaks in long strips of hungry white.
Dissatisfied."

—BATEMAN.

"In the days when the keepers of the house shall tremble."

WHEN I first saw the Sexton he was standing motionless behind a stone. Presently he moved on again, pausing at times and turning right and left with that nervous, jerky motion that always chills me.

His path lay across the blighted moss and withered leaves, scattered in moist layers along the bank of the little brown stream, and I, wondering what his errand might be, followed, passing silently over the rotting forest mould. Once or twice he heard me, for I saw him stop short, a blot of black and orange in the sombre woods, but he always started on again, hurrying at times as though the dead might grow impatient.

For the Sexton that I followed through the November forest was one of those small creatures that God has sent to bury little things that die alone in the world. Undertaker, sexton, mute and gravedigger in one, this thing, robed in black and orange, buries all things that die unheeded by the world. And so they call it, this little beetle in black and orange—the "Sexton."

How he hurried! I looked up into the grey sky, where ash branches, interlaced, swayed in unfelt winds, and I heard the dry leaves rattle in the tree-tops, and the thud of acorns on the mould. A sombre bird peeped at me from a heap of brush, then ran pattering over the leaves like a rat.

The Sexton had reached a bit of broken ground and was scrambling over sticks and gulleys toward a brown tuft of withered grass above. I dared not help him,—besides I could not bring myself to touch him,—he was so horribly absorbed in his errand.

I halted for a moment. The eagerness of this live creature to find his dead and handle it,—the odor of death and decay in this little forest-world where I had waited for spring when Lys moved among the flowering gorse, singing like a throistle in the wind,—all this troubled me; and I lagged behind.

The Sexton pattered over the dead grass, raising his seared eyes at every wave of wind. The wind brought sadness with it, the scent of lifeless trees, the vague rustle of gorse-buds, yellow and dry as paper flowers.

Along the stream, rotting water-plants, scorched and frost-blighted, lay massed above the mud. I

saw their pallid stems, swaying like worms in the listless current.

The Sexton had reached a mouldering stump, and now he seemed undecided. I sat down on a fallen tree, moist and bleached, that crumbled under my touch leaving a stale odor in the air. Overhead a crow rose heavily and flapped out into the moorland; the wind rattled the stark black-thorns; a single drop of rain touched my cheek. I looked into the stream for some sign of life; there was nothing except a shapeless creature that might have been a blind-worm, lying belly upward on the mud bottom. I touched it with a stick. It was stiff and dead.

The wind among the sham, paper-like gorse-buds filled the wood with a silken rustle. I put out my hand and touched a yellow blossom; it felt like an immortelle on a funeral-pillow.

The Sexton had moved on again;—something, perhaps a musty spider's web had stuck to one leg, and he dragged it as he labored on through the wood. Some little field-mouse, torn by weasel or kestrel,—some crushed mole,—some tiny dead pile of fur or feather lay *somewhere* in the world, stricken by God or man or brother creature. And the Sexton knew it,—how, God knows. But he knew it and hurried on to his tryst with the dead.

His path now lay along the edge of a tidal inlet from the Groix river. I looked down at the grey water through the leafless branches and I saw a small snake, head raised, swim from a submerged clot of weeds in a shadow of a rock. There was a curlew too, somewhere in the black swamp, whose dreary, persistent call cursed the silence.

I wondered when the Sexton would fly. For he could fly if he chose, and it is only when the dead are near, very near, that he creeps. The soiled mass of cob-web still stuck to him, and his progress was a little impeded by it. Once I saw a small brown and white spider, striped like a zebra, running swiftly in his tracks, but the Sexton turned and raised his two-clubbed forelegs in a horrid, imploring attitude, that still had something of menace in it, and the spider backed away and sidled under a stone.

When anything that is dying, sick and close to death, falls upon the face of the earth, something moves in the blue above, floating like a moat. Then another, then others. These specks that grow out of the fathomless azure vault are buzzards. They come to wait for Death.

The Sexton also arranges rendezvous with Death—but never waits—Death must arrive the first.

When the heavy clover is ablaze with painted wings, when bees hum and blunder among the sweet-thorn, or pass by like swift, singing bullets, the Sexton snaps open his black and orange wings and hums across the clover with the bees. Death in a scented garden, the tokens of the plague on a fair, young breast, the grey flag of fear in the face

of one who reels into the arms of Death—these must be and will be to the End. But the Sexton, scrambling in the lap of spring, folding his sleek wings, unfolding them, to ape the buzz of bees, passing over sweet clover tops to the putrid flesh that summons him,—this thing is wrong—so wrong that I know whatever has made it so is cursed with a curse, foul as sin, blacker than the shroud of the Black Priest. I know this now,—but, as I stole silently in the wake of the Sexton, I did not know it. For, although the Purple Emperor lay frothing, wracked with convulsions, tearing at the Arrow-Mark on his forehead, they never told me till afterward,—long, long, afterward, when the skeleton of Jacques Sorgues collapsed and crackled into a heap of blood-soaked bones in my very arms.

The Sexton was running now, running fast, trailing the cob-webs over twigs and mud. The edge of the wood was near, for I could see the winter wheat, like green scenery in a theatre, stretching for miles across the cliffs, crude as painted grass. And, as I crept through the brittle forest-fringe, I saw a figure lying, face downward, in the wheat,—a girl's slender form, limp, motionless. The Sexton darted under her breast. Then I cried out, and threw myself beside her, crying, "Lys!" "Lys!" And as I cried, the icy rain burst out across the moors, and the trees dashed their stark limbs together till the whole spectral forest tossed and danced, and the wind roared among the cliffs.

And through the dance of death, Lys trembled in my arms, and sobbed and clung to me, murmuring that the Purple Emperor was dead; but the wind wore the words from her white lips and flung them out across the sea, where the winter lightning lashed the stark heights of Groix.

Then, the fear of death was stilled in my soul and I raised her from the ground, holding her close.

And I saw the Sexton, just beyond us, hurry across the ground and seek shelter under a little dead sky-lark, stiff-winged, muddy, lying alone in the rain.

ROBERT W. CHAMBERS.

REMEMBRANCE

I THINK that we retain of our dead friends
And absent ones no general portraiture;
That perfect memory does not long endure,
But fades and fades until our own life ends.

Unconsciously, forgetfulness attends
That grief for which there is no other cure,
But leaves of each lost one some record sure,—
A look, an act, a tone,—something that lends
Relief and consolation, not regret.

Even that poor mother mourning her dead child,
Whose agonizing eyes with tears are wet,

Whose bleeding heart cannot be reconciled
Unto the grave's embrace,—even she shall yet
Remember only when her babe first smiled!

JOHN H. BOKER.

AN OPENING FOR BEGINNERS

A LEARNED English critic, who is reader to a great London publishing house, once told some of us who were gathering crumbs from his table that nine-tenths of the novels submitted to him in manuscript were practically damned by the end of the first chapter. When, however, we asked him how he should advise the young writer to begin his novel, or what author he should hold up as a model, he merely smiled and remained indulgently silent.

Since then, I have come to feel that his silence was due to an unwillingness to seem trite (it's different when you are doing the thing on paper, for you can ignore the advisee's impatience). For now, if I were asked what English novel had the most perfect opening chapter, I should unhesitatingly answer—providing I had read them all—"Pendennis." Indeed, each time you read this chapter it seems more wonderful: it is very short, the shortest in the book, and yet in the seven pages you have a complete expression of Thackeray's genius,—wit, humour, admirable form, exquisite style.

The very first paragraph should be given the place of honour in all the rhetorics. Adequately to phrase my admiration for it is too risky an experiment in superlatives. "One fine morning," it begins, "in the full London season, Major Arthur Pendennis came over from his lodgings, according to his custom, to breakfast at a certain club in Pall Mall, of which he was a chief ornament." Note the surety of touch, the complete equipoise of the master; finish the paragraph, and you have, in the description of Major Pendennis's externals, a vignette that it would be impossible to match, even in that much abused author (whom a literary convention requires me to drag in at this point), the creator of Samuel Pickwick. But suppose for a moment that Dickens had written it; then, whenever the Major reappeared we should be told about the wig, the tiny crow's feet, the buttons from his Royal Highness the Duke of York, and the seal ring, over and over again. The brilliancy of the description would be dimmed by constant rehandling. Thackeray's sense of form, however, is too fine to permit him to repeat himself. He draws the picture in such a clear, clean-cut fashion that he feels we are sure of the Major once for all. Throughout the rest of the book all that he does is to add to the canvas little delicious strokes of elaboration.

Given, then, the appearance of the man, Thackeray proceeds to detail the Major's hour at the club,—his particular table by the window, his breakfast, his morning's mail. It is apparently straightforward narrative, but narrative consummately written entirely for the purpose of exposition. The matter of the letters is the cleverest bit of form in the chap-

ter. You usually feel when several letters are given in the beginning of a book, that the author lacks ingenuity, that he has adopted the device of correspondence for the purpose of preliminary exposition, because it is such a simple, easy device; it saves him much trouble with his construction,—and it is usually as artificial as the explanatory soliloquies in the first scenes of a play.

But here, as usual, Thackeray's art transcends artificiality. After he has brought Major Pendennis to his club, it is perfectly natural to make him look at his morning's mail. And it is done in the most deftly leisurely manner, with little gossipy details of almost ostentatious insignificance, yet every detail wonderfully expressive. We have in a paragraph the Major's social position, with humorous suggestions of snobbery and quiet dignity; we see him reading the polite notes from the Marquis of Steyne and the Bishop of Ealing, "gracefully, and with the more satisfaction, because Glowery, the Scotch surgeon, breakfasting opposite to him, was looking on, and hating him for having so many invitations which nobody ever sent to Glowery."

Finally comes the double letter from Clavering St. Mary's. The first enclosure, to "My dear Major Pendennis," gives a slight but perfectly distinct outline of the distressed gentlewoman who signs herself his "unhappy affectionate sister, Helen Pendennis." The second, to "My dear Uncle," from Arthur Pendennis, Jr., declaring his passion for Miss Fotheringay of the Theatres Royal, Drury Lane and Crow Street, is a marvelously sympathetic expression of boyish vanity, dignity, and ill-concealed apprehension. If the book ended here, a clever reader could construct the younger Arthur perfectly to his satisfaction, and, by a shrewd induction, he could have a fair idea of Captain Costigan and his daughter, Miss Fotheringay, from Arthur's pompous description of those engaging personages.

Then in this delightfully indirect way Thackeray describes the effect of the last two notes on the Major: "When the Major had concluded the perusal of this letter" (note the slightly humorous gravity of the phrase), "his countenance assumed an expression of such rage and horror that Glowry, the surgeon, felt in his pocket for his lancet, which he always carried in his card case, and thought his respected friend was going into a fit." The introduction of Glowry in the chapter is more than justified. Then the Major "quitted his breakfast table for the adjoining writing-room, and there ruefully wrote off refusals to the Marquis, the Earl, the Bishop, and all his entertainers; and he ordered his servant to take places in the mail-coach for that evening, of course charging the sum which he disbursed for the seats to the account of the widow and the young scapegrace of whom he was the guardian."

Thus the chapter ends; and we have in seven pages of the most exquisite English learned what it

would take an ordinary writer three chapters to tell. We have met, even if indirectly, the principal personages of the drama (except that most adorable of youths, Harry Foker); their characters and even little idiosyncrasies are suggested; we have the time, the place, the motives of the story clearly indicated—so clearly that we know up to a certain artistic point what logically to expect. And all this, I repeat, in seven pages. As a piece of form, it amazes me; as a piece of style—well, I desist, for fear of arousing the same kind of amazement that Dr. George Birbeck Hill felt when he considered the fatuity of a certain Harvard preacher who had delivered a glowing eulogy on Moses.

The Young Writer, to whom this recommendation is addressed, is, however, urged to consider what was in Thackeray's case the price of perfection. (Even the great decalographer went wrong on one occasion.) In giving us this perfect piece of form at the beginning of the book he came too near wrecking the form—using the term in its larger sense—of the first volume of Pendennis; for, as the first chapter was an afterthought (it sounds like a bull), there is, between the Major's departure from his club and his arrival at Clavering St. Mary's, a parenthesis of so many chapters that a critical reader emerges slightly irritated. But the book has been out now forty-eight years, and has already caused some talk.

PIERRE LA ROSE.

THE FRENCH REVOLUTION AND ENGLISH LITERATURE

IN general, it may be questioned if the great doings of the world very much affect individual life. Cicero wrote *De Oratore* in the year of Cæsar's death. Goethe was absorbed in the experiments of Saint Hillaire and Cuvier when the news of the French Revolution of 1830 had reached Weimar. Dr. Johnson, "Sir, would not give half a guinea to live under one form of government rather than another." Ordinarily, it is safer to exaggerate personal than political influences in accounting for literature. The true historic estimate of an event is rarely made, as its just influence is rarely felt, within the lifetime of the eye-witnesses of it. Who will state the precise importance of the Cuban or Cretan insurrection? And who will blame Messrs. Crane and Davis if they have not been "inspired" by the impact of these spectacles upon their minds? Are not writers likely to do their best with subjects of their own choice, which occur to them forcibly, in a large degree because they have chosen them? Are not poets laureate so generally

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stupid because they were harnessed to the passing show? Is not the *dulce*, to use old Dominic Mitchell's distinction, usually more palatable, topically speaking, than the *utile*? If Byron and Shelley, Wordsworth and Coleridge, Southey and Landor wrote well, was it largely, or to any appreciable extent, because they underwent the "concussion," as Godwin said, of the French Revolution?

It is with such obstinate questionings and misgivings, perhaps, that one takes up Professor Dowden's "Princeton Lectures" on *The French Revolution and English Literature*, and one is not at all sure that he has struck the right balance. The book brings one such a flood of agreeable sensations, with its bold sallies of logic, its picturesque enumeration, its ebullient rhetoric and generous scholarship, and its touches of Hibernian humor and sentiment, that one is inclined to forgive him if he has not. And his fling at Ibsen, his three allusions to Lamb's calow days of criticism (Professor Dowden was very true to his prejudices in omitting to say "Charles" Lamb), and his unfulfilled "desire to contribute something" to the study of Burke, are trifles, in a work of such grasp and magnitude. Some of his most inconclusive statements, from their very exuberance, find a tight place in the memory. "When the Bastille fell," he says, "what was it but the fulfillment of the unaccomplished work of John Howard?" Again, "August 15th was Bonaparte's birthday; but Calais was not gay, nor was the heart of Wordsworth." Professor Dowden's ardor is contagious. Cowper and Southey, Burns and Shelley and Byron, were each and all "ardent," in fact, about everybody but Landor and Crabbe. One rather wonders that even they escaped the luminous glow of Professor Dowden's sympathy. As to Wordsworth, no one who, with Professor Dowden, has "got as far" as the tenth book of "The Prelude" will disbelieve his tranquility, or lay much store by the tradition that his "imaginative fervor again and again exhausted his physical strength." And it seems a slight overreach of zeal to make Burns's "To a Mouse" and the moral of the "Ancient Mariner" reflect the Revolutionary sentiment of fraternity.

Professor Dowden makes one discern the unique place which the French Revolution holds among modern political disturbances. Its keynote was "simplification," its aim "a return to nature." It induced Fox to cultivate an indifference to cocked hats and red-heeled boots; and Southey and Landor to cut their hair short and give up hair powder and silver shoe-buckles. Thomas Day, the author of "Sandford and Merton," reared two girls, according to the manual of Rousseau's *Emile*, intending that the one who would keep the closest to Nature should become his wife, and died, otherwise married, of concussion of the brain—while trying to apply the same principle to equine training. Scott wrote a poem, "The Vision of Don Roderick,"

for the relief of the Portuguese. "In its direct and immediate influence," Professor Dowden says, "the genius of the Revolution did an injury to art; it tended to convert the poet into a declaimer. . . . In its remote effects the gain was real and great. Audacities of the imaginations became easy and natural."

Besides the poets of the "Romantic" movement, the precursors and theorists of the Revolution are characterized, and their writings analyzed. Among the latter are Brown's "Aestimate of the Manners and Principles of the Times" (1757); Hannah More's "Thoughts on the Importance of the Manners of the Great to General Society" (1788), and her "Village Politics" (1793); Paine's "Common Sense" (1776); Godwin's "Enquiry Concerning Political Justice" (1793), and the didactic novel, "Caleb Williams," and Mary Wollstonecraft's "Vindication of the Rights of Woman," and "Wrongs of Woman, or Maria," which sustained about the same relation to the "Vindication" as "Caleb Williams" did to Godwin's political pamphlet. "So far from being of the school of modern socialism," says Professor Dowden, "Godwin was an uncompromising individualist." Everything of the nature of co-operation was repellent to his mind. "As for penegyrice," Southey wrote, "I never yet praised living being except Mary Wollstonecraft." Professor Dowden humorously dismissed her writings with the remark: "Possibly a female physician is not always the most judicious adviser in the moral maladies of her sex."

Coleridge contemplated the Revolution as a thinker. Liberty, in the end, he sorrowfully admitted, could not be realized by society. "It belongs to the individual man, so far as he is pure, and inflamed with the love and adoration of God in Nature." Wordsworth was at one time prepared to risk his life for France, though it is doubtful if the Convention would have accepted of his oratory. The Revolution, Professor Dowden says, lifted Byron out of his egotism, and made Shelley look from cloudland to the earth. Shelley was "deficient in the power of original thought," and received *en bloc* the system imposed upon him by Godwin. He came the nearest to testing in his individual life the body of doctrine set forth in "Political Justice." We have not space to express our hearty dissent from Professor Dowden's explanation of Shelley. Suffice it to say that we prefer Mr. Bagehot's, or even John Addington Symonds's.

GEORGE MERRIAM HYDE.



A PLEA

BEFORE the writers of to-day a harder problem lies
Than that which stood before the men
who 've won the laureled prize.

When Shakespeare was a novice at the art of writing plays,
He'd no such competition as the men of modern days;

For when on paper first he put his pathos and his wit,
The plays of William Shakespeare were of course as yet unwrit.

And so it was with Milton, when he sought life's richest pelf,
He never had a foeman like his highly honored self.

Nor was there ever on the shelves in Addison's great day
Another gentle essayist to tourney for the bay.

And wondrous-witted Thackeray, in battling for his fame,
Was not confronted everywhere by his own cherished name.

And so, ye critics, gently deal with those poor wights who now
Are struggling for the wreath that fame puts on the worthy brow;

For it is true, past question, that the race is harder won,
Because of what these giants of the gloried past have done.

Discourage not the running, if it seem not very fast,
By flaunting in the runner's eyes the records of the past;

But with your cheering plaudits nerve him on to do his best,
And let the laurels go to those who may survive the test;

And for those weary souls who fail—whate'er the reason be,
Grant them the consolation of your silent sympathy.

JOHN KENDRICK BANGS.

MR. CHAPMAN ON WHITMAN

AN ENGLISH REPLY

MR. John Jay Chapman uses an American sledgehammer to crush our English illusions. Backed up on the one hand by the *Saturday Review* and by our national crass prejudice on the other — both of which

of course form the bulwark of English critical opinion — we had hailed Walt Whitman with open arms as the microcosm of America. Having discovered Whitman, we thought to rest content with the assurance that the problem our American cousin had long presented to our naive, not to say imbecile, comprehension was at last solved. We could "place" every American unerringly now at a glance. It comforted us to know that each one was "a simple, separate person;" above all it delighted us to be confirmed in our opinion that American democracy en masse was a huge, irresistible, gross monster bred of Modernity such as we had expected, and to be able from the barren heights of our own antiquity to survey the monster, epitomized in convenient form, with curious gaze.

Oxford, in a word, having long entertained in secret the conviction that every American was a picturesque savage, was entirely prepared to accept a barbarian like Walt Whitman for the representative of America. We English positively jumped at the idea. But it was all a mistake. Mr. Chapman reserved for us a most rude awakening, and with horrible ingeniousness bode his time until we had sunk utterly into our satisfied slumber, that the shock might be all the greater. My fear for him now is rather lest he grow giddy with victory. We are his dumbfounded captives, bound hand and foot. English Criticism throws up the sponge. We stand convicted of the guiltiest ignorance and incapacity. With that insufferable cocksureness which is our racial characteristic we had one and all laid it down that nothing English flourished in America and that in America there was nothing but what was mighty and original. We believed, as we understood Whitman to believe, that every tramway conductor in America was the Modern Man and the man of the future. We credited the assumption that American navvies went about with a brawny arm round each other's neck, and we grew fond of the idea. We wove round the States a mantle of monstrous, of superhuman, potentialities.

And Mr. Chapman has come forward and put us to the blush. Unmerciful Mr. Chapman! What? Is American life to be likened to our own? Are American journalists and men of letters, American men and women of the world, American navvies even, and the very tramway conductors, of the self-same clay as we? Such is the truth Mr. Chapman reveals naked to us. Our piteous English fabric of illusion crumbles. Walt Whitman is a proven fraud, and there is nothing for it but to talk henceforth of Mr. Whitman, as Mr. Chapman would like to do did he consider him respectable enough.

After a perusal of the essay entitled "Walt Whitman," the question at once arises, which is the greater, the naive simplicity with which the writer passes judgment on the methods of English criticism, or his perverse incomprehension of the man whom

it was his apparent purpose to study? Concerning the critics, whom he taxes with simplicity, as simple-minded persons are wont to do, the charge is one of those it is both awkward and invidious for the accused themselves to disprove. As for Whitman, all one can say is that Mr. Chapman's is hardly the spirit in which to judge him.

There are two obvious ways of attacking Walt Whitman, and disparaging at once the man and his book, and Mr. Chapman is familiar with both. One is to paint the man luridly, and to draw the inference that the horrid glare is reflected in the book. The other is to declare the book artless, and argue the man a clod.

Oddly enough the former is, as a rule, a British method. It answered its purpose with Byron for a time, it still answers with Shelley. Only in the case of Mr. Chapman's criticism of Whitman, is it carried to perfection. His theory of Walt Whitman, the Tramp, is English suburbanism more deftly put. At bottom it is naught but the revolt of the middle class against whoever leaves middle ways. Whether he wrote it or not, Mr. Chapman's indictment of Walt Whitman may be summed in the phrase: Walt Whitman was not a respectable member of society. We all know what the phrase means and always has meant. In fact, the great word immoral, that byword with the British public, finds here its place. Nobody among us ever did anything worth speaking of without being branded with the epithet. Apparently it is the same in America. Whitman did not move in middle-class circles or middle circles of any kind. The evident inference is he knew naught of human relations, was ignorant of life (Walt Whitman ignorant of life!), was an outcast, and his book is a book for pariahs.

The converse plan of attack is quite as deliberately unfair and not a whit more straightforward. Take *Leaves of Grass* and gauge it with the standard measure that applies, for example, to Wordsworth. Dally in playful irony with the canons of criticism, which you have license to liken to the Lord's prayer. Then proceed tacitly to apply the self-same canons, and damn *Leaves of Grass* in their name. This is Mr. Chapman's way, and there is none better. It serves to prove that Walt Whitman lacked art such as our minor poets are proficient in, and was ignorant of the technique they have at their fingers' ends. It demonstrates by the absurd method that Whitman had no style and no ideas, for he neither versified like Austin Dobson nor composed with even John Davidson's ingenuousness. The desirable conclusion is thus led up to that Walt Whitman, as a man, was inconsiderable, since his book is found wanting. He wrote without art; he was, therefore, without culture. Uncultured, he was inhuman, ignorant of men and of life, and there remains but to set down, as Mr. Chapman does complacently and in triumph, without either a

reservation or an apology, the astounding dictum, to sum up Walt Whitman of all men, that his outlook upon the world was narrow and crooked.

Having outlawed the man, and turned up our noses at what he gave us, would it be right to resist the further call of duty and not to contest also the relation between his work and himself? Imperatively we must prove it hollow, and demonstrate its falsity. The man was nothing. What he did was less. Not even the manner of his doing it was genuine. Armed with our own sincerity we dare Walt Whitman to humbug us any longer. We play the audacious trump card of suburban villadom, and Pecksniff hurls "hypocrite" at Walt Whitman. A little daring will carry through the most monstrous enterprise. Society may call Whitman conventional if it but brazen out its attitude, the journalist call his work untrue if he be a dare-devil of journalism, the artificial critic lay it down, provided it be unwaveringly that his view of life was a make-believe. It may even be humbly submitted to Mr. Chapman's judgment whether the enterprise, however monstrous, be not after all on the whole an easy one. From the standpoint of secure minds that attempt no adventures, Whitman's mission may be laughed at in safety, and when we praise the Lord for that we are not great, we gather assurance to mock at what we call his bigness. Lastly. It is always safe to call feeling clap-trap, because the world ever clutches at the charge as a cloak to hide its own incapacity for feeling anything at all.

Mr. Chapman, however, does himself a gross injustice. It is not to be doubted he feels Walt Whitman's supremacy, possibly he may even realize unconsciously how widely and how deeply the poet read life. Only in his capacity as critic Mr. Chapman chafed under a two-fold burthen. In the first place, there is nothing less original nowadays than to praise Whitman. In the second, Mr. Chapman laboured under the irritation brought on, quite understandably, by Whitmanism. It is observable that the American mind yearns for culture at any price. To have uncultured Whitman greeted as the greatest poet of America must have galled many, and Mr. Chapman amongst others. Our excuse in England is the sickness of our own culture, and that Whitman's voice was more vivifying to us than can be imagined. For the rest, it may be a consolation to Mr. Chapman to know that the British public still thinks Whitman immoral, and the French public calls him mad.

LAURENCE JERROLD.



WHY THE WYMPs CRIED

THE wymps and the fairies have never been able to agree. Nobody quite knows why, though the Fairy Queen, who is the wisest person in the whole world, was once heard to say that jealousy had something to do with it. The fairies say, however, that they would never dream of being jealous of people who live at the back of the sun and do not know manners; while the wymps say it would be absurd to be jealous of any one who lives at the front of the sun and cannot take a joke. All the same, the Fairy Queen is always right, so somebody must certainly be jealous of somebody; and it is well known that, if the wymps and the fairies are invited to the same party, it is sure to end in a quarrel. It is really a wonder that the Fairy Queen has not lost patience with the wymps long ago; but people say that she has more affection for her naughty little subjects at the back of the sun than any one would imagine; and the Fairy Queen is so wonderful that it is quite possible to believe this.

Once, matters became so serious that there would have been a real war if the Queen had not called an assembly of her subjects on the spot—which happened to be on the roof of a blacksmith's forge—and asked them what the fuss was all about.

"Please, your Majesty," said one fairy, half crying; "the wymps shut me up at the back of the sun for fifteen days, and they gave me nothing to eat, your Majesty; they said that if I could n't take a joke I could n't take anything. And I should never *wish* to take one of their jokes, please your Majesty."

"Do not trouble about that," said the Fairy Queen, gravely. "For my part, I shall never expect you to take a joke from any one. Now, Capricious, what have they done to you?" she added, as another fairy, with a round dimpled face came forward in a great hurry.

"Please, your Majesty," began Capricious, trying to make a very cheerful voice sound extremely doleful: "I found a wymph in the nursery, after the children had gone to bed; and he was quite upset because the Wymph King had made a joke, and no one could see it; and he asked me to go behind the sun with him, so that I might help him to see the joke that the King had made. But when I got there, your Majesty, I said it was much too dark to see anything, and I was not at all surprised that no one could see the King's jokes; and the King was so angry that he ordered me to be poked through the sun again; and here I am, please your Majesty."

Her Majesty smiled approvingly.

"You have made a joke worth two of the Wymph King's," she said; "and I shall appoint you as a reward to go to Wympland with a message from me. Do not trouble to thank me," she added, as the round dimpled face of Capricious grew a little

crestfallen, "for there is no time. The sun is just going to rise, and the moment it is above the horizon you must go straight through it once more, and tell the King that I invite him to breakfast in Fairyland. And now I must be off, for I have a smile to paint on the face of every child in the world before it wakes."

So the Fairy Queen flew away to paint a million or two of the most beautiful smiles in the world; and the other fairies popped down through the roof and did all the blacksmith's work for him, and dropped a nice divan on his pillow just to show they had been there; and Capricious sat on the edge of the chimney-pot until the sun came above the horizon, and it was time for her to take the Queen's message to Wympland.

The Wymph King knew better than to refuse the Queen's invitation to breakfast; so he yawned three hundred and fifty-four times, rubbed his eyes to keep them open—for it is a well-known thing that the Wymph King is nearly always asleep—and started off in the direction of Fairyland. The Queen was as pleased to see him as if he had never been naughty at all; but, of course, she was far too much of a queen to let him guess that he was really there to be scolded. So she made him sit next to her at breakfast, and gave him a cup of stinging nettle tea, to keep him awake, and allowed him to make as many jokes as he pleased. The Wymph King in consequence was extremely happy; and when the meal was over, and the Queen began to look stern, he had to think very hard indeed before he remembered that he was nothing but a naughty little Wymph after all.

"This state of things cannot go on," said the Fairy Queen. "What is the use of my being a Queen if I am not to be obeyed?"

"Your Majesty's chief use is to look like a queen and to forgive your disobedient subjects," said the Wymph King, who had taken so much stinging-nettle tea that he was almost bristling with jokes.

"Ah," sighed the Fairy Queen, looking sideways at the Wymph King, "it is not at all easy to rule a country like mine."

"It is very fortunate for the country to be ruled by a Queen like you," said the Wymph King, who had not been so wide awake for a thousand years.

"Do you think so? Then Wympland shall have a Queen for a change; and you shall stay here instead and take a holiday," said her Majesty, promptly. The Wymph King saw that he was outwitted, but he would not have been a wymph if he had lost his temper about it; so he chuckled good-humouredly, and pretended not to see that he had really been cheated of his kingdom, and was nothing but a prisoner in Fairyland. However, the Fairy Queen gave him very little time even to keep his temper, for she turned him into a tortoise and sent him to sleep under a flower-pot in the garden; and

then she called for Capricious to come and help her to choose a Queen for Wympland. Capricious put her round, dimpled face on one side, and thought deeply for thirteen seconds and a half.

"There is Molly, the shoemaker's daughter," said Capricious, when she had finished thinking. "She is seven years old, and she is almost as fond of sleeping as his wymphish Majesty. She would make an excellent Queen for Wympland."

"I remember Molly," said the Fairy Queen, thoughtfully. "She has ruled the shoemaker and the shoemaker's wife and the shoemaker's customers, for seven years and a half; doubtless, she will have no difficulty in ruling Wympland. So let no time be lost, Capricious, and see that Molly wakes up from her morning sleep and finds herself on the Wymp King's throne. She will look after the Wymps for a time, and I shall have some peace. Besides," added the Fairy Queen, with her wise smile, "if the Wymps can only be made to cry for once in their lives we shall probably have no more difficulty with them."

Capricious, who was just an ordinary little fairy, and never thought about anything much except singing and dancing, was quite unable to understand the Queen's last remark.

"Shall I tell Molly what she is to do when she gets there, please your Majesty?" she asked in rather a puzzled tone.

"Do?" said the Queen. "The rulers of Wympland never have to do anything. If Molly will only keep her subjects amused that is all they will expect from her."

That was how it was settled, and that was how Molly woke up from her morning sleep and found herself on the Wymp King's throne, with four little Wymps standing in a row just in front of her. Molly stared at the throne on which she was sitting, stared around at the dimly lighted land of the Wymps, and stared at the four little Wymps who stood and laughed at her.

"Who are you?" she asked, opening her eyes as wide as she could. "Are you live dolls, or fairies, or just other children for me to play with?"

The four wymps laughed more than ever when she said this, and began to sing a funny little song all together, just to explain who they were. This was the song:

"We are Skilful and Wilful and Captious and Queer,
There's nothing to fright you and nothing to fear,
Four little wymps at the back of the sun,
Brimful of wymphery, rubbish and fun!

"You'll find we are wymphish; but then, we're not bores,

Though we own to a weakness for wiping off scores.

Ah! Skilful and Wilful and Captious and Queer

Are never far off when mischief is near!

"Of Kings we've had many, but never a Queen,
So bewympling a monarch we've surely not seen;
And—Skilful and Wilful and Captious and Queer

Though we are—yet we know how to welcome you here!

"You'll surely bewymp all the wymps you come near

Besides Skilful and Wilful and Captious and Queer;

By the time you have gone and your wymphing is done

The world will have changed at the back of the sun."

"Are you really wymps?" exclaimed Molly when the four little fellows had finished explaining who they were; for, like every properly educated child, Molly knew quite well that the wymps lived at the back of the sun, although she had never been there before.

"To be sure we are," answered Skilful and Wilful and Captious and Queer.

"And you are our new Queen."

"Am I?" said Molly. "Oh, what fun!"

"Of course it's fun," said Skilful. "Everything is fun up here."

"Except the King's jokes," said Wilful.

"And the Fairy Queen's commands," said Cap-tious.

"And the interference of the fairies," said Queer.

"How do the fairies interfere?" asked Molly."

"They come without being invited," said Skilful.

"They do n't play fair," said Wilful.

"They always expect to win," said Captious.

"They cry for nothing at all," said Queer.

"I cry sometimes," observed Molly.

"When?" asked all four in a tone of alarm.

"When I'm hungry," said Molly, "or tired; or sometimes, when I tumble down; or when I feel cross."

"You should never cry," said Skilful in a superior tone. "It takes up so much time, and when you've done crying you've got exactly the same thing to cry about as before. If you are hungry do n't cry but get something to eat."

"And if you're tired do n't cry, but go to sleep. Nothing could be simpler," said Wilful.

"And if you tumble down, do n't cry, but pick yourself up again," said Captious. "If you know how to tumble down properly it is the best fun in the world. We spend most of our time up here in learning new ways of tumbling down."

"And if you are cross," added Queer; and then he stopped, and looked doubtfully at the other three. "What is she to do if she feels cross?" he asked them. They shook their heads in reply.

"Nobody is ever cross in Wympland," they explained to Molly. "People who know how to

make jokes, really *good* jokes, soon learn how to take them as well, and then there is nothing left to be cross about. You do n't feel cross now, do you?"

Molly assured them that she did not feel in the least cross, and their faces brightened again.

"Perhaps if you tell us when you begin to feel cross we shall be able to do something for you," they said; "but, whatever you do, you must not cry in Wymland. It is only the fairies who do that, and they do n't know any better. As long as the sun has had a country at the back of it, no Wym্প has ever been known to cry. Now, let us go any find somebody to tease!"

"I thought queens could always do as they like," objected Molly, as they took her two hands and made her jump down from the throne without finding out whether she wished to come or not.

"Oh, no," said Skilful and Wilful and Captious and Queer. "You make a great mistake. The King always does as he is told in Wymland. So come along with us, and see us tease somebody."

"I do n't want to tease anybody," said Molly, decidedly. "I am going to be a real Queen. Real Queens do just as they like; it is only Kings who do as they are told. If you are not going to let me have my way I might just as well have stopped at home, instead of coming all this way on purpose to be your Queen!"

The four little wym্পs looked very perplexed. "May she do as she likes?" they asked one another, and shook their four little heads doubtfully.

"She might order us about," said Skilful.

"Or laugh at us," said Wilful.

"Or expect us to obey her," said Captious.

But Queer turned three somersaults in the air, just to show that he did not care a bit if they did not agree with him; and then he bowed to Molly almost as gracefully as a fairy might have done at the front of the sun.

"She is a real Queen," he said; "and real Queens must be obeyed."

And when Molly declared that she should probably cry if they did not immediately allow her to have her own way, the other three wym্পs were obliged to follow Queer's example.

"You are a real Queen, and you may do as you like," they said in a resigned tone; and Molly clapped her hands with delight.

"Then please fetch me some plum cake, and a large ice, and lots of barley sugar; I am *so* hungry," she said. Immediately, everything she asked for was lying before her on the King's throne, and they all sat down and enjoyed such a dinner as only a wym্প or a real Queen would know how to appreciate. When they had finished, Molly said she should like to see the rest of Wymland, for nobody at the front of the sun had ever been able to tell her anything about it; so they led her all over it, which did not take them longer than the rest of the after-

noon, for the world at the back of the sun is smaller than some people think, and that is a very good thing, for after all it is better to live on the right side of the sun if one is not a wym্প.

"It is a very flat country," said the little Queen, as she trotted along with two wym্পs on each side of her.

"It has to be flat," explained Skilful. "If it were tilted ever so little we should roll into the sun and out at the other side, do n't you see; and no true wym্প ever wants to do that."

"It is rather dark, too," continued the little Queen.

"Of course," said Wilful, proudly. "It is always the same here. Now, when you get to the front of the sun you never know whether it is going to be light or dark. There are no surprises of that sort at the back of the sun."

"And where," asked Molly, "is the royal palace?"

"Wherever you like," answered Captious in an obliging tone. "Would you like it here, or will you have it a little nearer the sun? Of course it is warmer, near the sun, but you will find it much noisier, because the stars are so fond of chattering."

"I should like it here, please," said Molly, who did not want to wait another minute for her palace. Hardly were her words spoken than a perfectly charming little palace appeared in front of her, just large enough for such a very small Queen to feel happy in. It was all made of rainbows and starshine and dewdrops: everything that is bright and sweet-looking had helped to make her palace, and from the very middle of it rose a tall, silvery bell-tower, from which peals of laughter were ringing merrily.

"Oh, oh! how beautiful!" exclaimed Molly.

"But how is it that my palace is so bright while Wymland is so dull?"

"Ah," said Queer, softly; "we wished for the palace, you see, and the things we wish for are never dull."

"It is a dream-palace," added Wilful; "and dreams are never dull either."

"I hope it will not go away as my dreams do when I wake up in the morning," said Molly.

"Oh, no," they assured her. "It cannot disappear until we wish it to go away again; and that we shall never do as long as it induces you to stay with us."

"Do you always wish for what you want?" asked Molly.

"Dear me, yes," said Captious. "What is the use of having a lot of things lying about that you don't want? There is only just enough room in Wymland for the things we do want, so we wish for them as we want them, and that is much more convenient. You should try it."

"Everything you see here," added Skilful, "has been wished for, some time or another.

Neither Wymland, nor the wymps, nor our bewympling little Queen would be here at all if somebody had not wished for them."

"And if we were all to wish hard at the same moment," said Wilful, "not one of us would be left standing here, nor would there be any country at all at the back of the sun."

"But we shall never wish that, now that we have a real Queen of our own," said Queer.

Then, for the first time, Molly noticed that this strange little country at the back of the sun had no people in it; for, ever since she had woke up on the King's throne, she had seen no one except Skilful and Wilful and Captious and Queer.

"Where are all the other wymps?" she cried.

"Ah," they said, mysteriously; "most people do n't know it, but the wymps go through the sun every morning, and spend the day in making fun for the people on the other side. That is how the people down in the world are taught to laugh instead of to cry. There would be no laughter at all at the front of the sun if it were not for the wymps."

"How strange," said Molly, "I always thought it was wrong to make fun of people."

"So it is," said Queer; "nobody but a bad wimp would do such a thing. A true wimp makes fun for people, and that is a very different think."

"A very different thing," echoed the other three. "We only make fun of people who have never learnt how to laugh, and very hard it is to make them into fun at all. It's very poor fun when it is made too,—most of it," they added, sighing.

Molly was just going to ask them how they managed to make people into fun at all, when a number of sounds like pistol shots suddenly came from the direction of the sun, and the four wymps grew wildly excited and seized her by the hands, and began to race over the ground with her as fast as they could.

"The wymps have come home!" they gasped breathlessly. "If we make all the haste we can, we shall be there in time to see them arrive."

It seemed to Molly that to run after her subjects was a curious thing for a real Queen to do. However, she was far too much out of breath to say anything; and the next moment, they had reached the back of the sun; and there were dozens of little wymps, all tumbling through it, one on the top of the other, until they made a large heap of themselves at the feet of their new little Queen.

"They are bidding you welcome," whispered Queer, as the heap remained motionless at Molly's feet, and except for the fact that a good many shouts of laughter were coming from it no one would have thought it was made of wymps at all.

"Oh, please get up," implored their little Queen. "It is very nice of you to be so glad to see me, but I am sure it must be very uncomfortable to lie about on the floor like that."

Immediately the heap dissolved itself into wymps again; and they crowded around Molly, tumbling up against her so clumsily, and chattering and laughing so noisily, that she thought it was quite time to remind them that she was a real Queen.

"Do you think you could make a little less noise?" she begged them. "I do n't like noise at all. If you will only try to speak, one at a time, I may be able to answer everybody."

The wymps were so amazed to hear that she did not like noise, that they became silent for a whole minute in order to think about it.

"You see," said Queer, apologetically, "we have never had a Queen before, so we are not quite sure what she does like. Kings always like plenty of noise; at least it does not seem to wake them up, and that is the great thing."

"Yes, that is it!" cried all the little wymps together. "We have never had a Queen before, so we do n't quite know how to treat her."

"Supposing," continued Queer, "that you were to tell us the kind of things that a real Queen would like us to do?"

"Yes, yes!" shouted all the other wymps, gleefully. "Tell us what a real Queen would like us to do!"

So Molly clambered up on the King's throne, and tried to look as much like a Queen as a very little girl, in a very short frock and very pink pinafore, knows how to look; and the wymps stood in front of her, closely packed together, and she began to tell them some of the things that a real Queen would like them to do.

"First of all," said Mollie, "a real queen does n't like her toes trodden on, and her pinafore crumpled, and her hair pulled. She does n't like being screamed at, either; and she never allows herself to be ordered about by any one. She likes to order other people about instead, and she likes the other people to be very pleased when she orders them about, and not to go slowly, and look disagreeable and grumble. She likes a new frock every Sunday, and a birthday every month; and she always drinks milk for supper. Is it supper time, now?" added the little queen, beginning to yawn.

All the wymps at once hurled themselves helter-skelter through the sun again in search of milk for their new Queen's supper. But Queer ran faster than any of them, and he took the very milk that Molly's own mother had just milked into the pail for herself; and the strangest thing of all was that, although the pail became empty before her eyes and she had to go without any supper, Molly's mother was quite happy after that, and she did not worry any more about her little girl, who had so strangely disappeared in the morning. That shows what the wymps can do when they forget to be wimpish. And Molly drank her milk and went to sleep in her dream palace, and was the happiest little queen on either side of the sun; and the wymps—well, it

is impossible to describe what the wymps felt like.

Mollie was queen of Wympland for a great many days, and there had never reigned such peace at the back of the sun, nor in the whole world of Fairyland either. It was so remarkable that the Fairy queen sent for Capricious, one day, and asked her why nobody had anything to grumble about. Any one might have thought from the Fairy Queen's tone that she was not particularly pleased at so much contentment, but of course that could not possibly be the case.

"Please, your Majesty," said Capricious, who had been waiting anxiously to be asked this very question for quite a long time, "it is because the Wymps are so much occupied in looking after their new Queen that they have no time to play tricks on us."

"Ah," said her Majesty, smiling wisely, "does she seem happy at the back of the sun?"

"Everybody is happy at the back of the sun, please your Majesty," said Capricious. "They play games all day long to amuse their new Queen, and they never quarrel except for the right to do things for her little Majesty. If she stays there much longer it will soon be impossible to distinguish a wymph from a fairy!"

"It is time she went home again," said the Fairy Queen, smiling wisely for the second time. "How do the shoemaker and his wife get on without her?"

"Their house is so quiet that the shoemaker has never made better shoes," replied Capricious; "but the shoemaker's wife can do nothing but sit out in the sunshine and wait, for she cannot bear the silence indoors. Even wymphcraft cannot make her forget everything, your Majesty."

"Molly must certainly go home again," said the Fairy Queen; "and she must go to-morrow morning."

Capricious sighed dismally.

"Must she really go, your Majesty?" she ventured to say; "and will the wymps be free again to plague us with their tiresome wymphish jokes?"

The Fairy Queen smiled wisely for the third time.

"Wait until to-morrow morning," she said.

"You may have as good a joke against the wymps as they have ever had against you."

That night Molly had a dream straight from fairyland which reminded her that, although she had a whole palace of her own and quantities of little subjects to do her bidding, she was really the daughter of the shoemaker on the other side of the sun. So, when Skilful and Wilful and Captious and Queer came to play with her in the morning, she told them she could not be their Queen any longer, as it was time for her to go away to the front of the sun once more. The four little fellows looked more dismal than a wymph had ever been known to look before, and so did all the wymps in Wympland as

soon as they heard that their bewympling Queen was going away from them.

"Can we do nothing to make you stop with us?" they asked her. "Have we been too rough with you, after all? You must forgive us if we have, for we are not accustomed to queens at the back of the sun. If we try to be less noisy, will you not stay with us a little longer?"

"Dear little wymps," cried Molly, "you never tread on my toes now, nor crumple my pinafore, nor pull my hair. I do not want to go away from you, but it is time for me to go back to the other side of the sun. Will you please show me how to get there, dear little wymps?"

When they saw that she was quite determined to go, they led her very sadly to the back of the sun; and nobody made a single joke on the way, and there was not a smile to be seen in the whole of that sad little procession. There had never been so little laughter and so much dolefulness in the Land of the Wymps.

"How am I to get through that?" asked Molly, rubbing the tears out of her eyes, and looking up at the back of the big round sun; "and shall I tumble all the way down when I get to the other side?"

"It is quite easy," explained Skilful. "You have only to shut your eyes and jump through it, and the sunbeams will catch you on the other side; and you can slide down the one that shines into the shoemaker's garden, where your mother sits watching for you."

Then Molly rubbed her eyes again, for there were still a great many tears in them, and the more she rubbed them away the faster they came again, until she was really afraid the wymps would see that she was crying; and that would never do, for she felt quite sure that a real Queen should never cry. So she kissed her hand to her sad little subjects, and promised to come back again some day; and then she shut her eyes tight, and jumped through the big round sun, and slid down the sunbeam that shone into the shoemaker's garden. And as she sped down the shining, slippery sunbeam, she could hear Skilful and Wilful and Captious and Queer in the distance, singing their funny little song about her.

"You have surely bewymped all the wymps you came near,

Besides Skilful and Wilful and Captious and Queer!

And now that you've gone and your wymping is done

The world has grown sad at the back of the sun."

Molly never knew what happened when they finished singing; but the fairies knew, because they were hiding all round the edge of the sun at the time. And it was the most remarkable thing that had ever happened in Wympland.

The wymps say that Queer began it; and this is extremely likely, for Queer was always a little dif-

ferent from the other wymps. Anyhow, they very soon followed his example; and so it was that all the wymps at the back of the sun sat down on the ground and cried, because their bewympling little Queen was no longer with them. And all the fairies who were hiding popped up their heads and peered over the edge of the sun, and stared in amazement at what was going on in Wymland.

So the Fairy Queen was right, as she always is; and the wymps were made to cry for once in their lives; and the fairies have as good a joke against the wymps as the wymps ever had against the fairies. Perhaps that is why the wymps play so few tricks on the fairies, now; but the Fairy Queen only smiles when people say that, so she probably knows better.

EVELYN SHARP.

YO' MAW SHE LUBS YO' ALL

DERE'S allus joy when de chillen's home;
Oh Lawdy, when a' tinks!—
De teahs somehow dey allus come
An' blind me when a' winks.

Dere's Gen'l Grant—he's like he's paw,
(Go 'way, yo' teahs, go 'way!)
An' Ann Jenette, she's like heh maw—
An' Sam's like boff, dey say.

An' Abem Linkum, he's de boy
Whah makes ma old heath ache;
He do so many cu'us tings—
Dey keep his maw awake.

But den dey is ma chillens—
An' so de teahs mus' fall,
Do some is good, an' some—ah sho'
Yo' maw she lubs yo' all.

A' hev to count ma fingers
To 'member ebry one;
An' den dere's not a nuff ob dem—
To count de ones dat's gone.

Dere's little Pete, he'll nebbah come;
(Go 'way, yo' teahs, go 'way!)
Fo' he hab got a bettah home,
An' wid white chillens play.

He'll nebbah know he's black up dere;
(Go 'way, yo' teahs, go 'way!)
Whah fo' yo' come?) 't is bettah where
De night am allus day.

Dere's Queen, an' she a' mos' forgot;
Go 'way, yo' teahs, yo' make
Me done forgot de berry one—
Dat bes' de possum bake!

Yo' maw she's old, she sholy is!
(Go 'way, yo' teahs, go 'way!)
Dey choke heh so, dey make heh miss—
Heh chillens bad to-day.

Dere's Mandy, Jim, an' Cyrus, too,
An' Annie Belle—she's gone;
An' Sairy Jane—she's married so
Has lots ob dem—heh own.

An' some so young, dere paw he say
Too small fo' any name.
Den how's de Lawd to know dey's mine
An' call 'em jes' de same?

Somehow a' tinks ob little Pete
De mos' ob ebry day;
He was de leastest ob dem all
(Go way, yo' teahs, go 'way!)

But dere'll be joy when dey comes home—
De few dis wo'ld can fin';
Fo' mos' has gone to jine dere paw—
An' lef' dere maw behin'.

FLORENCE GRISWOLD CONNOR.

REVIEWS

MR. CAINE'S NEW MASTER- PIECE

THE CHRISTIAN.—By *Hall Caine*. 12mo. D.
Appleton & Co. \$1.50.

I (A) Ought a man to go scatheless when his partner in sin, a woman, suffers grievous chastisement? (B) Has society, by answering yea to this question committed the unpardonable sin? C. (a) Is there any remedy? and (b), if so, does it lie in the direction of foundling asylums?

2. A. May (a) woman, or (b) anybody touch pitch and not be defiled? B. In this tactile sense is not (a) the stage and (b) all thereunto appertaining pitch? (c). If not, give examples.

3. Is (a) monasticism or (b) Christian unity desirable at this day?

4. A. Which is worse, the unmarried mother or the self-seeking cleric? Give reasons. B. Should the Church of England be disestablished?

5. Is *The Christian* a work of art?

These are some of the questions raised by Mr. Caine in the 540 pages of his latest novel. Down as far as 4 B. they occupy the principal portion of the book; 4 B. comes in with the last chapter by way of anticlimax, and 5 is brought up, unnecessarily, on the 540th page by an *Author's Note*. Except so far as the answers to the difficult questions given are self-evident, it will be observed by his readers that they remain unanswered.

Notwithstanding the foregoing summary, it is hard to decide whether the novel is one with a specific purpose or not. The strongest impression remaining after reading it is that the world's case is quite hopeless, and not to be bettered by anything short of a cataclysm. And, as the judgment persists in arguing that it was not the author's intention to leave the case so at ends, and, furthermore, that

it is not at all as hopeless as he does—however inadvertently—make it out, the animus of the novel remains sadly blurred and obscured.

But the sincerity of all Mr. Caine writes so animates his work that, taking his heroine's phrase, "to talk of it lightly is like picking a penny out of a blind man's hat." His theme is that which informed *The Heavenly Twins*, omitting the pathological details. His point of view is that of the Christian moralist. The case resulting is so strong that its powerful presentment is a matter of course. That the central interest is permitted to become unduly embarrassed by non-essentials may be learned from the syllabus above. The book is turgid with morals, moralisms and moralities—and it is put forth as a work of art.

In this connection the author says: "In presenting the thought which is the motive of *The Christian*, my desire has been to depict, however imperfectly, the types of mind and character, of creed and culture, of social effort and religious purpose which I think I see in the life of England and America at the close of the nineteenth century." The inclusion of the word *America* grates on the ear. The types selected are impossible out of England. In the main problem America is not so deeply muddled as the older country is mired; and in the benefited clergy or their disestablishment, in the ignoble lords and their *entourages*, and in the entire *mise en scene*, Manx or metropolitan, America is in no wise implicated.

A charming Manx girl, the child of a clergyman, is in love with the son of a lord, and he with her. He takes orders, and they go together to London, he to enter upon the cure of souls in an hospital; she to take the training therein as a nurse. He becomes deeply disgusted at the worldliness of his brethren; she equally so at restrictions which prescribed that the sick shall be made better by rule or not at all. He flees to an Anglican monastery; she, after many struggles, to successes as a music-hall singer and fashionable "entertainer." He emerges from his self-imprisonment in disgust—and thereafter the morale of the story is infinitely weakened by the gradual disclosure that his mind has given way and is steadily failing; for without free agents why was the volume written? It ends tragically; though the eventual union of the twain is felt to be more in accord with the nature of things than the final catastrophe.

Still, it is not to be denied that the author's sincerity of purpose is strong enough to carry on the reader's interest. His heroine is alive, and her hair is abundantly justified of its auburn hue. The letters she writes are perfect, after their kind—and men do not write women's letters, as the annals of English fiction approve from the day of Richardson. The simple device of telling the earlier parts of the story twice over, once in epistolary and once in narrative form, fixes the characters distinctly in

the mind, and adds greatly to their truthfulness. But the abrupt contrasts, such as that of the monastery and the music-hall, are *tours de force* and all too histrionic, and Mr. Caine is given throughout to what may be styled *ex post facto* effects. His most striking scenes are dragged in, so to speak, and that he feels results thus obtained come through undue means, is shown by much elaborate after-explanation.

We cannot believe, as the marshalling of the foregoing details attests, that *The Christian* is a work of art, though not for the reason Mr. Caine fears in his note; we do not believe it to be worthy of his abilities, and we are convinced its pessimism and hopelessness deny it all title to moral grandeur, failing its art and its author. The popularity of it, however, is inevitable.

HAWTHORNE AS A MAN

MEMORIES OF HAWTHORNE.—By Rose Hawthorne Lathrop. 8vo. Houghton, Mifflin & Co. \$2.00.

WHAT should we not have lost, what tender light upon our great American poet, novelist and seer, had not Mrs. Lathrop's innate love of art and letters overcome the compunction she naturally felt at exposing her mother's letters to the gaze of the many? "I have often read over these magic little pictures of old days," she writes in the first paragraph of the book, "and each time have felt less inclined to let them remain silently in the family. The letters are full of sunshine, which is not even yet in the least dimmed;" while in the *Preface* may be read, "It will be seen that this volume is really written by Sophia Hawthorne; whose letters from earliest girlhood are so expressed, and so profound in thought and loveliness, that some will of sterner quality than a daughter's must cast them aside." It is this manner of executing her beautiful task, no less than her undertaking it, which leaves the reading world so greatly Mrs. Lathrop's debtor.

Great as is the American's pride in Hawthorne, it is still pride, rather than affection, that binds us to him. There was apparently none of that unbending of ideals, that taking of himself otherwise than seriously, which has, for example, given Thackeray such a hold upon the hearts of all English-speaking peoples. Hawthorne's art is so refined and remote, his personality so imbued with aloofness, that he is a shadow, rather than a fact, a statue in a niche apart rather than a painting glowing with color, for the decoration of our national life. How true this was even so recent a book as Mr. Frank Preston Sterns's appreciative *Concord and Appledore* attests—and we read Mrs. Lathrop's pages with the clarified vision she there provides for her readers, and, through the eyes of a devoted wife see, for almost the first time, Hawthorne the lover-husband, the devoted father,

the head of a household much straitened physically, by lack of worldly means, and find a kindly man with a happy, infectious laugh, never gloomy, a man who saws wood, shovels snow and even cooks all the family meals for months at a time! "He with his eyes of light, his arched brow, and 'looks of lovely splendor,'" she says, "officiated even to dish-washing, with the air of one making worlds."

Just as recent disclosures of Washington's liability to make mistakes—"even as you and I,"—have brought him who was first still nearer to the hearts of his countrymen, so do these proofs of a humanity held in common with this subtle genius bridge over the chasm which has so divided him from his fellows. Elizabeth Peabody writes to her sister just after the latter's engagement to Hawthorne, "Mr. Bancroft [the historian, then Collector of the Port of Boston] said that Mr. Hawthorne was the most efficient and best of the custom-house officers." And Sophia replies: "I told him what Mr. Bancroft had said, and he blushed deeply, and said 'What fate!'" Later she writes her mother, "The half-hour glass that you gave me is a great enchantment to my husband, and has already suggested some divine production." And Mrs. Lathrop records that her father ever found the sea a most desirable neighbor, used to treat the Old and the New Year with the deepest respect, and was a most sympathetic companion to her, child that she was; giving us glimpses into his profound inner self betimes, as when she says, "No one was ever more faithful to, and consequently ever had more faith in, his friends than my father," and "There are many records of his having heard clearly the teaching that home duties are not so necessary or loving as duty toward the homeless."

The love story of the Hawthornes was something more than idyllic—it came near to heaven. There is no space, nor does it benefit these columns, to enter into its loveliness and deprive the reader of the slightest part of its perfect beauty. But to her sympathy and protecting care his genius owed its opportunities for blossoming in its perfection. You read in Mrs. Hawthorne's letters to her family: "I do not know what his present production is about even; for I have made it a law to myself never to ask him a word." I can comprehend the delicacy and trickiness in his mind when he is evolving a work of art. . . . It is real inspiration, and few are reverent and patient enough to wait for it as he does." "I never intend to have a guest again . . . on Mr. Hawthorne's account. It finally destroys both his artistic and his domestic life."

There are many extracts from a characteristic diary of his kept while he was a weigher and gauger in the Boston custom-house, a diary from which it is to be learned that Irishmen were then (1839) enough of a curiosity to warrant a minute description of their workaday habits. From it may be

gathered also how a Mr. Pike "told a story of a skeleton without a head being discovered in High Street, Salem," and, "furthermore, how a lady of truth and respectability—a church-member—averred to him that she had seen a ghost"—as, to be sure, Mr. Pike had himself. And again, of "an old seaman, . . . giving an impression of the strictest integrity—of inability not to do his duty and his whole duty. . . . He said he hoped he would die at sea." Or, in another direction, "Schooners more than any other vessels seem to have such names as Betsy, Emma-Jane, Sarah, Alice—being the namesakes of the owner's wife, daughter or sweetheart. Not a cold, stately, unpersonified thing, like a merchant's tall ship . . . but like one of the family—something like a cow."

Throughout, Mrs. Hawthorne delights in word-pictures, as filled with life and color, every whit, as her paintings. Skating was a favorite recreation of the novelist's in Concord, and "One afternoon, Mr. Emerson and Mr. Thoreau went with him down the river. Henry Thoreau is an experienced skater and was figuring dithyrambic dances and Bacchic leaps in the air. . . . Next him followed Mr. Hawthorne who, wrapped in his cloak, moved like a self-impelled Greek statue, stately and grave. Mr. Emerson closed the line, evidently too weary to hold himself erect, pitching headforemost, half lying on the air." Later, in England, they see Tennyson, "the most picturesque of men, very handsome and careless-looking, with a wide-awake hat, a black beard, round shoulders, and slouching gait; most romantic, poetic and interesting." They were happy in England. She proudly notes that "It is singular to observe how familiar and like a household word Mr. Hawthorne is to all cultivated English people. People who have not heard of Thackeray here, know Mr. Hawthorne. Is not this funny?" There was a great deal of what the American himself called "flummery." His was the only portrait in De Quincey's house, Sir William Hamilton had read his works with interest, the Martineaus invited him to meet Mrs. Gaskell at dinner, Procter—whom Mrs. Lathrop curiously identifies as Adelaide's father, rather than as Barry Cornwall—also wished him to dine, he meets at one time and another Burns's two sons, Warren of *Ten Thousand a Year* fame, Lord Houghton—breakfasting there with Macaulay and the Brownings, and so on to infinity; he rarely went anywhere, and never from choice.

Thence they went to Italy, and were in Rome during the carnival. They were guests at Casa Guidi, and heard much of the talk regarding spirits, which ended in *Sludge, the Medium*. "Mrs. Browning is wonderfully interesting," Mrs. Hawthorne writes home. "She is the most delicate sheath for a soul I ever saw. . . . You would be infinitely charmed with Mrs. Browning, and with Mr. Browning as well. The latter is very

mobile, and flings himself about just as he flings his thoughts on paper, and his wife is still and contemplative. Love, evidently, has saved her life." There were others of distinction in Rome during their stay, Aubrey de Vere among them, but the Americans were a host to be proud of, with Harriet Hosmer, Maria Mitchell, the Motleys, Charles Sumner, Horatio Seymour and Franklin Pierce, this last Hawthorne's devoted friend through life.

And so of page after page, and episode upon episode, in this most praiseworthy book, which from the beginning makes you a part of, much that America has great reason to be proudest of, and so identifies your thought with that of one of the most notable of your countrymen, that you feel something of the infinite pathos which came upon those who knew him and loved best, when, a broken man, Hawthorne left home to die. And with those others you can henceforth truthfully say: "We have missed him in the sunshine, in the storm, in the twilight ever since."

THE TREASURE OF THE HUMBLE

THE TREASURE OF THE HUMBLE.—By Maurice Maeterlinck. Translated by Alfred Sutro. With an introduction by A. B. Walkley. 12mo. George Allen. \$1.75.

THE phrase which gives title to this volume of M. Maeterlinck's essays is derived from a pregnant sentence he is fond of using: "It is well that men should be reminded that the very humblest of them has the power to fashion, after a divine model that he chooses not, a great moral personality, composed in equal parts of himself and the ideal." To the discovery of this treasure, in a fine blending of our humanity and the ideal, the great Belgian devotes his strength; and it is in this translation of a portion of his essays that his English readers will at once perceive the work of greatest consequence which has come from his graceful and facile pen, and obtain their profoundest insight into his inspiring personality.

In an *Introduction*, which makes preparation for the disclosure of the delicacy and charm to follow only by its contrasting flippancy and vulgarity, it is to be gleaned that the work is only for the few, being mystical past ordinary comprehension—M. Maeterlinck, the writer says, "would fix our minds upon the obscure, the pre-conscious, what M. Faquet calls the *incunabulary* life of the soul." No intimation is given of the fact that if the thought does not always gleam with crystalline clearness, it is, nevertheless, always contained in a crystal which may well vie with Dr. Dunne's for the images to be found in it. And, by way of compensation for such sentences as suggest a thought rather than ex-

press it, may be discerned scores of delightful apothegms, worthy a place beside the gems of human thought. "As gold and silver are weighed in pure water," writes the seer, "so does the soul test its weight in silence," and truly the book is one for meditation rather than discussion. "We drew asunder, silently, and all was clear to us, though we knew nothing," apprehends its temper in part. So pellucid is the author's style that we feel certain when his meanings become contradictory it is because he prefers to withhold the fact—"perhaps," he says in another place, "too great a knowledge would be ours if all that we do know were revealed to us." How stumbling-blocks may thus be placed in our way—to serve, it may be, only as whetstones for the wits of us—is to be learned from these contrasted selections:

Thousands and thousands of things quiver on the lips of true friendship and love that are not to be found in the silence of other lips to which friendship and love are unknown.

The eyes even of lovers themselves can seldom pierce through the masonry that is built up of silence and love.

Where shall we discover those marvellous laws that we are, perhaps, constantly disobeying, laws of whose existence our conscience is ignorant, though our soul has been warned?

Why do we always act in accordance with rules that none ever mention, but which are the only rules that cannot err?

A man shall have committed crimes reputed to be the vilest of all, and it may be that even the blackest of these shall not have tarnished, for one single moment, the breath of fragrance and eternal beauty that surrounds his presence.

Although you assume the face of a saint, a hero or a martyr, the eye of the passing child will not greet you with the same unapproachable smile if there lurk within you an evil thought, an injustice or a brother's tear.

But what shall be said of thoughts, taken from the book at random, which arrange themselves into such a sequence as this?

"Beauty is the only language of the soul: none other is known to it." "Not an evening passes but the smallest thing suffices to ennoble the soul." "The soul is the flower of the multitude." "Not a flower opens on the hill-top but at length it descends into the valley."

What spiritual insight lies in epigrammatic statements like these:

"It is far more important that one's life should be perceived than that it should be transformed."

"Never do we belong more completely to ourselves than on the morrow of an irreparable catastrophe."

"Each century holds another sorrow dear, for each century discerns another destiny."

And who can remain unresponsive to his questions:

"Is the arm of happiness not longer than that of sorrow, and do not certain of its attributes draw nearer to the soul?"

"Is it not when we are told, at the end of the story, 'They are happy,' that the first disquiet should intrude itself?"

"Why are we so fearful lest we exhaust the heaven within us?"

"To have known how to change the past into a few saddened smiles—is not this to master the future?"

And so on through a play of thought which is only to be compared to the lightning flashing upon the horizon of a night filled with stars, which is yet to come upon us and illuminate the inmost crevice within, while it beats upon the pane without.

Only less interesting than this searching for the spiritual in human nature, and of the same design, is M. Maeterlinck's discussion of a problem he presents in relation to the modern—rather, *modernissimum*—drama. "When I go to a theater," he observes of himself, "I feel as though I were spending a few hours with my ancestors, who conceived life as something that was primitive, arid and brutal; but this conception of theirs scarcely even lingers in my memory, and surely it is not one that I can share. I am shown . . . murdered kings, ravished virgins, imprisoned citizens—in a word, all the sublimity of tradition, but, alas, how superficial and material!"

From this, extolling Othello's "admirable jealousy," but approving rather "the august daily life of Hamlet," he passes to the drama of classical Greece and contemporaneous Norway with an earnest plea away from dynamics to statics upon the stage. "Certain it is," he argues, "That, in the ordinary drama, the indispensable dialogue by no means corresponds to reality; and it is just these words that are spoken by the side of the rigid, apparent truth that . . . conform to a deeper truth, and one that lies incomparably nearer to the invisible soul by which the poem is upheld." Nothing of his own in dramatic form finds mention in this connection; but a searching psychological analysis of *The Master-Builder* follows, and in parts of the dialogue between Hilda and Solness, no less than in several of the Greek tragedies, the problem draws near solution.

As a whole, the book is of the first interest to men of modern thought. The wonder of the publication before us lies in the omission from its far from plethoric contents of any of M. Maeterlinck's essays. Why, to take an obvious example, should the translator have laid aside the admirable paper on Emerson?—"the good optimist Emerson," says our author here, and adds discriminatingly, "for than a wilful optimist nothing is more discouraging." If, as has been noted of the words *On Woman* in this volume, the Belgian can tempt the most stalwart of the sex (almost) back to the arms of spiritual love, surely an appreciation of the American from his pen would persuade many a man toward spirituality. Mr. Sutro is at fault in other respects: he

does not hold to his text with complete fidelity, though all who know M. Maeterlinck's writings are agreed that nothing but literal renderings will do him justice; and his English is negligent to the point of solecisms. Still he intends to be painstaking and conscientious; though Mr. Walkley's *Introduction* has so overshot the confines of good taste—and almost those of decency—that the slender virtues of his coadjutor become magnified. In print, paper, and general presentation, however, the book leaves no room for adverse comment.

A DOZEN WICKED WOMEN

LIVES OF TWELVE BAD WOMEN.—Edited by Arthur Vincent. 8vo. L. C. Page & Co. \$3.00.

THE *Lives of Twelve Bad Men* was more or less effective, if only as a protest against the cigarette of the stage villain. But *The Bad Women* seems to be effective not at all. You look for picturesqueness, piquancy, spirit,—something of the sentiment of the dying Marquise who responded to her confessor's wish to read something edifying by asking *pour le conte de Mme. Potiphar*. Instead, the editor and his coadjutors make a half-hearted little bid for countenance by proposing to omit mention of all careers of mere cyprianism—and go on to give nothing else, save that an occasional one or two of the dozen take pay in blood or notoriety as well as gold. It is true that this seems to be inherent in the nature of things as we look at them in Christendom; but it is none the less unfortunate for the stories. Given a woman and sin, and the latter at once begins to lose both perspective and proportion—everything merges in her mere immorality, using the word in its usual restricted sense. A man may be a murderer, a pirate, a traitor, a dastard, any one of several eminently undesirable things, while once a woman is the one thing that revolts our idea of womanhood, nothing else matters at all. This it is that renders it impossible for us to conceive of the self-sacrifice of the wife in the Japanese tragedy of *The Ronins*. Parting with what we are pleased to call "virtue," our sympathy falls to the ground forthwith.

Mr. Vincent is unfortunate in inviting comparison with three compilations of a somewhat similar nature. One, *The Decameron*, is of the first literary excellence in many estimations; another, *The Hecatomeron*, is from the pen of a woman with vastly more experience than is granted to the daughters of men, commonly speaking; and the last, *Les Contes Drolatiques*, was written by one of the great masters of all time. These give the reader all that this collection can possibly pretend to, without any qualifications. Boccaccio was fortunate in his age, his audience, and an untried field; Queen Margot, from the profundity of her knowledge of her sex, brings

forward several women who leave Mr. Vincent's most horrible examples comparatively little to blush for; while Balzac, with inimitable art, proves that sin *simpliciter* and sin in connection with humor may both be made to appear in good taste—combinations of the possibility of which this present compilation leaves us wholly incredulous.

Descending to detail, why should any one of the eight good young men who tell of the twelve bad old women mar his pages by announcing, in effect, that if the social conventions were otherwise he could make his narrative a deal wickeder than it is—a procedure as certain to bring sorrow to one class of readers as it is vexation to another? And, worse than this, why should any phrases with double-meanings be permitted to stain his work? "Who talks patter when all are thieves?" Taken as a whole, the book will serve a rigidly moral purpose; vice, it will be remembered, being a monster of frightful mien.

THE STORY OF JOAN OF ARC

JOAN OF ARC.—By Francis C. Lowell. 8mo. Houghton, Mifflin & Co.

ACROSS the ages, spanning the enormous gulf between the early fifteenth and the late nineteenth centuries, comes the nobly pathetic figure of the Maid of Orleans, newly made alive for us by Mr. Lowell's skillful pen. Behold her, a young girl, comely to look upon, fond of life and living, gladdened by costly dress but using money given her to help the poor, brave to the utmost point of valor yet shrined in virginal modesty, hardly seventeen years old when called to her mission, and dead, burned at the stake by the English she had whipped, before her twentieth birthday!

While the author's achievement here is too fragmentary, too episodic, to carry his name to the elevation occupied by those of his countrymen who have engaged and retain the respect of the world by their historical abilities, he is of the same school, of the same training, of the same equipment,—with certain modern differences which are not disadvantageous—of the same habit of mind and with the same pellucidity of thought and style. He brings to his work a judicial mind and lack of prejudice almost greater than those of his illustrious predecessors, a fairness which serves to correct the blunderingly enthusiastic reader again and again, for all that the story is told with nothing of the sense of coldness and personal withdrawal which too often treads upon the heels of impartiality. Step by step you are led beside the path of the simple peasant maid who heard the voices of the saints: "She busied herself in spinning, in sewing, and in helping her mother about the house; she worked in the

fields and gathered the harvest. She was a good girl."

Presently she appears "in full armor, mounted on a white horse with her pennon carried before her, which was white, also, and bore two angels, each holding a lily in his hand." Wounded twice in battle, captured at last after achieving feats at arms deemed impossible by the experienced, submitted to every indignity, tried finally by the most astute dialecticians of the age, who were yet unable to confound her by fair means, the reader is carried along until he stands with her enemies in the market-place of Rouen, when "at the last, through the flames, they heard her call again and again with a loud voice, 'Jesus, Jesus'." Nor is this the end, for the kindly offices of the Church have been evoked, and there are now those living who will see Joan's name enrolled with the glorious company of Saints.

With the vexed question of the voices heard by Joan, her biographer, properly enough, refuses to deal. "It appears," he says, "by very strong evidence, that in all other respects, she was quite healthy both in body and in mind. Further than this, history can not go, and the choice between insanity and inspiration must be made by another science." But concerning facts, and not theory, there is no hesitancy. "Before she came," as a contemporary Frenchman records, "two hundred English used to chase five hundred Frenchmen; after her coming, two hundred Frenchmen used to chase four hundred English." The factors in bringing about so surprising a result within a few months are plainly set forth. At a time when there was no patriotism nor disinterestedness, and no one of single mind and purpose in all the devastated realm of France, Joan d'Arc came from Domremy filled with heavenly enthusiasm and fully possessed of the worldly qualities of "common sense, courage and vigor." The result was inevitable, just as a reputation for genius waits upon him who has the capacity for taking infinite pains.

In congratulating Mr. Lowell upon his monograph, the hope may be expressed that it is the precursor of some work worthy of complete comparison with the labors of Prescott, of Motley and of Parkman.

LAURA KEENE

THE LIFE OF LAURA KEENE, ACTRESS, ARTIST, MANAGER, AND SCHOLAR.—By John Creaban. 8vo. The Rodgers Publishing Company.

MAKING her first appearance before an American audience at Wallack's Theatre in September, 1852, Laura Keene was a credit and an ornament to the American stage for more than twenty years. To her personality a saddened historical interest will always attach itself, for it was upon her benefit night

that Lincoln was shot in Ford's Theatre, and his head was laid upon her lap, all in costume as she was, during the first bitter hour of national agony. For a biography of her, one that should at least do partial justice to her many virtues, her admirers and students of histrionic affairs have waited since her death in November, 1873. They are now insulted by a book, scrappy, ill-written, badly arranged, worse printed, and illustrated worst of all,—a book which admits of the less excuse, in that it was designed and executed by one who lays claim to holding her memory in reverence, if not in enthusiastic admiration.

If Mr. Creahan have talent for such work as this, it is profoundly obscured. His volume, for all its bulk, is a mere rehash, seasoned only by an intense dislike to Mr. William Winter,—a matter as indifferent to his readers as it is unimportant in itself, did it not lead him into palpable misstatements. An agglomeration of play-bills, newspaper clippings, and bad drawings, however old, no more make up a biography than they do a drama. Laura Keane, like many another, needs to be saved from her friends.

CHICAGO: AN EPIC

CHICAGO: AN EPIC.—By *William Lightfoot Visscher*. Illustrated by *Harry O. Lunders*. 16mo. *The White City Art Company*.

THOSE who look to see Chicago sulking in a tent, fleeing a conflagration, groping in purgatory, or enthroned in hell, will find disappointment in Mr. Visscher's poem, the word *epic* with him having merely its ancient sense of heroic verse. It is likely, also, that those familiar with the lyrics from his pen will perceive that he has not reached his own high standard in this poem. Yet its numbers flow evenly, if the poet's pronunciation be accepted in preference to the orthoëpists', and, if devoid of grandeur, it is almost equally free from pathos. It is, perhaps, to be regretted that in the lines which include

"—at the spot

That's marked to-day by bronze, with horrid yell
The red fiends dashed upon the helpless train,"

the author should not have avoided the sleeping-car associations certain to be called out by the word we have italicised. Nor do we think him licensed to say of Fort Dearborn

"And progress lifted high its stately walls."

But these slips, or even his trying to rhyme *Joliet* with *Marquette*, become invisible in the face of the illustrations. Adopting a color scheme notable for its simplicity—if the left-hand picture be red, have the right-hand initial green; if the picture be green, have the initial red—the artist develops the fact that he regards the poem as humorous. He puts a halo on Fort

Dearborn, for example, and those who find themselves unable to follow his herald because one of his legs is three inches longer than the other, may still approve his picturing the poet's phrase "a peaceful calling" by drawing a young man with his arm around a girl's waist. As a whole, the book is pleasantly emblematic of the opening words of the last stanza—"Chicago's nerve."

MACHIAVELLI

MACHIAVELLI.—By the Right Honorable *John Morley*, M.P., Hon. D.C.L. Oxon., Hon. LL.D. Cantab. 8vo. *The Macmillan Company*. \$0.50.

THAT Machiavelli, like the personage by whom our forefathers thought him inspired, should not be as black as he is painted is discussed in the Romanes Lecture delivered by Mr. Morley in the Sheldonian Theater last June—it is surprising to note how permanent his color seems to be. The Italian master of sixteenth century statecraft shares but little in those levelling processes of history whereby so many an evil reputation is carried up, and so many a good one down. It is, in fact, upon this latter phase of the matter that the lecturer dwells; for Machiavelli, apart from giving the language a useful word or two, has exercised a powerful influence over all Europe both in his actual and in his discredited capacities. To point out wherein he differed, not merely from his predecessors, but from those who afterward laid the foundations of international law; to show that certain of his doctrines at one time or another found acceptance so widespread that, bad as they were, their authorship had to be disowned; these, with copious illustrations from many sources by way of notes, form a volume which is slender only in its physical dimensions.

It may be gathered from the discussion that Machiavelli differs chiefly from most of those who came after him in openness of statement. He disregarded his own advice "to keep the name and take away the thing." "It is well to take care," cautions Mr. Morley, "lest in blaming Machiavelli for prescribing hypocrisy, men do not slip unperceived into something like hypocrisy of their own." The acceptance by Frederick the Great of notions more than Machiavellian by way of principle, conjoined with that lusty monarch's desire to write a refutation of his master, brings out Voltaire's vigorous observation: "I believe the very first advice that Machiavelli would have given to a disciple, would have been that he should write a refutation of his book." Calvin is shown to have acted on many of the least commendable of the rules formulated; to Napoleon it remained to amplify them—"all those maxims that have most scandalized mankind in the Italian writer of the sixteenth century, were the daily bread of the Italian soldier who

planted his iron heel on the neck of Europe in the nineteenth," is the lecturer's virile comment.

The conclusion reached is the message of righteousness: the very crimes by which Machiavelli proposed his Prince should rule are those by which all domination is overthrown—"Machiavelli and his school saw only cunning, jealousy, perfidy, ingratitude, dupery, and yet on such a foundation as this they dreamed they could build. What idealist or doctrinaire ever fell into a stranger error!" Slight as the book is, Mr. Morley, himself no mean statesman, is able to paint between its covers a picture which America needs to study more than Great Britain to-day.

ANNALS OF SWITZERLAND

ANNALS OF SWITZERLAND.—By Julia M. Colton. 12mo. A. S. Barnes & Co.

"FOR the English reader," remarks Mrs. Colton in her preface, "the fragmentary fields of the guide book have provided the chief historical information concerning a land where the blood-red of the battlefield is environed with prismatic tints of romance," and she goes on to paint with similar colors until she has filled the presumable void. The book resulting is not an unpleasant one to read, and a sufficiently accurate one for occasional reference; but in all the essentials which constitute a history it falls far short of its predecessor, also an American work, and one which, because of the actual void existing at the time of its publication ⁶ 2 years ago, leaped at once into a position of authority. Reference is made to *The Rise of the Swiss Republic*, by W. D. McCrackan, A.M.; and so close is the resemblance between the two that, should Professor McCrackan desire to abridge his work by omitting considerable detail and all his philosophical reflections and studies in comparative history, the result would differ in no considerable degree from the *Annals of Switzerland* before us. Yet Mrs. Colton does not even see fit to mention this most important work in her scanty list of authorities. In one—and only one—respect has her history the advantage: the space she occupies with the armorial achievements of the several cantons, Professor McCrackan has filled with a flamboyant reproduction of his own manly beauty.

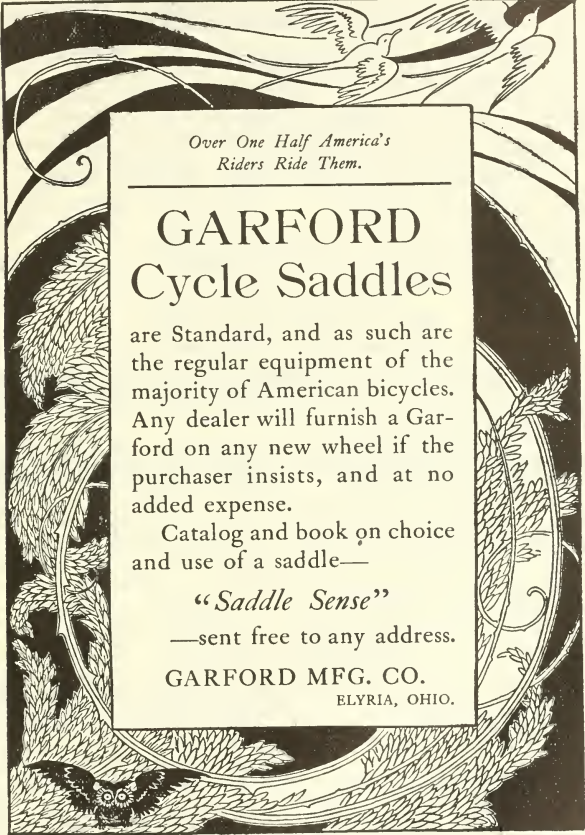
BOOKS RECEIVED

THE LADY CHARLOTTE.—By Adeline Sergeant. 12mo. Rand, McNally & Co.
KEEF.—By T. W. Coakley. 16mo. Chas. E. Brown & Co.
THE GENESIS OF SHAKESPEARE'S ART.—By Edwin J. Dunning. 12mo. Lee & Shepard. \$2.00.
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THE MISSIONARY SHERIFF.—By Octave Thanet. 12mo. Harper.

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JEROME.—By Mary E. Wilkins. 12mo. Harper. \$1.50.
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THE SPIRIT OF AN ILLINOIS TOWN.—By Mary Hartwell Catherwood. 16mo. Houghton, Mifflin & Co. \$1.25.
CHRISTIAN INSTINCTS AND MODERN DOUBT.—By A. H. Crawford. 12mo. Whitaker. \$1.50.
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THE TREASURE OF THE HUMBLE.—By Maurice Maeterlinck. 12mo. Dodd, Mead & Co. \$1.75.
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RECONSIDERATIONS AND REINFORCEMENTS.—By James Morris Whiton. 16mo. Whitaker. \$0.50.
THE SPIRITUAL LIFE.—By Phillips Brooks. 16mo. Whitaker. \$0.50.
FOR HER LIFE.—By Richard Henry Savage. 12mo. Rand, McNally & Co.

MESSRS. HERBERT S. STONE & COMPANY publishers of THE CHAP-BOOK, have much pleasure in announcing that they have undertaken the publication of THE HOUSE BEAUTIFUL, a monthly magazine devoted to houses and homes. It has heretofore been issued by Messrs. Klapp and Company, who will still be associated in its editorial management. The magazine is to be enlarged and the changes will be considerable although it is believed they will be always in the way of improvement. Articles will appear on decoration—interior and exterior, rugs, pottery, silverware, prints, engravings, etchings, furniture—old and new, book-bindings, and so forth; in fact everything connected with the house will be treated, in simple practical fashion rather than from a technical point of view. The illustrations are to be numerous and especially devoted to the details of the house. The subscription price is one dollar a year. Sample copies will be sent for five two-cent stamps. Caxton Building, Chicago. September 1st, 1897.





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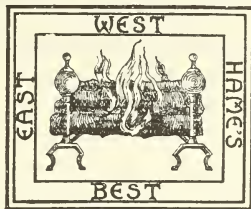
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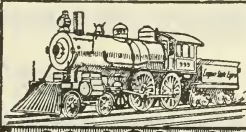
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MR. BRYAN is a young person of the most engaging courage in his melancholy. It requires great buoyancy of disposition to find anything calamitous in the present physical situation of the country, but Mr. Bryan has such an abundant store of reasons for believing that the world is going to the deuce that he has almost convinced us that the more we have the less we have, and that if a farmer is poor with wheat at fifty cents, he is twice as poor with wheat at a dollar. We say almost. There are still some difficulties in the way of logic to be overcome, as well as certain superficial manifestations of prosperity from the banks, the railways, and the condition of the farmer's stomach. In truth, this inverted Mark Tapley clung too long to free silver, and now he knows it, for silver having faded from the sight of the "masses of the population," he has no familiar resort but the initiative and referendum, whereof the principle is not gay, and the pronunciation is far from easy to the corner philosopher. Thus day by day, in spite of his youth and his happy, happy, happy misery, Mr. Bryan sinks in authority with his own party. Apparently, the time has come for bolder men, and it is not surprising to find ex-Governor Altgeld once more attracting attention as a national leader. Altgeld always has been cynical of silver, of the platitudes of the old democrats of the Missouri school, and especially of Bryan. He does not conceal his contempt for the sentimental youth, and he has openly abandoned his allegiance to the holy cause of free coinage. His is the true spirit of the revolutionist, and he is not merely a bold demagogue, but a patient, calculating, and really able politician. Barring accident, he will dominate the councils of his party much more clearly next year than he did last, and the free-silver plank, if it find any place at all in the democratic platforms, will be secondary to a demand for government ownership of "natural monopolies" and restriction of the powers of the federal courts.

All Altgeld's ability as the leader of a doubtful cause will be called into action to reunite the scattered fragments of the party. It is admitted by Mr. Altgeld himself that the democrats have slight hope of recovering ground in the North this fall. Ohio is conceded to the republicans, and in Iowa, where a few months ago the verdict of last fall

seemed certain to be reversed, the high prices of grain have suddenly revived the amiability of the farmers, who were disposed to look upon republican government as a "blooming blank." This is not exactly an unmixed blessing, for if ever a party deserved rebuke for corruption and violation of pledges it is the republican party of Iowa. The patience of the political reformer is sorely tried by the futility of attempts to win a victory anywhere that is not half a defeat, for the overthrow of populism last year meant Platt in New York, Quay in Pennsylvania and the unspeakable Tanner in Illinois, and this year means Hanna in Ohio and an indorsement of petty larceny by republican officials in Iowa. To the comparatively small number of intelligent persons who care for politics we seem to be forever dodging out of the jaws of anarchy into the maw of spoils politics, yet maintaining an optimism amid murrain and whippings that would do credit to Dr. Pangloss in the tale.

THE OUTBREAK on the frontier of British India is the most serious rebellion the British Government has had to deal with in its Asiatic provinces since 1887. Indeed it seems to be even more disturbing to the confidence of the Indian office than the simultaneous petty revolts in Burma, Sikkim and the Punjab. The source of the mischief is as yet an acute mystery to the political agents, and the home authorities are all at sea. One party declares that the concerted uprising of the warlike tribes is due to the occupation of Chitral; another, that it is the first manifestation of a world-wide Mohammedan feud against Great Britain, growing out of the miserable tangle at Constantinople. Of course the partisans of the latter view are again divided into factions, one asserting that Lord Salisbury went too far in coercing the Sultan; the other, that he did not go far enough. A strong minority of the authorities insist that the attempt to follow Lord Beaconsfield's advice and establish a "scientific instead of a haphazard frontier" too far north, accounts for the tumults, and these critics bring a great mass of evidence in support of their theory. The divergence of views, not only in England but in India as well, as to the source of the outbreak, suggests the need of a greater number of Stricklands and Sholto Douglasses in the Indian government, for it is apparent that the heart of India is as little understood by the English as it was forty years ago. Neither Chitral nor the venom of Abdul Hamid explains the sombre discontent of the Hindoos, which the Indian government is now meeting with *lettres de cachet* and other appliances of an early civilization. For some reason unknown to western minds, the fluid mass under the lava crust is seething, and only the utmost vigor and alertness on the part of the authorities can prevent the year 1898 from being one of heart breaking trials for the British people. It must

be conceded that they have met the present crisis with courage and firmness that atone in some degree for their blunders. There was no hesitation after the situation became menacing. The energy with which the government descended upon the Ameer of Afghanistan for an explanation of the turbulence of his subjects instantly convinced the grandson of Dost Mohammed Khan that trifling with the British Government is a pastime not to be indulged too openly, and the whole spirit of the English people at the present moment recalls Kipling's lines:

An' when the war began we chased the bold Afghan,
An' we made th' bloom' Ghazi for to flee, boys, O!
An' we marched into Kabul an' we took the Balar
'Issar,
An' we taught 'em to respect' the British soldiers.

DR. ANDREWS having received more than his share of the advertising that is the meed of pretentious ignorance, having been sent out of Brown in anger and called back in grief, and having made an opportunity for the consideration of a score of unknown teachers of a second-rate college as learned men, finally has announced his decision. Reluctantly, nay even tearfully, he bids farewell, a newspaper says, to "the classic shades of Brown." (The classic shades of Brown!) He will join Mr. J. Brisben Walker in the direction of the "Cosmopolitan University"—a "university extension" to the Walker magazine—a Venetian façade for a woodshed. We always have held that Mr. Walker could atone for his many sins against literature and art by giving alms liberally, but we hardly think the wide diffusion of E. Benjamin Andrews will square the account with fate. At any rate, we may rejoice that the "incident is closed." It never was very important except as a subject for lazy copy—a use to which we hungrily devoted it. It promoted Brown University temporarily from the degraded position of a Baptist school to a false eminence as a real institution of learning; it demonstrated that the manufacture of boots is not the best path to the spiritual life by exposing Congressman Walker naked to the wondering gaze of the world; it gave a great number of hitherto unsuspected persons an opportunity to discover their perfectly valueless notions of "freedom of opinion." Otherwise it was chiefly a matter of concern to Mr. Walker, who, by taking President Andrews to his bosom—in *gremio universitatis*—has scored his second literary triumph. His first was to send a young woman to travel around the world in seventy days, subsisting on chewing gum.

"I COUNT IT a great happiness," writes an English correspondent, who has mixed a good deal with actors on both sides of the Atlantic, "that I was enabled last year to make the acquaintance of Mrs. John Drew. She was playing at the time in Chi-

cago with Joseph Jefferson, the last tour I suppose she ever made. The slyness and ease and delicacy of her rendering of Mrs. Malaprop, showed me the source of her son's distinguishing qualities. Nothing could have been richer in humor, more natural, more entirely free from any taint of stageyness, more exquisitely restrained. It remains on my memory as one of the few finished masterpieces of contemporary acting, and Mrs. John Drew was as charming at the supper table as she had been on the stage. She had a most alert mind, and the keenest possible appreciation of a good thing, with the quick, decided way of talking that usually belongs to those delightful old ladies who can afford to make sport of old age. I saw her again in New York on the opening night of *Rosemary*, when she went behind the scenes to congratulate Mr. John Drew on his capital success. Mother and son looked remarkably alike in the absence of Mr. Drew's moustache, and the little figure in black seemed quietly amused when the resemblance was noted. She looked and talked as one having authority, an authority that she, and everyone else, felt belonged of right to the mother of the American stage."

"Am I right," asks the same correspondent, "in supposing that the drama in America holds a rather lower place than it has won for itself in England? The men at the top of the profession in London seem to me to be far more serious about their art, far more intellectually interested in it, and therefore far more respected and sought after socially than even the foremost actors in New York. Men like Irving, Tree, Wyndham, George Alexander and Bancroft, are to be met with everywhere in London society. The Prince of Wales has often climbed the rickety staircase leading to the Beefsteak Room of the Lyceum Theatre, where young George IV and his fellow roisterers grilled their steaks and drank each his three bottles of port before setting out to make a night of it. And you will meet there, under the incomparable presidency of Sir Henry Irving, pretty nearly every man and woman of note in London. If there were a Beefsteak Room at the Empire in New York, would the Four Hundred condescend to go to it? I doubt it very much. Again, London actors are expected to do something besides act. Irving is continually writing and lecturing on the drama and the training of actors. Tree and Alexander have both delivered addresses before literary societies of first rate standing on Shakespeare and the theory and practice of acting. Pinero and Grundy and Henry Arthur Jones are constantly asked to speak on playwriting, and always rouse a good deal of discussion. Has Mr. Sothern ever written an article on Anthony Hope for the *North American Review*? I am not sure, but again I should doubt it? Has Mr. Drew ever lectured on the hidden secrets of his

art? Has Mr. Hoyt or Mr. Gillette? Would their lives be worth living if they were to try? The intolerable amount of vulgar trash that is written in New York about actors and actresses, their personal appearance, and their lives at home has made the American public look on them, as far as I can see, in the light of licensed jesters, mere playthings for the amusement of the matinee-girl and other democratic institutions. The newspaper press would simply not allow them to lapse into seriousness. It follows naturally that London critics treat plays and performers with considerably more respect than is shown to either in New York. Bernard Shaw, Mr. Archer, Mr. A. B. Walkley and Clement Scott seem to me to write with more grasp and understanding than any American I have read, except Mr. William Winter, whom I would place with Clement Scott as easily below the other three. Altogether, though of course I may be quite wrong, the English drama appears to be far sounder, intellectually and socially, than the American."

IT WOULD BE the merest affectation on our part were we to deny responsibility for the general improvement that has been visible in the last few numbers of *The Bookman*. Our patient efforts to teach that popular periodical the alphabet of style and good manners were known from Maine to California, and a good deal of sympathy was expressed with us on account of the refractory disposition of the young scholar. Indeed, at one time we confess we lost heart ourselves. That was when *The Bookman* informed the greatest living writer on naval topics that he was afraid to tell the truth about the War of 1812 because the hostesses of London had been so kind to him; and followed this up by making an outrageous personal attack on the character of a prominent lady novelist, and again by stealing a column or so from an old English newspaper and passing it off as its own. That was very disheartening; indeed, for the moment, it seemed quite hopeless. *The Bookman* had reached a very critical point in its career. Was it to sink to the level of a literary *Town Topics*, or keep on its old plane of comparatively decent commonplace? We persevered, and *The Bookman* is itself again, the same entirely foolish, ignorant, bourgeois production that it used to be, but cleanly and respectable. Professor Peck, of Columbia College, should have some of the credit for this transformation. He has ceased to write for it. It is said that Mr. Low, the president of the college, asked him, as a personal favor, to drop all connection with *The Bookman*. Mr. Low is running for the mayoralty of Greater New York, and saw at once that he stood no chance of success if it became known that one of his staff was responsible for anything that appeared in *The Bookman's* pages. Professor Peck, it is added, held out for a long time, but gave way at last beneath the pressure of the

Citizens' Union and the Republican machine, his unconditional retirement being the only point on which these two bodies could agree. *The Bookman*, left to itself, may now continue to announce the publication of new books and print photographs of dead authors and their houses with ample security.

MR. HALL CAINE has played what the *Saturday Review* unrestrainedly calls "that greasy trump card which we all knew to be up his sleeve," in the shape of two letters from Mr. Gladstone, written in purest Gladstonese, to express his "warm respect and admiration" for Mr. Hall Caine's "conduct." By doing so Mr. Caine has happily sealed the fate of his book. Mr. Gladstone's eulogies are always and persistently opposed to the judgments of real critics; his praises are the sure forerunners of an early death. No book has ever lived a year after Mr. Gladstone has poured out his postcards on it. A man who is Chauncey M. Depew, Grover Cleveland, W. D. Howells, Mr. Parkhurst, the New York *Evening Post*, and the Peace Society rolled into one, cannot be blamed if his literary faculties have become somewhat blunted. The pity is that he should be used as an advertising medium at all. His puffs have long been those of the literary adder, causing intelligent men to go elsewhere at once. Only writers who have exhausted every other method of log-rolling now dream of applying to Mr. Gladstone for help. Nothing could damn Mr. Caine more effectually than his precipitate appeal to this last resource of the commonplace megalomaniac; nothing could damn his book more hopelessly than the fact that Mr. Gladstone has seen fit to praise it.

THAT IRREPRESSIBLE NUISANCE, Mr. James Knapp Reeve, the conductor of a literary bureau in the wilds of Franklin, Ohio, has the misfortune to appear in print in the current number of his own magazine, *The Editor*. His article completely gives away his pretensions to sit in judgment on the manuscripts of other people. A man who does not know the difference between "avocation" and "vocation," who in writing a modern prose article talks of "a statuary" when he means "a sculptor," and can write down "Thus *is* acquired facility and diversity," is educationally hopeless. We have exposed more than once Reeve's methods of business and the impossibility of his being able to do anything for writers that they cannot do equally well for themselves. To strand a third-rate lady scribbler among a crowd of fifth-rate papers, and pocket a handsome commission on the transaction, is the Reeve notion of helping literature. Yet it is astonishing the number of dupes that the man finds waiting for him. They are of course almost all women, in small up-country villages, too lazy or ignorant to learn even the rudiments of their craft. *The Editor* is probably the

most pathetically amusing newspaper ever published. Frenzed correspondents complain in it of editors who fold and refold their precious manuscripts, "thereby destroying their marketable value." None of Mr. Reeve's clients dream of getting an article accepted at once. They really prefer to have it returned to them at least half a dozen times, so that they can enter the dates of its pilgrimages in specially prepared note-books. That is how Mr. Reeve teaches them to be business-like.

BECAUSE NEW YORK is the biggest of our cities, because it is the only place where a play can have a really long run, and chiefly because a long run in New York is a tremendous "boom" for a play when it starts "on tour," Mr. Charles Frohman has decided that it would be foolish for him to allow New York's own preferences in the matter to have anything to do with the success of plays in that metropolis. If he decides to have a play run for six months, run for six months it shall, if it loses money for half the time. This loss will all be made good in Chicago, Boston, and Philadelphia. Mr. Frohman, who is a born despot, acts with the intolerance of a Chicago Chief of Police towards decent citizens, and New York is expected to play an obedient part in the game of "Simon says, 'thumbs up,'" even if its reputation for intelligent critical ability be entirely undermined.

Under the Red Robe is starting its career outside New York with a great whoop and hurrah and a story of its nine months run in that city. Now it is no special secret among those who are at all on the inside in theatrical matters, that the play made money for perhaps half that time, and steadily lost money for the management from then on to the end. We do not complain of this as dishonest or even foolish on the part of Mr. Frohman. It is a kind of bogus testimonial to be sure, and it was a "sharp" bit of management, but we suppose Mr. Frohman can justify himself as well as any of our speculators in stocks and grain, on the strictest business principles. And Mr. Frohman's conduct of one of the great arts is always on business principles.

It is only fair, however, that the so-called "provincial cities" which are to be favored with a visitation of the *Red Robe* should be warned that under the circumstances they must be absolutely independent in their judgments of the play. If it had really run on its merits in New York, whatever one may think of that town's criticism, it would be extremely silly not to allow that its success meant something. But as it is, each town must trust to itself and to Tom, Dick, and Harry, the local critics.

IT WILL BE SURPRISING if any serious student of the modern drama takes *Under the Red Robe* seriously. It is admirable and exciting melodrama, but melodrama is not generally considered

seriously. There is no attempt on the part of Mr. Edward Rose, who adapted the play, to disguise its character. The actors, however, possibly because of inexperience in these matters, and their habit of acting in more ambitious attempts, fail to attain all the conventional melodramatic effects, and even at times seem to be playing their rôles as if they thought them studies of character. But this should deceive no one long.

Granting it is melodrama, the play has great merits. It is extremely well constructed. The suspense is kept up to the very last; the last act, marvelous to relate, bores no one. There are no covert introductions of vaudeville sketches; almost every line really has to do with the play. There is plenty of incident and a picturesque, if now-a-days extremely common, setting of mediæval castles and slashed doublets. *Under the Red Robe* probably deserved at least a quarter of the welcome which Mr. Frohman forced New York to give it.

WE THINK it has nowhere been announced that Mme. Bernhardt intends playing Hamlet this coming winter. She is to have a new prose version which Marcel Schwob and the poet Moraud are now engaged in preparing at the little village of Valoins in Seine-et-Marne. This plan of the great actress is, for English-speaking people about the most interesting thing she has ever done. Hamlet is our own test rôle of an actor, and to see what a woman, and a Frenchwoman at that, will make of it, will be curious.

CORRESPONDENCE

DU MAURIER'S *MUSIC AND DEATH*

SARATOGA SPRINGS, N. Y.

Sept. 5, 1897.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE CHAP-BOOK,

DEAR SIR:—I see that the writer of "Literary Notes," in the current number of *Munsey's Magazine* seems to be under the impression that Mr. Du Maurier's lines on *Music and Death* are original. You may be inclined to do this literary critic the service of introducing to his notice the well-known poem of Sully-Prudhomme, beginning

Vous qui m'aiderez dans mon agonie

Ne me dites rien;

Faites que j'entende un peu d'harmonie,

Et je mourrai bien,

of which Mr. Du Maurier's version is a paraphrase rather than a translation.

Mr. Du Maurier—or *Munsey's* literary critic—appears to have neglected the verse beginning,

La musique enchante, apaise, délie

Des choses d'en-bas.

and the whole rendering into English is in my opinion singularly diffuse and wordy as compared with the direct and plaintive original.

Yours faithfully,

PONSONBY OGLE.

[The passage in *Munsey's* referred to is as follows: The following poem by George Du Maurier illustrates, as perhaps nothing else could, the passionate devotion of the artist author to music. He has called it *Music and Death*, and coming, as it did, so soon before he joined the great majority, it appears particularly significant:

Kindly watcher by my bed, lift no voice in prayer,
Waste not any words on me when the hour is
nigh;

Let a stream of melody but flow from some sweet
player,

And meekly will I lay my head and fold my
hands to die.

Sick am I of idle words, past all reconciling,

Words that weary and perplex, and pander and
conceal;

Wake the sounds that cannot lie, for all their sweet
beguiling—

The language one need fathom not, but only
hear and feel.

Let them roll once more to me, and ripple in my
hearing,

Like waves upon some lonely beach where no
craft anchoreth;

That I may steep my soul therein, and craving
nought, nor fearing,

Drift on through slumber to a dream, and through
a dream to death.

THE INDEPENDENT THE- ATRE AND THE SCHOOLS

CHICAGO, September 5, 1897.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE CHAP-BOOK,

DEAR SIR:—The subject of "literary plays" and their value in the scheme of universal education naturally arises with the re-opening of each dramatic season, and there are some points in connection with it which do not seem generally considered. One you have yourself already noted. The presentation of plays distinctly literary in tone must depend, for the present at least, upon the better among our schools of acting, as the independent theatre which would prove the natural and logical solution of this vital problem is not yet a realized fact. While we are waiting for this interesting institution it is good to know that there do exist in the great centres of population conservatories and schools which, although founded on a commercial basis, are able to give a place to the highest and best forms of the plays of

to-day—plays which scorn the convention of stage weaknesses, and which are written independent of what popular whim may demand—the so-called “literary plays.” It is through these institutions, dramatic conservatory, that the Ibsen masterpieces of the nineteenth-century drama, the less known plays of Shakespeare, and the classic drama are saved to the stage for occasional representation, even though it be at the hands of players who are still undergoing development for the professional field. The value of the conservatories, compared with the independent theatre, need not be discussed here. It is enough to know that in the absence of the latter the former struggles bravely to do its best, and I believe has its good influences. It would be a great encouragement to those who are attempting this work if the great number of people who loudly proclaim their readiness to support an “independent theatre” would in the interval give more consideration than they do to work which the students of acting are trying to do all over the country.

The critics, who are, on the whole, desperately afraid of advances, usually limit their criticism to a never-ceasing chorus of questions: “Why these so-called literary plays? Why the gloomy, problem-seeking *Master Builder*, *The Intruder*, *John Gabriel Borkman*, etc., etc.? Why this latter-day school which has abandoned the solid meat of Shakespeare for the garnishments of a new dramatic cookery? Why enter into league with the faddists? Why should not the dramatic student exercise his developing talents upon a familiar play rather than upon those things popularly regarded as impossible to penetrate beneath the surface?” The answer seems to me to be as easy as it is logical. In it also lies the explanation of the policy of the better conservatories, and likewise the reason why the dramatic school, when conducted along artistic lines, is in a measure to-day taking the place of the much-needed but never forthcoming self-assertive theatre. When the instructor undertakes to train the undeveloped talent of the amateur in the art of acting, he has at hand a mass of pliable material, capable of being fashioned into almost any form. The question arises, “Shall this training be along the traditional lines, or shall it be led into new fields, best calculated to stimulate imagination and give artistic appreciation its fullest scope?” To adopt continually the familiar and traditional tools will be to follow the work of centuries, and to substitute for imagination and individual perception a tendency to imitation. The novice in acting, anxious to emulate the successes of the actors who have preceded him, is naturally imbued with their ideas. One who attempts to portray a Hamlet or a Shylock is naturally familiar with the Hamlets and Shylocks of tradition. and, unconsciously following tradition, is cut off from the free sweep of his own imagination. In a sense he is bound to be restricted. Inadvertently he portrays the character keyed to other portraiture

instead of dissecting and analyzing it as it comes to him at first hand from the imagination of the poet.

The dramatic schools are aiming to avoid these dangers and difficulties by substituting for the conventional and familiar dramas, plays which have grown up with advancing ideas along new lines.

Without attempting any discussion of the intrinsic merit of Ibsen as a dramatist, it is the opinion of the managers of the conservatories that his characters in the hands of a sincere student of acting are quite sure to afford him the best instruments for his imaginative forces; there are no set traditions to block out the course before him. The mainsprings of his action are afforded him by the dramatist, and upon how well he grapples with them and how faithfully he may interpret them in action, depends his rising progress. At least he is not hampered by tradition. Once taught the self-reliance which is the natural result of his own investigation, in a comparatively untrodden field, he is then more capable to revert to the well known characters of tradition and invest and infuse them with his own imagination. This then is the reason why the conservatories in the frequent performances by their students have turned away from the plays of Shakespeare and other familiar classic dramas. It is unjust to assume that in the turning they offer a bid to faddism, and a striving toward extremes and the distorted and unnatural to stimulate public interest. Faddism in dramatic art is a short lived as faddism on paper or on canvas. It is not the extremes that have been striven for but rather those plays which are not hampered by the traditions of the past. Whether audiences are attracted by these performances is, after all, quite a secondary consideration. The schools have utilized the best of the least traditional, the least hampered of the dramas, in an effort to reach a given end. The supporters of the theory of the independent theatre, are credited generally as being the supporters of the new school of the literary plays. Their taste and the taste of several of the best dramatic schools conform, but the union is entirely a chance one. If the dramatic school is for a time occupying the field of the independent or endowed theatre, it is not that the dramatic school and the independent theatre form a coalition of faddists, but that both are seekers for what they believe is to prove most sustaining and most elevating to a noble art.

ANNA MORGAN.



AN APPEAL TO OLYM-
PUS

AN author should be humble—it would seem—of all men in the world. There are forgotten lives that make it an idle thing to dip one's pen in immortality.

Lives that are being lived before our eyes, make it an evasion to write a great book. It can but loom over one day after day, edition after edition. "Have you lived me yet?" One thinks of John Brown, with his big unworded life buried beneath its boulder in the hills. It were better to have men coming, span after span, like this,—to visit one's grave with its dull, dumb, clumsy witness—to be remembered for what one could not say.

The first sad thing in the world is to have been born—some say. The second is not to have lived, to have written one's life instead. Immortality is a dead and hollow joy. The footsteps of one's children's children flocking to one's grave—what matters it?

BORN— DIED—

a MAN. Is not an author "a man?" Not to the world, nor his grave the grave of a man. It is the landmark of a printed book. The granite stone that is placed at his head is the Mecca of a masterpiece.

A dull bargain, it may have been, with the gods, that life should be the price of art, but things being as they are, why seek to be immortal in a world that forgets what it really loves, and remembers what it can not understand? Phillips Brooks, a man who could not take the time to be immortal out of being loved, has been dead four years. It is already incredible to those who have felt the stir of his life and the omnipresence of his name—that we see it so seldom now, as if already forgetting had commenced. Is it not a dull world, in which paper books, and painted canvasses, and sounds and symphonies, by the measure of immortality, can, one by one, displace a man like this?

Men's souls, like other old treasures that belong to us—even eternal ones,—must needs be gathered to us at just the right moment it seems, through just the right man, or they slip by the vision of the world into its life, into its vast tangle, its namelessness. That the unsung ones are with us, we do not doubt. But we do not say "Here is Savonarola" and "There goes the spirit of Joan of Arc," and "I met Bronson Alcott this morning." We know the unwritten lives—the Chatterton ones and Alcott ones, are living yet, that Life has transmitted them, that, nameless, they walk with us, struggling with us, Forces, Tendencies, Elements, Institutions, Heredities; but to lose a life even in Life; to be a Tendency were pitiful enough, if there be no Plato for Socrates, no John to make a book of Jesus, no Carlyle to rescue Cromwell from his dumbness, no Homer to keep Achilles for us. The silent doing ones, the great personalities that make a portrait gallery of the

world, where were they, where were the world, where were anything—did not these faces crowd around us and bid us live?

Browning may be a row of books, well enough. St. Augustine can speak for himself, a Rousseau tells his whims forever, Heine will his soul to posterity; but the dumb men, the men that make the life that literature is about—what is human speech for, and the glory of it, but to save us these, that they may come down the vagueness of the years, not as elements or heredities, but as the faces of brothers, forever the witness of truth to us, bringing from afar the hope and the dream of the dead?

To which of us, as he sees a great life slipping from its moorings, shall there not be a grudge against the world, piling and unpiling its bales upon the wharves, blind until too late, until the wash of the sea is there, and the empty place—soon not even the empty place? Would any one have thought that the name of Phillips Brooks could be dinned in four short years out of the public mind, that so little should have been written about him, that memorial services would be his biography, that in the faces on Copley Square, that filed all day by the bier, should be written and scattered upon the street the world's last record of a man like this?

It is a dull world. It commits to memory the morbidness of a genius. Nothing about him is overlooked. His gifted foolishness is made immortal, his fopperies are studied in our schools. His sins are classics. Will never a man of genius save for us—not himself—saved genius is commonplace—but some giant common man, heroically like the rest of us—massed into the greatness we have missed, some Phillips Brooks?—exalted, interpreted, writ across a thousand years, literature to be made out of him, human life to be sown with him, that there may be to the world at last, with its hectic ideals, its romance, its dainty pity of itself, an idealism that men without genius can live?

The indictment of genius must ever be its aloofness, its Olympian absentmindedness, its turning its back upon the ungifted world, its eternal talking about itself. In the humdrum of the sublime, over and over again—the same little round of the extraordinary—will they never grow weary—these gods?

Shall it never be that these shall come with wondering humility at last into the open of the great common human heart, that weary of preserving again and yet again, just so much more of the immortally impossible, the immortally odd, their vision shall be set upon The Practicable Great Man, shall take for its task the unfinished masterpiece of Christ, shall shine upon the generations a great common soul, shall make him immortal with the immortality that genius has kept for itself? Then watch, ye gods! Homers, Virgils, singers to yourselves! To your private Olympus shall come a Brother of the Dust, giftless, common, upfired, to reside with you. From beneath the clouds we shall call you comrades then.

GERALD STANLEY LEE.

THE TUMBRILS

VERY soft and fascinating, in a glory of bright weather, are those great, blue hills through which comes down that western Rhine, the Ohio. There are deep and narrow valleys among high tops of green. Great woods still murmur in the superb monotony of their dreams. The breezes in July are living things, unseen presences, bodies of moving lustre, drifting on the face of the earth. The hollow of the sky is suffused with gold.

But summer is not always. The winds blow and the rains descend. The earth in winter is smitten with a great fear, and the stormy sighing of its innumerable hollows is like the crying of many spirits in the midst of the great deep. The treetops toss like seas; the glens roar like torrents. There is little snow, but on every upland a bare, brown loneliness fit for witches' carnivals.

As is the land, so is its history. To a careless eye it may seem calm enough, but upon it is the shadow of the thunder cloud. It has bits of forgotten romance that are like echoes of the Vikings. These fragments of a mightier possibility lie hidden in the vale of the Ohio as the ghost of the winter storm haunts dreamily all the golden hollows of its summer woods.

It is the Vale of Many Legends. Grim figures loom out of the mists of things and troop silently down the bosom of the Ohio. French courier, British trapper, far away river pirate flying from the wrath of man, Indian and missionary, madcap adventurers, still counting time from the year seventeen hundred; all these, in fancy, drive their haunted canoes westward, forever westward, to this day. And in their wake roars a billow of fanatical enthusiasm, the clash of conviction at close quarters; the Underground Railway; the Divine Right of Slavery; fleeing contrabands, with the Ohio for a Jordan. Finally, the whole air fills with wars and rumors of wars; sentries are on guard at Cincinnati; the city swarms with soldiers, ever pouring into it from the North, ever pouring out of it toward the South; the red waves of battle flow toward it and ebb back, ebb and flow, and twice dash themselves upon its gates. About such a core of Legends the dreamy landscape of the Vale of the Ohio is but the silken mantle over rusted iron armor.

I had been holding forth upon all this to my friend Dalton, the writer. We were lounging along the street through Sedamsville, a village on the Ohio just west of the City—our city, the free city of Cincinnati, which belongs neither to Ohio, nor to Kentucky, but to itself and its haunted river. We had been talking about the internal dissensions which had divided Cincinnati during the war, and now give it, in our eyes, almost such an interest as have the lesser cities of Italy.

"It was a grim time," said Dalton, "and a stubborn generation. You remember that old woman picking rags in the gutter a while ago and crooning, 'It is great for our country to die!'"

I nodded.

"She's no better than an idiot," said Dalton. "Drink and poverty are to blame. But also something else. I have always believed she started that way the night of the burning of the hay wagons, which I call the tumbrils. I have talked with her by the hour, and wormed the story out of her bit by bit. You know about Jane Rockfield, don't you, and her two brothers, who were spies, and Colonel Deligman, and the fight on Bold Face Water?"

"Only vaguely, as every one knows it," said I.

"I have all the details at last. That woman was Jane Rockfield's servant, Sally Bloss. Do you want to hear?"

Of course I wanted the story.

"Come along, then, and I'll tell you."

We crossed the street to a little beer garden that had an arbor on one side with a thin attempt at grapevines crawling over it. There was enough of mottled shadow to make the arbor comfortable, and the beer when it was brought to us was as cold as ice. We had views north and south and west, if we chose to look for them: north, along the very road on which stood Jane Rockfield's house; south, through an orchard to the Ohio; west, along the Lower River Road into Riverside, where Dalton lived. Across the way, a woman in a bright blue apron was sitting at a doorway, knitting. A group of children were playing in the street, and laughing in high, thin voices.

"And this," said Dalton, "is my story,"

And here follows in my prosaic version what he told me:

In the midst of the civil war there was a woman named Jane Rockfield, a widow, who lived on the western edge of Sedamsville overlooking Bold Face Creek. She was not a lady, neither was she young. But she was famous for her good looks. She was tall, straight, brusque, with hard, black eyes and a tuneless voice—hers was a stern, immobile beauty like a man's. She had a name for being vindictive.

Jane Rockfield had two brothers, Robert and Edward Landus. Both of them were in the Confederate service. They were connected with that desperate system of secret postoffices which had its headquarters at Cincinnati, and by means of which the Confederacy communicated unsuspected with a host of northern sympathizers. Both men were coming and going constantly on the north bank of the Ohio, and oftentimes were in danger of their lives. They had lain in hiding with the pursuit hot on all sides of them. Jane's abiding terror was that they would be caught and hanged as spies. It was not the death she feared, but the cold shame of hanging.

Her own sympathies were violently with the South. In defense of the Confederacy, her strong

face would glow stormily, her voice become harsher even than itself, her full lip curl with scorn. But she was discreet and avoided discussions. Only when her temper had run away with her, which was seldom, did she speak her mind. She dared not do otherwise, for on any dark night Robert or Edward might slip along the back way into her house and lie concealed there for a week.

The creek, which becomes an estuary in the Spring when the Ohio is in flood, was within stone's throw of Jane Rockfield's door. A steep hill comes down from the eastward at the back of her garden, and at the top of the hill is a wood. The road past her windows runs along the creek, twining up and up, among farms and waste places, to nameless little hamlets in the hills. In any direction, by wood, or hill, or water, escape for a hunted spy was likely to be possible.

The house was a store. Hay, feed, and groceries were its merchandise. It had been the property of Jane's husband, and originally part of it had been a bar. Though Jane had given up the bar, one of her two front doors was still surmounted by the sign, "Wine and Beer." She lived, apart from her business, on the second floor, along with her slatternly servant, Sally Bloss. They had a parlor, a kitchen, two bedrooms, and overhead a garret, reached by ladder and a trap-door. It was in the garret that the spies were hidden.

Now, in the Spring of '63, Edward Landus got into unusually hot water. He escaped, indeed, from Cincinnati, and took to the hills; but he was sick and wounded, and his attempts to cross the Ohio were futile. One night a beggar-man clad in rags stumbled down the hillside and crawled over the back wall into Jane Rockfield's garden. It was Edward.

When the two women had got him to the loft and hidden him there, and he had somewhat recovered, he told his tale. He carried information of utmost weight. Wires had been tapped, ciphers stolen, and could he but escape to the South, he could carry to the Confederates the secret plans of the Northern armies. His brother was somewhere near, on the south bank of the Ohio, and he must be summoned at once.

Jane accordingly mounted a signal. There were two flagstaffs on her place, and when a flag flew from the eastward one it meant "Keep away," but from the westward it meant "Come here." Some one who understood was pretty sure to see the signal and carry word to her brother.

But fate was against Jane Rockfield. That very night six companies of infantry and a battery of artillery, under command of Colonel Deligman, came out from Cincinnati, and were quartered among the houses along Bold Face Water.

It was a fine, starry night, clear and soft, with a warm shimmer in the distance. The Ohio was almost over its banks, and the estuary of the creek

glimmered wide and luminous, stretching back among the hills like a lake. The stars slept in it fathoms down. Scattered houses on the farther shore cast faint yellow reflections into velvety depths of shadow.

"No danger of being taken on the flank here," laughed Deligman, drawing rein before the Rockfield store. Then he shouted:

"Hello, there, bring us something to drink!"

He had seen the lettering "Wine and Beer" above the disused door of Jane's house.

Jane herself was in terror.

"For God's sake, Sally," she whispered, "take the man some whisky. Perhaps he'll go if he gets it."

"I can't," whimpered Sally; "I'm afraid."

"Are ye dead?" thundered Deligman, from the road. "Hello, you, whoever you are, wake up and bring me a drink."

He leaned over and pounded on the shut door with the scabbard of his saber. Sally peeked through a window, saw the irregular line of bayonets twinkling in the dusk far to north and south; officers in the lamplight of open doors demanding the accommodations of houses; lanterns moving here and there; the huge figure of the colonel sitting on his horse and pounding at their own door.

"I can't go, oh, I can't," she whined.

"You coward," exclaimed Jane; "I'll go myself."

Sally clung to her skirts and tried to stop her. She perceived dimly that beauty ought not to venture out to meet that blustering soldier. But Jane shook her off, though her heart was in her mouth, found a bottle of whisky, and went out into the road.

"You're slow enough, Lord knows," began Deligman. "Whe-e-w!"

He had ended with a whistle, and had already stared the women out of countenance. Her tall figure rose majestic in the soft dark of the night. A lantern in a soldier's hand threw its light on her face, and Deligman's eye took in the full of her lowering beauty.

"Well, my lady, here's your health," he said, as he drank the whisky. "I'd wait that long any time to see such a barmaid at the end of it."

The woman looked at him straight, while her eyes lowered.

"I do not sell liquors," said she, "That's an old sign."

"You don't, eh? Well, then, why didn't you just put your pretty face out of a window and say so? Fond of soldiers, eh?"

Deligman was not an American—he was a Dane, I think—one of those adventurers who were in the army of the Republic, as their ancestors may have been in the armies of Florence or Venice, simply to make their fortunes, and he was a mixture of lawlessness and courage. He swung himself down from his horse and said to a soldier:

"Go, you, tell Squire Sedam I do not come

to stay with him. I make my headquarters here. It is necessary I be with the soldiers."

He added the last with a laugh, as if the lie in it were a joke. The soldier saluted and disappeared. Turning to Jane Rockfield, Deligman said, insolently:

"Now, then, most beautiful kitchen maiden, you shall have my own highness for a lodger. Go before and make way for me."

That was how the soldiers were quartered at Sedamsville, and that was how Colonel Deligman became an inmate of the house of Jane Rockfield. The woman had submitted in an inward tempest, with a vow of vengeance if Fate ever gave her the chance. But she dared make no complaint, because of the spy in her garret. Deligman was given the extra bed-room, and he appropriated the parlor. His meals were served to him there. Sally was not to his eye, and he dismissed her peremptorily, while Jane had always to remain in the room till he was done.

For two days he went no further than rude speeches. But on the third night he was in liquor. Jane brought in his supper and set it down.

"Have ye eaten yourself, Mrs. Beauty?" said he.

"No," said she, sullenly.

"Then ye shall with me."

He caught her by the arm and pulled her down upon his knee. She took her breath almost in a bark, shrank together, then seized his wrist and bit to the bone. He cried out, letting her go, and she darted from the room.

But in Jane Rockfield every personal consideration was swallowed up in devotion to her party. In an instant her rage began to ebb, and she realized that perhaps she had infuriated the Dane. If she had, what might be the consequences to the spy hidden in her garret. She fought with herself ten minutes; then she came back. She flung open the door and appeared before Deligman like a beautiful fury. Her long, jet-black hair, loosened in the struggle, streamed about her shoulders. Her eyes gleamed like black stars. Her brows were sullen as midnight. Her cheeks flamed. Her dress was slightly torn, and all awry just as when she burst from his grasp. She stood an instant looking at him.

The sting of her teeth had sobered Deligman. He had wrapped a handkerchief round his hand and was swearing venomously to himself. Now, his eyes opened wide and he stared at this apparition. Without one word she stalked across the room, pushed aside his hands, sat down upon his knee, and began to eat. Deligman burst into a roar of laughter. He did not look into her eyes; he did not see the merciless scorn in her lip.

But hound as he was, Deligman, when he was not in liquor, was not a fool. He went no further, and Jane got through the next few days without molestation. They were close to Cincinnati, and there were gentlemen among the officers.

Her torment about her brothers, however, increased each day. She still flew the flag from the staff, "Come here," though she knew that she was summoning Robert into the lion's mouth.

At last, he came. It was on the eighth night after the arrival of Deligman's command. A skiff crossed the Ohio, a man landed in some bushes, slunk away along the course of a stream, gained the shelter of the hills, made a wide detour to the north, came down the east side of the Bold Face Water, and into the garden of Jane Rockfield.

Jane herself did not dare to answer his call when he sounded the peculiar owl hoot, which hardly any other ear would detect, but which she knew instantly. In her stead she sent Sally. There was a parley in whispers at the end of the garden, and then Robert Landus slunk away. He did not hear the footfalls of the sentry who had been stalking him.

In the small hours, the two women crept into the stable, and Sally told her news. Robert had listened unmoved to her account of his brother's condition, stood a space without speaking, then, in domineering authority, had given his orders. The next afternoon ten wagons of hay would drive up from the south, across Anderson's ferry at the far end of Riverside, along the Lower River Road, up Bold Face Road, to the Rockfield store. If Deligman had got wind of anything, and was on the lookout, Jane was to go among the wagons and whistle—she could not sing—"It is great for our country to die." If all were well she was to whistle "the Campbells are Coming,"—an unusual tune, but not significant.

"There'll be four men hidden in each load," said Robert, "fifty of us altogether, counting drivers. We'll break out in the middle of the night, kill the sentries round the house, send off Edward with two good men, and the rest play the devil and then cut their way to the ferry. It will look like an ordinary raid."

"But what'll they do to us?" whispered Sally, "they'll hang us both for spies, or shelterin' spies."

"I tell you, nobody will suspect there was any spy on it. And if it should go wrong we'll shoot you both. But you needn't be scared; nobody'll bother about you, whatever happens—you're not worth it. But tell Jane if anything goes wrong I'll see that she does n't run no risk of being captured. There ain't none of us going to get hung, that's one sure thing. I think I see any Landus, man or woman, dangling at the loose end of a Yankee rope and proclaimed a common spy—not if I know myself."

"Mrs. Rockfield said to tell you, if you had any plan like this, to shoot Deligman sure."

"She needn't worry about that," was Robert's last word; "there's going to be a promotion in Deligman's regiment."

But Robert Landus had walked into a trap. If

Sally had been less in a flutter about her own neck she would have noticed that the sentry on the east side of the store was absent when she returned. But she did not notice, and that was their last chance to avert things. Early the next morning, a soldier came to the Rockfield house, and after a word or two Deligman put on his cap, told the man to shut his mouth and follow him. When they were alone by the Bold Face Water, he told the soldier to talk. It was the sentry who had tracked Robert Landus. He knew only that a spy had been in the Rockfield garden and had talked with Sally Bloss. Deligman merely lifted his eyebrows.

That day the Dane drank hard and talked noisily. When the ten haywagons rolled into the yard, that afternoon, he cried out that it was bully God-send, for they would need hay mightily in a few days. Then he flung on his cap, demanded a drink and went to walk.

As he crossed the yard, his quick eye saw that every driver was watching him. He pretended to see a speck on the rifle of the sentry at the gate. He swore loudly, took the rifle from the man's hands, and examined it.

"Look straight in my eyes," he said, under his breath.

The soldier obeyed.

"This is all put on, as you say, so I need not appear to be giving orders. Those are spies; watch them."

The sentry saluted, and Deligman passed out. He spoke to his senior captain, and ordered the whole command to be got under arms.

"Did you notice," said Deligman, "that each of those wagons had five horses, and the number that is frequent is four."

"Yes," said the captain.

Deligman shrugged his shoulders.

"We will watch like cats at a rat hole," he laughed and walked away.

Just as dark was falling he returned to the gate of Jane's yard. The sentry told him that Mrs. Rockfield had been in and out among the wagons examining the hay. She had whistled "The Campbells are Coming." Shortly afterward the drivers had left the yard and gone down the road to the tavern for supper. They were in high good humor, laughing and slapping each other on the back; but talking only under their breath.

"H'm!" said Deligman, "there is no harm in seeing whether that hay is alive or not. Perhaps that song meant something."

He went stealthily to the first wagon and whistled softly—too softly to be heard at the store—"The Campbells are Coming." Then he rubbed his hands.

"The rats are caught," he chuckled.

The tune had been whistled back to him from the heart of the hay.

He went from wagon to wagon with the same result. Then he went chuckling into the road.

Fifteen minutes later the ten drivers were prisoners, gagged and tied, and a cordon of bayonets were silently surrounding the store.

Deligman had returned and called for supper. He had a little game which he meant to play with Jane, something far more entertaining than their encounter that night when he was drunk.

He ate and drank and pretended that the liquor had again mastered him. Jane was waiting on the table. Suddenly he looked up and proposed drunkenly that they go out and set fire to the hay just for fun.

Her face turned white like stone. The woman of that first carouse rushed to life within her, and her muscles hardened. But what was she to do? To draw his suspicions, to have her house searched meant the death of Edward; to stand still meant the death of Robert.

Without in the road there was the tramp of feet.

"Halt!" cried a voice.

Jane sprang to a window overlooking the yard. Below, in the road, a company had drawn up with their rifles at the position "Ready." Another company was defiling along the south side of the yard. A third was a white line of bayonets at the top of the steep slope beyond the garden. Soldiers were pouring into the house; their feet sounded on the stairway. The wagons were surrounded.

With a groan of helplessness she staggered back. Deligman had dropped the mask. He was smiling at her; his eyes cruel.

"Ah ha, Mrs. Beauty!" he said, "I thought you were part of this game. But look here!"

She shrank against the wall, beautiful, furious, baffled.

He grasped her arm and dragged her toward the window. She struggled, but he simply laughed.

"It is my turn now," said he.

He called to his men:

"Fire the hay. Burn the rats out."

A soldier with a torch in his hand approached the nearest wagon, a corner of the hay was already taking fire, when there burst from the throat of Jane Rockfield a ringing shriek of agony.

"It is great for our country to die. It is great for our country to die. It is great for our country to die."

Deligman dashed his hand upon her mouth, crying:

"What the devil now!"

But the alarm had been given. The bottoms of the wagons suddenly fell open, and there was a quick scurrying beneath them. There was the crack of a pistol, and the soldier who had fired the first wagon went down in a heap.

In the twinkle of an eye, a group of men had sprung together in the open part of the yard. They had rifles in their hands. The flame, leaping from

wagon to wagon at their backs, threw out their lean figures, their tattered clothes, into gaunt blackness.

"Fire!" shouted Deligman at the window, and the yard filled with a rattling thunder.

"Help! help!" shrieked Jane Rockfield. "Robert Landus, here—shoot here!"

In a burst of fury she had torn herself from Deligman's grasp. She flung her arms about his neck and threw herself from the window. He gave a short cry, more of surprise than fear, and clung to the sash. She struggled, dragging him downward, clinging like a panther.

The yard was as bright as day. A waving curtain of flame made a background to black figures. Both sides paused dumbfounded. But Robert Landus recovered first.

"It is great for our country to die!" he shouted. "Fire at the window! Charge!"

A dozen rifles blazed at the window. Jane Rockfield closed her clutch upon Deligman tighter and tighter as she died; he tottered outward, and let go the sash. Together they tumbled dead, striking the gravel of the yard and doubling over in a confused heap, like half-filled sacks of wheat.

From above and from two sides the yard was raked with volleys. The Confederates dashed straight forward toward the nearest line of bayonets. The bullets fell upon them, and they melted to the fire. Robert Landus gave a last shout, "It is great for our country to die!" and leaped forward, dead, upon the bayonets.

Dalton looked away with that affectation of indifference you see so often in writers. He was snapping his fingers and motioning to a waiter.

"Hst," said he, "fill the mugs."

I heard the babbling of the children in the street, the rustling of the leaves above our heads, and behind them both the rattling of the volleys. I drank my beer hastily, for my throat was dry and I seemed to smell the powder.

"If you like," said Dalton, "we will go up to Jane Rockfield's house—it's a ruin now, Deligman's men burnt it—and I'll show you the bullet-marks, scores of them, on the south wall. But I forgot to say that they found Edward Landus in the garret and he was hanged."

NATHANIEL STEPHENSON.



FIELDS.

Oh, the gray fields, the hay fields,
And the azure arching over,
When the west wind dips to kiss the
lips

Of the laughing, lazy clover;
The rhythmic swish of the swinging scythe,
The swaying of brown bodies lithe,
A song from the throat of a blue bird blithe,
And the trilling plaint of a plover.

Oh, the sweet fields, the wheat fields,
And the blue sky bending over,
When the south wind sleeps, and the wild hawk
sweeps;

And the chickens seek the cover;
The wide field glows with noon-day heat,
The reapers rest 'neath sheaves of wheat,
The chirr of the crickets sound as sweet
As the liquid notes of the plover.

Oh, the lorn fields, the corn fields,
And the gray sky glowing over,
When the north wind blows from the land of
snows—

A blustering, Boreal rover;
In scattered shocks the sere stalks lie,
Flailed by the wind that hurries by;
A flap of wings, a crane's clear cry,
And the echoing pipe of a plover.

JOHN NORTHERN HILLIARD.

ATHLETICS IN RECENT VERSE

"FOR the most part, the American does not play polo or hunt or shoot or fish with any real, genuine enthusiasm," says a writer on international topics of the day, and adds, "But the young Englishman is entirely different. He has always known and enjoyed outdoor sports." This unsubtle characterization is borne out in part by the manner in which the athletic revival has been sung on the several shores of the Atlantic. America has little to say. There is no poetical self-praise. Even the college periodicals, published in the places where athletics take on their sincerest aspect, while teeming with praise enough to prove the topic engrossing, are strangely silent so far as verse is concerned. In the second series of *Cap and Gown*, for example, an anthology, the material for which is taken from college journals exclusively, only three pertinent instances are to be obtained from among the hundreds, and in these athletics are only a peg on which to hang a proper undergraduate enthusiasm for pretty girls. Mr. Ernest McGaffey's *Poems of Gun and Rod* and sporadic examples like Dr. Henry Van Dyke's *An Angler's Wit*—"I'm only wishing to go a-fishing"—attest our greater

interest in shooting and its companion sport, although it is to be borne in mind that angling has a traditional literary value in English quite independent of fish and fishermen. But in field sports and all outdoor feats of strength and skill Americans sing little, with much to sing about. It may be observed here that the national game itself appears to make no higher appeal than suffices to bring out *The Day I Played Baseball* or *Casey at the Bat*. Canada maintains a more dignified attitude toward lacrosse by keeping silence.

Quiet as we are nationally in these matters, we are not far behind Great Britain in point of time. Perhaps the best proof of this can be found in the fact that Mr. Norman Gale, in *Cricket Songs*, first published in 1894, found the field sufficiently ungleamed to permit him a parody on Locksley Hall,—“In the spring a young man’s fancy lightly turns to pad and glove,”—and actually named two of his canticles *Cricket on the Heath* and *The Last Ball of Summer*. Hunting and fishing songs abound from early times, of course, and are an essential portion of the literature of the race; the modernness of athletics in verse is due to no cause more abstruse than the modernness of athletics themselves.

Appropriately enough, since we so like to find classical precedent for our peaceful exercises, whether in or out of doors,—remember the interest excited by the highly artificial revival of the Olympian games,—it is to Edward Cracroft Lefroy that we owe the first poetical celebration of our athletics. Lefroy’s habit of mind, as reflected in his verse, was sincerely Greek, a self-evident fact had not John Addington Symonds pointed it out; but it was Greek modified by modern Christianity—not pagan Greek, nor yet savoring of Neo-Hellenicism. He felt his way, so to speak, to the modern through the ancient subject, and his scholarly and full-flavored sonnets, *A Palæstral Study* and *At the Isthmian Games*, indicate with substantial accuracy how his attention was directed to the matter. When he first turned to the practice of his own day, it was not to any game in itself, but rather in its relation to his own conscious art. So he paints *A Football Player* in a manner so worthy of that most taxing of all sports that we can only wonder at its not having paved the way for a whole poetical literature of football. He writes:

“If I could paint you, friend, as you stand there,
Guard of the goal, defensive, open-eyed,
Watching the tortured bladder slide and glide
Under the twinkling feet; arms bare, head bare,
The breeze a-tremble through crow-tufts of hair;
Red-brown in face, and ruddier having spied
A wily foeman breaking from the side;
Aware of him,—of all else unaware:
“If I could limn you, as you leap and fling
Your weight against his passage, like a wall;
Clutch him, and collar him, and rudely cling
For one brief moment till he falls—you fall:
My sketch would have what Art can never give—
Sinew and breath and body; it would live.”

Another man from the English Cambridge, Mr. R. C. Lehmann, saw the game between Pennsylvania and Harvard last fall, and remarked that he had never seen better sport. Such eminence, it would seem, should have brought forth its own laureate; for surely nothing short of actual battle so stimulates the manhood in us and warms the blood to a desire for action as our American game worthily played. The games between the military and the naval academies of the United States, Annapolis and West Point, with the age-long rivalry of soldier and sailor, Wellington’s historic remark on the winning of the battle of Waterloo, and some other things of similar import, deserve Mr. Kipling’s best attention. Yet Lefroy’s lead has not been followed at all in the United States, and in England the poems of Mr. Alfred Edward Housman are its sole companions—and in one of these, it is to be noted, athletics are degraded into a mere solace for wounded hearts:

“Twice a week, the winter through,
Here stood I to keep the goal;
Football then was fighting sorrow
For the young man’s soul.

“Now in Maytime, to the wicket
Out I march, with bat and pad:
See the son of grief at cricket
Trying to be glad.

“Try I will; no harm in trying;
Wonder ’tis how little mirth
Keeps the bones of man from lying
On the bed of earth.”

While he places this question and answer, notably phrased, on the lips of a dying lover and his friend:

“Is football playing
Along the river shore,
With lads to chase the leather,
Now I stand up no more?”

“Aye, the ball is flying,
The lads play heart and soul;
The goal stands up, the keeper
Stands up to keep the goal.”

Boating is another recreation of large potentialities. How, to take a prime instance, could Cornell keep quiet about the race last summer? There is no lack of technical knowledge respecting the making of verse among her students and alumni. Given acquirements sufficing for the equipment of a mere poetaster—“a minor poet from the Minories,” as we once heard the author of a class-day poem called—and such a chance as the Ithacan university then made good, and song would appear to be a necessity, the safety valve for an enthusiasm which seeks either vent or destruction. James Kenneth Stephen, another Cambridge man, wrote a

fairly good boating song, and that seems to exhaust the subject; the first stanza runs:

"On a damp windy day
In a tempestuous May,
In a most insufficient attire,
What a pleasure to row
For a furlong or so,
And to glow with a patriot's fire:
There is glory to win in the fray,
There are crowds to applaud all the way,
We shall very soon be
At the top of the tree
If we all go out every day."

Strangest of all athletic silences is the one enveloping golf. That a Scotchman should keep still about anything in general or a thing so thoroughly Scotch in particular, would be an over-true tale. How, to-day, can the canny man refrain from Doric to demonstrate that here is a royal game? Mr. Gale speaks of its devotees as "prancing in prismatic stockings through the fields," and Mr. Owen Seaman commemorates *The Links of Love*; but these are jests, and golf is as serious as it is Scotch. Mr. Andrew Lang at least would be expected to have something to say on the subject—and a survey of his writings assures us that he has, in East Fifeshire dialect, under the title *The Ballade of the Royal Game of Golf*. The first huitain and the envoy are:

"There are laddies will drive ye a ba'
To the burn frae the farthestmost tee,
But ye mauna think driving is a',
Ye may heel her, and send her ajee,
Ye may land in the sand or the sea;
And ye're dune, sir, ye're no worth a preen,
Tak' the word that an auld man'll gie,
Tak' aye tent to be up on the green. . . .

"Prince, faith you're improving a wee,
And, Lord, man, they tell me you're keen;
Tak' the best o' advice that can be,
Tak' aye tent to be up on the green!"

In the face of that, Mr. Seaman observes in the second stanza of his verses already mentioned:

"My heart is also like a cleek,
Resembling most the mashie sort,
That spans the objects, so to speak,
Across the sandy bar to port;
And hers is like a putting-green,
The haven where I boast to be,
For she assures me she is keen
To halve the round of life with me."

Mr. Gale more reverently admits by his title of *The Enemy* that cricket itself has its popularity put in jeopardy by its northerly rival, of which poem the first and last verses make proof:

"Have you seen the golfers airy
Prancing forth to their vagary,
Just as frisky in their gaiters
As a flock of Grecian satyrs,
Looking everything heroic,
And magnificently stoic,
In a dress of such a pattern
As would fright the good God Saturn? . . .

"Let these gentlemen ecstatic,
In their costumes so emphatic,
Crawl to find a rounded treasure
In the horse-pond at their pleasure.
What so good when time is sunny,
And the air as sweet as honey,
As the game of crease and wicket,
England's proper pastime—Cricket!"

Through the book from which this last extract is taken, the *Cricket Songs* of Mr. Norman Gale, which has had three editions in the three years of its life, the old English game has had a great proportion of verse devoted to it, though no more than it deserves. Mr. Gale embalms its technical phrases and even its slang in lilting verses like those called *Buzz Her In, Out, Rab It In, Lightning (Greased), Chuck Her Up, and Buttered*, among others, the novelty of which is surprising though placed beyond question by such a refrain as

"Snowdrops point to pads,
Crocuses to cricket."

Here is a clever take-off, called *The Cricket Precepts of Baloo*, "suggested by Mr. Kipling's Jungle Laws," which opens:

"Now this is the Law of the Pastime, as wily as
ever a trout;
And the Man that shall keep it may prosper, but the
Man that shall break it is Out.
As the sky that is over all foreheads, the Law is for
thin and for fat—
For the strength of the Bat is the Wood, and the
strength of the Wood is the Bat."

That the game is humorous—and lingering, as Americans must add—Mr. Gale brings ample testimony. *Bombastes* is delicious. And attesting also the depth of the feeling concerning it is Lefroy's sonnet, *The New Cricket Ground*. It seems to be almost inevitable that a poem of the day must have ethical import, but the moral of *The Church Cricketer on Here on the Turf* is by no means obtrusive:

"I bowled three sanctified souls
With three consecutive balls!
What do I care if Blondin trod
Over Niagara Falls?
What do I care for the loon in the Pit,
Or the gilded earl in the Stalls?
I bowled three curates once
With three consecutive balls!"

The bicycle has had mention altogether disproportionate to its popularity. In fact, I recall nothing distinctive in England, and little here. Mr. Kipling has gone far to show that machinery is not always prosaic; but Mr. Charles G. D. Roberts keeps to the older doctrine, and explains the lack of inspiration in his *The Muse and the Wheel* by her remarks upon it:

- “‘Can you be Pegasus,’ she mused,
 ‘To modern mood translated,
 But poorly housed, and meanly used,
 And grown attenuated?’
 “‘Ah, no you’re quite another breed
 From him who once would follow
 Across the clear Olympian mead
 The calling of Apollo!
 “‘You never drank of Helicon,
 Or strayed in Tempe’s vale,
 You never soared against the sun
 Till earth grew faint and pale.’”

In a set of heroic couplets in the manner of Queen Anne’s time, Stephen goes over the customary recreations, in order to sing the praises of court-tennis at the close, thus:

- “Let *cricketers* await the tardy sun,
 Break one another’s shins and call it fun;
 Let *Scotia’s golfers*, through the affrighted land,
 With crooked knee and glaring eye-ball stand;
 Let *football* rowdies show their straining thews,
 And tell their triumphs to a mud-stained Muse;
 Let *india-rubber* pellets dance on *grass*
 Where female arts the ruder sex surpass;
 Let other people play at other things;
 The *king of games* is still the *game of kings*.”

The left-handed praise of lawn tennis in this is emphasized later in a lamentation upon it as played in the Gardens at Cambridge, recalling Mr. E. F. Benson’s merry chapter on the same subject in *The Babe, B.A.*, by asking

- “Is it decent, is it right,
 That a man should have to look at
 Such a desolating sight,
 One so made to throw a book at,
 As a little don that’s prancing,
 With a wild perspiring air,
 All about the court is dancing,
 Galloping,
 Masquerading,
 Though nor grace nor strength be there,
 As an athlete? Let him do it
 Somewhere else, or duly rue it.”

Next to cricket, running has the largest number of lines composed in its honor. Stephen has an excellent *Hundred Yards Race*, quite after the style

of Sir Walter Scott, and goes on to perpetuate *The Hurdles and Quarter of a Mile* in Greek hexameters. In Housman’s admirable poem, *To an Athlete Dying Young*, the hero is a runner. Space allows only the three concluding stanzas to be given here:

- “Now you will not swell the rout
 Of lads that wore their honors out,
 Runners whom renown outran
 And the name died before the man.
 “So set, before its echoes fade,
 The fleet foot on the sill of shade,
 And hold to the low lintel up
 The still defended challenge-cup.
 “And round that early-laurelled head
 Will flock to gaze the strengthless dead,
 And find unwithered on its curls
 The garland briefer than a girl’s.”

And, finally, Lefroy (ending our instances where we began them), has embodied, we believe definitively, the true spirit of athletics in his *Before the Race*, leaving a memorial of right thinking which can gain nothing by comment:

- “The impatient starter waxeth saturnine.
 ‘Is the bell cracked?’ he cries. They make it
 sound:
 And six tall lads break through the standers-
 round.
 I watch with Mary while they form in line:
 White-jerseyed all, but each with some small sign,
 A brodered badge or shield with painted ground,
 And one with crimson kerchief sash-wise
 bound;
 I think we know that token, neighbour mine.
 “Willie, they call you best of nimble wights;
 Yet brutal Fate shall whelm in slippery ways
 Two soles at least. Will it be you she spites?
 Ah well! ‘Tis not so much to win the bays.
 Uncrowned or crowned, the struggle still delights;
 It is the effort, not the palm, we praise.”

WALLACE DE GROOT RICE.



HER HOME-COMING

TIMID little Mrs. Serna came out of the hut and crossed the trail to the minute chapel that stood in the garden. She wore over her head a small, dull shawl, which hung down about her slim shoulders, and from which her face, with its many small wrinkles, peered meekly. As usual, she carried her hands crossed before her. The worn dress, that had been black, came just below the shoe-tops, and the shoes themselves were brown with age.

The church—her church—was not more than fifteen feet square, made of adobes, and, without, plain to monotony. There was no tower and no vestibule and barely windows. The flat walls arose to meet the flat roof, and the flat roof was earthen, like the walls. It was three miles to another house, and twenty miles to a priest or any one whom little Mrs. Serna could have felt in her heart to be a good Catholic. There might seem to have been no use for the little church, for nobody ever sang in it or preached in it, and the stage-road passing by knew nothing of worship, and the mesas about knew it only in their own inscrutably silent way. But to the little Mexican woman with the quiet blue eyes there was use for the church.

A wooden door gave entrance, and Mrs. Serna pushed it open and went in, and closed it behind her. There were not any seats within; the hard, earthen floor was quite bare, and the little room seemed empty. At the other end, however, was the altar, and the dim light was reflected from many a dazzling thing upon it and around it. The Blessed Mary was there, and Mrs. Serna knelt before the rude wooden image, and thought, in the midst of her prayers, that the paper halo which she herself had reverently placed upon the Virgin's brow must be straightened.

There were saints, of wood also, and painted very strangely, but as well as Mrs. Serna could do it. The figures were all small; they were the best she could get, and large ones would have been too large for the room and the low ceiling. She knew very well that it made no difference.

In the center, and higher up, was the Crucified One, hanging there as he had hung since she had first timidly placed Him there many years ago. The blood was painted naturally, she thought—how very terrible it would be to bleed like that. She was too meek to have thought it out very far, but she could kneel down here on the bare earth of the floor and pray for Cornelio, and Anita, and for those who had gone—José and Gertie and poor old Lauriano himself; which was all the church was for.

There was a good deal of tinsel and pink and gold paper and little pieces of china about the figures and the altar. She had done as much of that as she could, and had tried to make it really pretty and like what she thought a cathedral would be.

She had never seen a cathedral, for she had always lived here. But they had told her about it; and old Lauriano, before he died, had helped her to decorate the church. Even on the Christ there was an odd little paper skirt, which she had changed many times. She was not sure that it was just as it should be. The pink she had thought unsuitable to the blood, and had tried the gold. But she had at length discarded both for the white one of tissue paper, which looked better. Mrs. Serna knelt longer to-day than usual, and a few more tears fell than had been accustomed to fall.

The door behind her opened, and Cornelio came in. He was a short man with an ugly face, but not unkindly eyes. He took off his hat and watched his mother for awhile. Apparently she had not heard him.

"Mother," he said, presently.

She arose hurriedly, like one caught unawares and confused, and folded her hands.

"It is time to go, you know. We ought to start in half an hour. Anita is waiting already."

"Yes, Cornelio, I was coming." She smoothed the shawl down, and looked hopelessly all about the church, from the Blessed Mary to the Christ, and thence to the walls and the bare floor. But she made no move to go out.

"Mother," said Cornelio again, fingering his hat.

"Yes, yes," she said, startled again and speaking like one frightened, "I am coming, Cornelio."

Again Cornelio waited. He could see his mother was struggling with herself, and knowing that she would speak presently, he said no more. After fluttering a little, and looking about again, the blue eyes were raised to Cornelio.

"Cornelio," she said, speaking not much above a whisper; "I can hardly bear to be going. It's very much worse than I thought. But—never mind; I know it is right—I can go." She dropped her eyes to the floor, fingered the worn fringe of her shawl, and stepped to the corner of the church. "Cornelio," she said, tapping her foot on the hard earth, "your father is under this spot here. Poor old Lauriano. It was right here. He picked out the spot himself. And over here, this is José, just about here, with his head this way, next to Lauriano. His feet came only to about here. Then right here is Gertie—you can remember that yourself. Poor little Gertie. Nobody would know they were here now, would they?"

She raised the corner of her shawl to her eyes and stood and looked through the fringe at the earth.

"Cornelio."

"Well, what is it, mother?"

"I've told you I'd go with you, Cornelio, because you've got a big ranch now and more cattle to take care of. At first I couldn't bear its being four miles from the church, and even yet it doesn't seem like it's really me that's going away. It seems

like it's somebody else. But I'll go; I've told you I'll go. There's just one thing I want you to promise."

Cornelio fingered his hat and stood and waited. He was growing a little impatient.

"I couldn't lie in peace anywhere else," she said. "I couldn't go a step if I thought I'd have to. I'd die right here to-day. Seems like I'd rise up in my grave anywhere else. Here's the place I've set—me here, and Lauriano here, and José and Gertie over here. Promise me, Cornelio, promise me, honest and true, that whatever comes you'll bring me back and put me here beside these three."

Cornelio promised, took out his ancient silver watch and looked at the time, and insisted that now they must go.

By the next day they were fairly settled in the new house four miles away,—Cornelio, his mother, and his sister Anita. This day and nearly all of the days following, Cornelio was gone from morning till night over the prairie that stretched in every direction, on his rounds among the cattle. Mrs. Serna tried the best she could to seem at home, but she had never lived so far away as this.

"Anita," she said one morning, stopping in the middle of the kitchen and looking absently at the stove, "if we could only have brought the church with us—and the graves, I wouldn't mind it. Or if only that mesa was moved back and I could see round the corner of it, it wouldn't be so bad."

"Oh, now, mother," said Anita, "just quit thinking about it. We can drive you up there sometimes on Sundays. Four miles isn't but a step."

"It seems like a long step—like I was in another world, somehow. Anita, you won't let Cornelio forget his promise, will you?"

"He won't forget. Besides, you're not going to be buried for a good many years yet."

The little woman shook her head sadly.

"I don't know," she said; "I don't know."

She would try to get out of these depressing moods, and went about, busying herself with Anita's work. And Anita, who had a good enough heart but little knowledge of the nature of her mother, whistled from morning till night, with her black hair hanging raggedly about her brown face, and her dress, longer behind than in front, spotted with the soot of the kitchen. But her mother caught little of the spirit of the whistling, and Anita found her crying over the forks once, which she held purposely in her wrinkled hands, the knives lying neglected in the water. And once the little woman forgot herself and dropped the teapot on the floor, and broke it and spilled its contents all about. She sank down and wept piteously, while Anita gathered up the pieces. The girl finally lifted her up and tried to comfort her.

"I'm just all gone, somehow," she said to Anita. "Oh, I just can't bear it. I've been there all my life,—and the three of them lying there day

and night, and me not there. I never missed it once since they were put there—twice a day. They must notice it, Anita."

Some weeks went by, and the two children could not but see that the little woman was pining away. Her thin shoulders grew thinner still, and the very small form seemed visibly to shrink. The wrinkles on the face grew deeper and the pensive look increased. They would find her many times a day, and sometimes in the night when the moon shone and the prairies were still and bright, standing looking at the corner of the distant mesa. She was constantly in trouble over the promise of Cornelio, and made him very frequently repeat it.

She was sick a few days in the early summer, and in the fever talked only of Lauriano and José and Gertie. They feared it would be her end, but she grew better after a week, and was soon going about again. It was plain, however, that she was weaker. She was so frail that they half expected her to fall at any minute. And even the sturdy and thoughtless Cornelio felt an odd misgiving as he rode away in the morning, lest on his return at night he might find that she was dead.

Cornelio and Anita had a secret which they had kept from their mother till their hopes in it should be realized. They were in doubt as to the effect of it on the little woman. There came a day, however, when it must come out. Cornelio returned early in the evening and found his mother sitting by the kitchen fire pensively watching Anita. The girl was preparing the supper. Cornelio, watched by his sister, nervously poked the fire and fumbled with the battered kettle on the stove.

"Well, it's come," he said presently to Anita. Anita stopped in her work.

"Mother, I've got some good news," said Cornelio. The little woman turned her eyes absently to him.

"You're always glad to hear I'm getting on, aren't you, mother!"

"Why—why, yes, Cornelio; yes." She was a little startled; his manner was not easy.

"They're going to make me sheriff, mother."

She looked about vaguely, seemed to consider it necessary to smile, but failed.

"It's a good job, and more money in it than this. It's a mighty fine thing, mother."

Mrs. Serna looked helplessly at Anita, who tried to smile reassuringly.

"We'll live in Springer, you know," went on Cornelio, hurriedly; "a nice place there by the jail—fine place; you and Anita with me, you know."

The old woman's head went back against the chair.

"We'll go in a few days," said Cornelio desperately; "maybe to-morrow."

Mrs. Serna said nothing. She turned her head and looked out of the window at the distant mesa,

then about upon the dishes and the floor. She seemed suddenly to think she must say something in agreement.

"It's a—it's a nice thing, Cornelio," she said.

After watching her a moment, Anita went on with the supper. In half an hour it was ready. Her mother was still sitting by the fire.

"How far is it?" said Mrs. Serna, at last.

"About twenty-five miles," replied Anita.

Mrs. Serna told them she could not eat any supper, and before it was dark she wanted Anita to put her to bed. They could see signs of the fever again, and before Anita left her for the night she was muttering occasionally to herself about Gertie and José and Lauriano.

The sun set at half-past six, and an hour later they found that Mrs. Serna was gone. They searched the house and the garden and the adobe stable, but she was not there. Her shawl, they found, was also gone. In consternation Cornelio and Anita stood and stared at one another.

"Saddle the horses, Cornelio, quick."

A little later they were on their way toward the point of the mesa. It was almost dark, and the trail was narrow and in places rugged, but the horses were familiar with it. Neither of the riders had any doubt as to the way she had gone.

Near the mesa, on a spot of rough and stony ground, they found the shawl, its worn fringe caught up into the scrub-oak bush by the way. In deep distress they hurried on. At last they could see the old adobe house, now empty and forlorn; and across the trail from it the deserted chapel came dim out of the dusk. When they were fifty yards from the church, they saw her staggering along in front of them over the stones of the trail, close to the door. Bounding forward they beheld her fall. Coming now close to her, they could see her crawling on the ground, silently, stretching out her hands to the door. They reached it as soon as she, but she sunk against the wood.

You can see her grave in there now, if you go; only that the earthen floor is flat above it as above the others, and they must show you where it is. But she is beside José and Gertie and Lauriano.

CHARLES FLEMING EMBRE.

SMALL MAXIMS

That was n't such a bad mistake of the boy who spelled it philanthropists.

It is a pity that people write reviews instead of having something to say about books.

If one half the world do n't know how the other half lives, it is n't the fault of the women.

The Lord loveth a cheerful giver, but not so well as the tramp.

The great necessity of modern pedagogics seems to be a chair on the psychology of spanking.

A man never gets used to a woman's honest insincerity.

Take the poet's eyes and ears,—but the nose of the scientist.

Character always writes its subtle advertisement upon the body.

"I do hate stingy people," said the man as he gave liberally of the money his wife earned.

This nation is a long time understanding the relativity of success.

Life is none the less an art because it has a cerebral anatomy.

When all the world has grown so clever it will soon be time for the dull to get their innings.

Some folks are like a theater flat; all length and breadth but no thickness.

Only God is absolute, and Him we know not,—and yet people claim essential virtues.

It is the thing that a man does that betrays what he really is—and he is often the most surprised.

A bird in the hand is worth two that have learned to fly.

Why do the satiated never take a hint from a hungry dog? He likes life.

DOROTHEA MOORE.

TO LILITH.

BEHIND such various vestures of strange dreams
Abides my soul, I know not its true form;
Nor have I faith it is the thing it seems —
Now hushed in calm, now crying of the storm.

For evermore the dreams are as a veil
Of strangely-wrought enchantment to my ken,
Where through my soul's eyes make my being quail,
Or bid me wanton with my joys again.

I have no knowledge of the thing it is,
Whether it be of fiend or angel born.
This much I know, Beloved, only this:
Beneath thy touch, of all its power shorn,

It yields glad captive to the joy that lies
Sweet on thy ruining lips and laughing eyes.

WILLIAM CARMAN ROBERTS.

REVIEWS

THE WEST IN WOMEN'S
HANDS

THE MISSIONARY SHERIFF.—By *Octave Thanet*.
12mo. Harper & Bros.

THE SPIRIT OF AN ILLINOIS TOWN.—By *Mary Hartwell Catherwood*. 12mo. Houghton, Mifflin & Co.

IN SIMPKINSVILLE.—By *Ruth McEnery Stuart*.
12mo. Harper & Bros.

THE middle-west seems to depend largely upon women to describe its life and interpret its spirit. With the exception of an occasional volume from Mr. Hamlin Garland when his engagements with Mr. McClure will permit, the important fiction dealing with this region has of late been entirely the product of female hands. Whether or not one is to be thankful for this feminine guardianship is a question of what one's theory is of the art of fiction. If one demands realism in its strictest sense the collective offerings of Miss French, Mrs. Catherwood, and Mrs. Stuart will not entirely satisfy, nor will they entirely prove the modern doctrine that woman is the unsentimental sex.

Probably Octave Thanet herself and her thousands of loyal and delighted readers would be astounded that even for a moment the charge of sentimentality should be brought against her. On careful deliberation we do not bring it. Yet the very title of this volume *The Missionary Sheriff, Being Incidents in the Life of a Plain Man who Tried to do His Duty* seems her own acknowledgement of such a possible charge and her challenge to it. If one feels that she occasionally arranges circumstances with a rather free hand to suit her story, it must be remembered that in real life a man consciously animated by the missionary spirit always seems to interfere in affairs like a *deus ex machina*. And so because Amos Wickliff is rough, strong and manly, even although he is almost obtrusively good, the stories about him are sane and vigorous enough to make up a volume of that kind most difficult to write, a confessedly moral and improving book.

It remains to add that these tales of an Iowa town are absolutely true in atmosphere. Octave Thanet is impeccable in this respect. Her plain people are more subtly and more really American than ever were the troops of wild cowboys and miners which have rampaged through the pages of the western novelist so often and have been considered so "typical." Yet the characters grouped about the "Missionary Sheriff" are varied and unusual enough to suit anyone, ranging as they do from a hypnotic swindler to a female hermit and miser with a mysterious past.

Indeed Miss French shows powers of invention which would justify her in attempting detective stories or mediæval romances as relaxation from more serious work.

MRS. CATHERWOOD'S book, considered merely as a study of modern western life, is an experiment for its author, and not altogether a pleasure for the reader. There are two stories in the volume, and they show curiously and plainly that Mrs. Catherwood's imagination must work on things somewhat remote. Brought close to her subject, she becomes agitated and the subject confused.

In the second story in the volume she is on familiar ground. The *Little Renault* is a girl who is left in Tony's charge during his expeditions in Illinois, and the whole story is the pathetic episode of her death from a poisoned arrow of the Iroquois. Here Mrs. Catherwood is sure of her effects. Her studies have made her dextrous in handling the historical facts and the details of the life of the period, while upon all there is the glamor which temperamentally she is sure of casting over a subject of this sort. In the first story, *The Spirit of an Illinois Town*, she tries her hand at picturing the squalid life of a new settlement. But the subject itself is so formless that she cannot hold it firmly in order. The romantic charm of her style degenerates into incoherence, and pathos which she wished simple becomes strained and even improbable. The glamor is mere disorderliness.

MRS. STUART'S book is a painful example of the habit of dialect writing. There are a number of things which Mrs. Stuart might do to advantage, and among them might quite conceivably be the writing of stories. But her methods would have to be somewhat different from those employed in the present volume. She should give up straining a point constantly to be humorous and she should endeavor not to be silly. And there is no special reason why she should compose in dialect. *The Unlived Life of Little Mary Ellen* written by this rule would be a quite original and exquisitely pathetic story. Little Mary Ellen's bridegroom failed to meet her at the church and Mary Ellen thereafter nursed a wax doll in the sad folly of a belief that it was her own child. Mrs. Stuart feels it incumbent upon her to be playful and to use dialect freely where it is least needed. And so, although the value of her original conception prevents her from writing a bad story, she does not write a story half so good as she might. The plots of the other stories are fairly hackneyed except in such cases as they have no plots. It is rather discouraging to a reader to attack a story only to find it is the good old tale of May-Day Meredith who elopes with a dark and elegant villain from the city and who returns weep-

ing a year or so after, on New Year's Eve, with the faithful old negro who left Simpkinsville to find her, and who now bears her golden-haired child in his arms. We may be ill-tempered, but such a plot seems to us very silly indeed; and the same adjective we must apply to a certain faded coquetry of style which one meets throughout the book. "Yas," McMonigle said, speaking of the stove in the village store, and chuckled softly as he leaned forward and began poking the fire, "she hates an east wind, but she likes me, do n't you, old girl? See her grow red in the face while I chuck her under the chin."

"She does blush in the face, do n't she?" said old man Taylor. "An' see her wink under her isinglass spectacles when she's flirted with."

Such talk seems to us insufferably mawkish and moreover absolutely untrue to any life in any region whatsoever. Nowhere do men among themselves indulge in such emasculate sentimentality and Mrs. Stuart should know this. Doubtless she does, but is too pleased with her pretty conceits to give them up. We should like to see some stories by Mrs. Stuart in which any attempt at local color was rigorously suppressed. This is supposed to be her great merit; it seems to us to lead her into her worst faults.

THE GENESIS OF SILLINESS

THE GENESIS OF SHAKESPEARE'S ART. A STUDY OF HIS SONNETS AND POEMS.—By Edward James Dunning. 12mo. Lee & Shepard. \$2.00.

MUCH may be forgiven in the name of love, but it must be confessed that Mr. Dunning relies too strongly upon that forgiveness which is demanded by a deep and reverent love for Shakespeare, when he thrusts upon our notice three hundred pages of an interpretation of his poems, based upon an allegory which not only never existed but is too far-fetched for the most superficial consideration.

Nearly every Shakespearian scholar has attempted to explain a certain incongruity of the sonnets which disturbs our lofty conception of what Shakespeare ought to have been. But Mr. Dunning has surpassed all the apologists with a method of interpretation which leaves every other searcher after ideals far in the rear. Not only does he find a parable of infinite worth in the sonnets, but he traces its origin to the *Venus and Adonis*,—surely the least allegorical poem that was ever written—and finds its conclusion in *A Lover's Complaint*, which by most students of the poems would hardly be regarded as a fitting climax to the infinitely greater work in the sonnets.

It is not difficult to see how the first glimmering of a hidden meaning first broke upon our author's

intelligence. The character of the Youth of the sonnets bears at the outset a superficial resemblance to the character of Adonis, from the mere fact that both are wooed and both are deaf to the voice of beauty. And so here is the germ of the allegory. Adonis represents the ideal of verse; Venus is the "Queen of Love," and "Goddess of Fecundity;" by a union of the two a son may be born to Adonis who shall represent the greatest work of art. In fact Adonis is really Shakespeare's highest self, and what he prays for is the union of that highest self with the queen of beauty, so that the world may receive a masterpiece. This idea is carried on into the sonnets, where Shakespeare again admonishes the Youth, his ideal, to "get a son" in order that his beauty may be perpetuated.

This allegorical meaning, which in the *Venus and Adonis* is by no means too clear, becomes entangled in a mesh of language even in the introduction to the sonnets, and the reader must draw his own conclusions from the following paragraph:

"The clew to the mystery lies in the true interpretation of that figure of speech which, either in spirit or actual terms, is the burden of the poet's argument in the first seventeen sonnets. It lies in the true import of the plea that the Youth should perpetuate his beauty for the world's good,—in the words of the 7th sonnet, that he should 'get a son.' This figure means that the Youth should take a new form in the poet's mind,—a form expressive of his attributes as the poet conceives them. That new image is the outward semblance of the son for which the poet pleads; a new Youth that has all the beauty and worth of his father, together with the new beauty and worth which is illustrated by his new form."

This may have the meaning which is clear to Mr. Dunning. Those who are not practiced in the reading of allegories may content themselves with the general drift of the author's intention and suppose with him for a moment that the Youth is an ideal of some sort, occasionally separate from the poet's soul, but occasionally regarded as the highest manifestation of the poet's genius. The most casual consideration will suffice to show that such an interpretation will not hold water for an instant.

An ideal cannot perish nor can its beauty decay, and yet for seventeen sonnets Shakespeare deliberately implores the "Youth" to marry in order that when he is dead and gone his image may still live after him. Even in the final and most ecstatic address to the Youth in the 126th sonnet, the poet, while admitting that Nature is loath to lose such a paragon, is feign to confess that

"She may detain, but not still keep, her treasure."

An ideal, being perfect, cannot harbour sin or shame; yet in the 36th sonnet Shakespeare plainly intimates that his love for the "Youth" might

cause public comment, and therefore, for the sake of the loved one, he would rather be separated from him than injure his reputation — which is an absurd view of the case if by love for the Youth, he meant love for his ideal. Nor can we imagine that the ideal could commit wrong; but the "Youth" certainly was guilty of certain trespasses and infidelities for which he is greatly chided in the 41st sonnet.

If this were not enough, the 60th sonnet must surely contradict forever the belief that the youth is really the personification of perfection in verse; for there the poet, evidently in a doubting mood, begins to wonder whether his love is really beautiful in soul or whether he may not be fair only in exterior seeming. He even goes so far as to say, plainly,

"But why thy odour matcheth not thy show,
The soil is this,—that thou dost common grow."

These are only a few instances of the many cases where it is absolutely impossible to identify the youth of the sonnets with any abstract idea of perfection or poetic beauty. This may seem a kindergarten method of refuting Mr. Dunning, but really it is all that is needed, and is in itself a sufficient compliment to him. For his pains in executing his task of remoulding Shakespeare's genius he deserves a certain meed of praise. But since the greater his pains are the more hopelessly does he wander from all idea of the truth, it is impossible to recommend his work to any one but a disciple of Donnelly.

IN SHAKESPEARE'S TIME

THE PEOPLE FOR WHOM SHAKESPEARE WROTE.—
By Charles Dudley Warner. 16mo. Harper & Brothers. \$1.25.

THE first impression gained from reading Mr. Warner's interesting little book is the old, old one, that there is nothing new under the sun—for it is astonishing how many modern disadvantages Shakespeare's auditors possessed. The disagreeable practice called "gagging," for example, indulged in by actors who know no better nowadays, finds precedent in the use of "Dick" Tarleton, the original "creator" of Shakespeare's clowns, fools, and the like, who was so inveterate in his interpolations that the author in self-defense made Hamlet advise the players, "Let those that play your clowns speak no more than is set down for them." The "barker" who came into such bad eminence during the World's Fair is but a survival of the every-day London merchant of the seventeenth century, whose practice it was to stand before his shop and cry his wares in a loud voice. You learn that "in former free-trade times sugar was sixpence a pound; now it is two shillings and sixpence," and that the Elizabethans complained of the speculators in wheat to the point of calling them

"caterpillars." Moreover, there was an article of apparel used by women "to make their dresses stand out plumb around," duly designated as "galligascons"; while the "higher education of women" was a burning question in the court itself.

But these are not the changes which differentiate Shakespeare's readers to-day from those of nearly four centuries ago. "Acquaintance with the Bedouin life of to-day, which has changed little in three thousand years, illumines the book of Job like an electric light," says Mr. Warner, and adds, with more to the same effect: "Modern research into Hellenic and Asiatic life has given a new meaning to the *Iliad* and *Odyssey*, and greatly enhanced our enjoyment of them." It is this consideration which determines him upon inquiring into Shakespeare's human environment.

In Shakespeare's time—there is abundance of material for the most delightful of *rondeaux*—gentlemen paid a shilling for a seat in the box at the Globe Theatre, or for two pence went into the gallery, which for obvious reasons had not received any one of the names which distinguishes it now. An actor of the first rank, with benefits and other contrivances for the eking out of his salary, could not make an hundred pounds a year. But then a laborer had but two pence for a day's work. The play regularly began at three o'clock in the afternoon, which was yet fairly late at night for a nation which customarily rose as four o'clock in the morning. The boxes were all about the stage—some of the more notable auditors sat upon it—and all the men smoked pipes, the tobacco for which could be bought at any one of seven thousand places in London in 1614. Wine, beer, fruit, and the Elizabethan equivalent of newspapers were sold freely throughout the performances. Such details as these are carried by Mr. Warner into public and private life with minuteness, the collection of comments from the observations of foreigners upon the Englishwomen of the day being especially charming, while a pleasant humor animates everything within the covers of the book.

Some of Mr. Warner's statements, however, like the repetitions for which he apologizes in the preface, show that his mind has been too much taken up lately with his rather tremendous systematization of all the literature in the world to allow him a proper revision of this very small portion of it. What can he mean by "royalty as a player's spectacle," "the reality of kings and queens," and "court pageantry" in connection with a stage which he says himself was almost destitute of accessories? Why should he write, "There was a Hamlet, probably * * * on the stage before Shakespeare"? "There is no doubt," says Mr. Israel Gollancz, "that a play on the subject of Hamlet existed as early as 1589. * * * In all probability Thomas Kyd was the author." And why should Mr. Warner tolerate in his book the anoma-

THE FRIENDS OF MR. LOW in New York City appear to be convinced that if Mr. Platt will indorse his candidacy, the president of Columbia will enjoy a "walk-over." But it is by no means certain that their faith is well-founded. "Light and leading" does not dazzle a majority of the population of New York more than once or twice in a generation. Spasms of righteousness are short-lived. The year after Tammany was "overthrown" and Mr. Strong became mayor, Tammany candidates for unimportant offices were triumphantly elected. Last year, although the unwashed were by no means undivided in supporting Mr. Bryan, democratic leaders were opposed to him, and most extraordinary exertions were put forth to "overwhelm" him. Mr. McKinley's majority was less than twenty-one thousand in New York. In Kings County it was something over thirty thousand. Everybody who voted for McKinley will not vote for Low, but everybody who voted for Bryan will vote for the democratic candidate. Much as we admire Mr. Low, we should not be surprised to see him lead "the united hosts of good government" (New York *World*) to disastrous defeat. This is not because Mr. Low is not fit to be mayor of New York, but because New York is not fit to have him for mayor.

IN THE MIDST OF THE DISCUSSION of "judicial usurpations" we are reminded that they order these things much more generously in the West. Idaho is a populist state, and its supreme court looks amiably upon populist theories. But the supreme court has a mind of its own above platforms. Not long ago it decided that a law was null and void because it had not been "read" three times in the house of representatives. No one paid much heed to this extraordinary decision until it was found to affect the validity of nearly every Idaho statute in the books; for in their haste to accumulate a dignified number of laws to fit the new conditions of statehood, the legislature had overlooked the etiquette of legislation and sent a penal code and innumerable civil enactments through with a whoop. The result is that Idaho is now almost without laws. But as her sturdy yeomanry, outside the large towns, still "pack" the weapons for the arbitrament of war, the blow falls less heavily than might be imagined. But the case deserves the earnest study of the populist philosophers.

A GREAT DEAL OF CONTROVERSY has been excited in the newspapers as to the comparative merits of Mr. Kipling's *Recessional* and Mr. William Watson's reply to it. We would suggest that the authors themselves decide the matter. It is with this in view that we reprint the following from an exchange:

"The comparative merits as poets of Tennyson and Kipling have been satisfactorily settled by a Georgia literary society. An Atlanta paper says that the secretary and the treasurer of the society engaged in a wrestling match to decide the question. The secretary upheld the genius of Tennyson, the treasurer that of Kipling. The contest was one-sided and the verdict was stated in the paper as follows: 'The latter threw the secretary three times, and Kipling won out.'"

THE INTEREST TAKEN in Mr. Forbes Robertson's new version of *Hamlet* serves to call attention anew to the really extraordinary hold which Shakespeare has upon the modern theatre. We are very often told the contrary, and writers are constantly showing how the musical comedy has driven "Shakespeare's immortal plays" from the stage. It is true that in the aggregate musical comedy is played a hundred times to Elizabethan tragedy's once, but *The Geisha* withers and falls in two seasons, while *Hamlet* we have, perforce, always before us. On the whole, it is our opinion that we have it before us a great deal too much for the good of the theatre. It is very well to see *Hamlet* once or a half dozen times, if it is well done, but twenty performances of indifferent merit will not increase your admiration of the poet, nor your serious interest in the stage. If we had any great actors at present on the American stage, it would be important to see them in test parts. But to see Mr. Thomas Keene, Mr. Louis James, Mr. Creston Clark and the various itinerant tragedians, year after year in these same rôles, is really not worth while. These men would be extremely well employed in producing modern plays, tragedies if you will. Any one who has seen Mr. Mansfield play in *Richard III.* and then in *Beau Brummell* or *Arms and the Man* can realize what that talented actor's fate would be should he appear each year in the familiar round of Shakesperian drama. Can there be any doubt that Mr. Otis Skinner does more when he allows us to see an adaptation of *Prince Otto* than he did when we saw his new *Hamlet*? If the contemporary stage is to make any advance it must be by the production of serious dramatic attempts, *The Second Mrs. Tanqueray*, not *Under the Red Robe* or the *The Circus Girl*.

That the public goes regularly to Shakesperian performances is to us no complete proof that it enjoys them. It goes to see the plays as it purchases the editions of them, because it is a necessary step in education and respectability. The plays are, besides, usually gorgeously mounted, and the expense of buying tickets seems justified by the essential morality of going. So the public, with no appearance of keen interest, still keeps its place on the treadmill, and righteous lovers of the "Bard of Avon" wish for more of this same sort of thing. We yield to no one in the desire to see tribute paid to Shakespeare's genius, and we shall always wish

for the yearly opportunity to see the masterpieces of the drama, but we should feel more hopeful for the future of our theatre if we could see the little master-pieces of modern playwrighting.

THE AGITATION against the indecencies of Pulitzer journalism, so strong in the early part of the year, seems now to have died away completely, and the two chief offenders, after a spasmodic attempt at respectability, have fallen again into their old rut of scurrilous and sensational vulgarity. The collapse of the campaign was typical of our national habit of going three-quarters of the distance anywhere at express speed, and then suddenly starting out in a fresh direction. But the fight against the New York *World* and *Journal*, if it is ever to be successful, should not be allowed to slacken for a moment; and we note with pleasure that *The Journalist* has recently spoken some very plain words on the subject. *The Journalist* was founded by Mr. Allan Forman some twelve years ago, and wasted away when he left America in 1894. He revived it a few months ago, and laid out the lines of a strong and sound policy. If Mr. Forman keeps to his old habit of speaking out fearlessly, he may make his paper a valuable power in the cause of decent journalism. In his issue of September 18th it was said, quite justly, in reference to Julian Hawthorne's attempt to "convict the Chicago sausage-maker of the murder of his wife," that "no such despicable series of sneers, blackguardings, and cowardly assaults upon a man fighting for his life was ever seen before." That is not very elegantly put, but it is true and honest, and perhaps with men of the Hawthorne stamp it is just as well not to be over-nice in the choice of words. Any way, in a paper devoted solely to journalism, it is refreshing to find such outspoken criticism of the man who is doing more than anyone else to make the profession a disgrace.

IT IS A GREAT THING for us that we have no literary centre, that our country is too big to crowd all its writers into one city. The passing away of Boston has left every town in the United States free to struggle for its old supremacy. New York has taken the lead for the present, but even New York, with its wealth of writers, magazines, and publishers, will never hold in America the place that belongs to London in England or Paris in France. There is a literature west of Buffalo. What can be better or more significant than that the most scholarly paper in the country, *The Dial*, should be edited in Chicago? what sign more hopeful for the future of American letters? what proof more convincing that there is no such thing as geography in literature? Europe is rapidly re-discovering America, and the old naive wonderment at our presumption in being literary has all but died away. Even New York is

coming to see that there is something in Chicago besides pork; and even Chicago is dimly realizing that bad men with long revolvers need not be the only products of Nebraska. People, in fact, are ceasing to look out for "Western mannerisms" in any book that comes from the Chicago side of 80°. Indeed, more so in this country than in any other, is the practice of literature independent of the terrorism of cities. Every provincial Frenchman wants to get to Paris, every Englishman to London. Here a Bostonian is content to live and write in Boston, a Californian in California, a Chicagoan in Chicago. And this practical loyalty makes some sort of literary activity possible in every city in the Union. You may laugh at the "fad" magazines as much as you please; and, indeed, there was rather more foolishness than good writing in all of them. Still, they kept alive local interest in a standard of literature which was somewhat above that of the average periodical. In their opportunities for bringing out new writers they were unique in this or any other country.

THE REAL TOLSTOI, as vouched for by his former private secretary, M. Tchertkoff, now an exile in London, leads a life which we commend to the notice of Mr. Le Gallienne. It has often been said, especially in Russia, that Tolstoi, while preaching simplicity and poverty, lives in luxury himself. This M. Tchertkoff declares to be a mistake. Tolstoi handed over his property to his wife many years ago, and she manages the house in the ordinary style of Russians of their class, being a strict disbeliever in her husband's views. Tolstoi lives as a guest in his wife's house, confines himself to his vegetarian diet, cleans up his own room, which is carpetless, and furnished with plain deal chairs and tables, and allows no servant to wait upon him. Having no farm of his own, he helps his neighbors to plow the land and sow their seed, or else he passes the time chopping fuel or making boots, reserving six hours of the day for writing. His two eldest daughters help him in copying out his work and answering his correspondence, a paid secretary being of course contrary to Tolstoi's negative attitude toward money and hired labor. His books, as everyone knows, are not allowed to circulate in Russia, but they are largely read in manuscript, and printed copies are continually being smuggled in. A lady who was discovered with a copy in her possession was at once arrested and locked up. Tolstoi wrote to the Minister of the Interior, asking why people who had his books should be punished, while he, the author of the books, was allowed to go free. But the minister made no reply, and it is doubtful whether the Russian government will ever dare to prosecute Tolstoi. They are anxious, above all things, to avoid making a martyr of him.

Blake's literary history is curiously concealed when mention is made of his having engraved a book-plate for Charles Conway, and (p. 3) St. Anne is called Santa Anna several times. Even more unpleasant is an affectation in the use of prepositions—"retire by herself," "unlike to," "anent," which we are certain, would be reprobated by Mr. Allen in the work of another. But the faults are tiny, and the merits of the work considerable.

THE GOOD AND THE BAD OUIDA

THE MASSARENES.—By Ouida. 12mo. R. E. Fenno & Co. \$1.25.

MURIELLA OR LE SELVE.—By Ouida. 12mo. L. C. Page & Co.

ONE of the curious but apparently unnoticed spectacles which the annual publishing seasons afford is the almost simultaneous issue, with mechanical regularity, of a good book and bad book by Ouida. This year is no exception. *The Massarenes* is the bad book and *Muriella* is the good book.

The reprehensible volume is as usual an excited and vulgar tale of London society. When on this trail Mlle. de la Ramée writes with no restraint, no sense of form, no feeling for beauty, and very little for common decency. The technical language of chemistry, medicine, and sanitary science furnishes forth new terms of villification for all the characters, and the whole is a squalid mass of impossible morals and bad art.

Muriella, the good book, is as was to be expected, a story of the Italian peasantry. With these people Ouida is comparatively sympathetic. Yet the volume is written in no mild spirit. The inhabitants of the mountain region of Le Selve are unflinching shown as absolutely wild, unscrupulous and untamed remnants of the darker ages, scarcely touched by any civilization since the Roman. A really striking plot allows the author to make a contrast between these people and some of the better features of modern life. As steward of the forest estates of Le Selve she sends a young Russian, exiled for political reasons, and full of altruistic theories. Into his administration he tries to bring some order and justice, but gains only hatred for his pains. *Muriella* alone understands him at all; and this sympathy links her to the culminating catastrophe of the book. The enraged peasantry besiege the steward in his house, and *Muriella* saves him by bringing the *gens d'armes*. Then her little tragedy of unrequited and unspoken love ends when one of the prisoners, her own brother, breaks from his captors and stabs her. The whole story is brilliantly dramatic without being forced into the region of melodrama. The style is ordinarily concise, the vocabulary in use even chaste, and the whole full of a sense of how passionately Ouida loves her own ideal of moral and physical

beauty. Indeed, it is this fanatical hatred of ugliness which is the motive of all her later work, and which makes it so different from the works of the "guardsman" period. When she writes of England she loses all poise and falls into mere Billingsgate invective; when her scene is Italy her books move the reader to some small part of the fervor of the author when she wrote them.

BOOKS RECEIVED

IN THE DAYS OF DRAKE.—By J. S. Fletcher. 12mo. Rand, McNally & Co. \$1.00.

BARBARA BLOMBERG.—By Georg Ebers. Translated by Mary J. Safford. 16mo. Two vols. \$1.00.

THE CRIME OF THE BOULEVARD.—By Jules Claretie. Translated by Mrs. Carlton S. Kingsbury. 12mo. K. F. Fenno & Co. \$1.25.

BUDDHA.—By Sadakichi Hartmann. 12mo. Author's Edition. New York.

JUPITER JIGLES.—By Annetta Stratford Crafts. 8mo. Laird & Lee. \$0.50.

TOM MOORE IN BERMUDA.—A bit of literary gossip. By J. C. Lawrence Clark. 4to. Lancaster, Mass. Author's Edition.

OLD MAMMY'S TORMENT.—By Annie Fellows Johnston. 12mo. L. C. Page & Co. \$0.50.

THE PAINTED DESERT. By Kirk Munroe. 16mo. Harper & Bros. \$1.25.

THE EXPRESS MESSENGER AND OTHER TALES OF THE RAIL. By Cy Warman. 12mo. Charles Scribner's Sons. \$1.25.

AN OPEN-EYE CONSPIRACY. By W. D. Howells. 12mo. Harper & Bros. \$1.00.

IN WOLFVILLE.—By Alfred Henry Lewis. 12mo. F. A. Stokes & Co.

MRS. KEITH'S CRIME.—By Mrs. W. K. Clifford. 12mo. Harper & Bros. \$1.00.

CERTAIN ACCEPTED HEROES.—By Henry Cabot Lodge. 12mo. Harper & Bros. \$1.50.

FROM A GIRL'S POINT OF VIEW.—By Lillian Bell. 12mo. Harper & Bros. \$1.25.

VOICES OF DOUBT AND TRUST.—Selected by Volney Streamer. 16mo. Brentano's. \$1.25.

MIFANWV.—(A Welsh singer).—By Allen Raine. 12mo. D. Appleton & Co. \$0.50.

MESSRS. HERBERT S. STONE & COMPANY publishers of THE CHAP-BOOK, have much pleasure in announcing that they have undertaken the publication of THE HOUSE BEAUTIFUL, a monthly magazine devoted to houses and homes. It has heretofore been issued by Messrs. Klapp and Company, who will still be associated in its editorial management. The magazine is to be enlarged and the changes will be considerable although it is believed they will be always in the way of improvement. Articles will appear on decoration—interior and exterior, rugs, pottery, silver ware, prints, engravings, etchings, furniture—old and new, book-bindings, and so forth; in fact everything connected with the house will be treated, in simple practical fashion rather than from a technical point of view. The illustrations are to be numerous and especially devoted to the details of the house. The subscription price is one dollar a year. Sample copies will be sent for five two-cent stamps. *Caxton Building, Chicago.*
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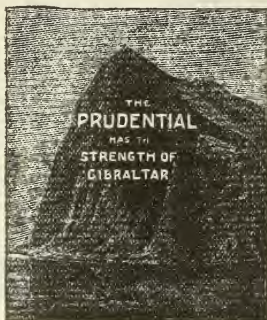
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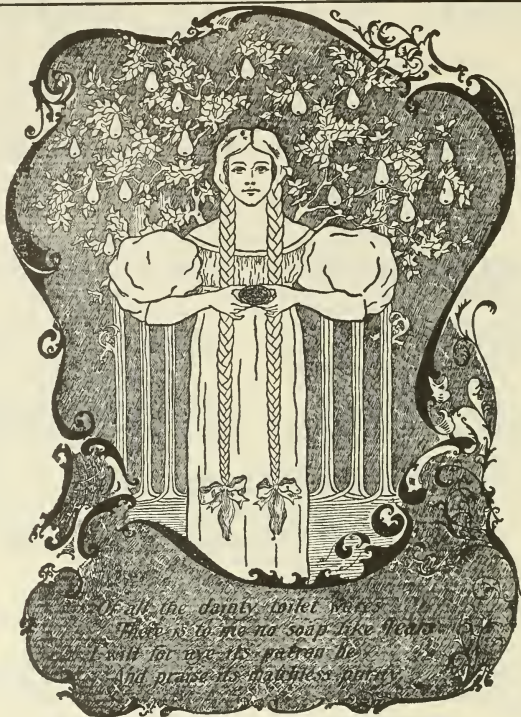
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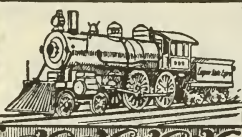
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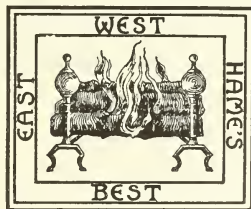
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Contents for October 1, 1897

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NOTES

THE NEWS FROM NORWAY that the Storthing has decided to confer one of the Alfred Nobel prizes of \$60,000 upon the Russian painter, Verestchagin, brings up the whole vexed question of art and utility. Nobel, it will be recalled, amassed a fortune estimated at ten millions of dollars by the manufacture and sale of dynamite. This great property he bequeathed to trustees, who are to divide its annual income into five equal parts, of which three are to be presented to the discoverers, during the twelvemonth, of the most momentous matters in physics, chemistry, and physiology, respectively; the fourth to the author of that literary work which, year by year, shall be deemed "the highest in an ideal sense," and the last, that now awarded to Verestchagin, to him who shall have done the most to promote the feeling of brotherhood among the nations, to abolish war and its horrors, standing armies and the causes leading to them, and to the formation of bodies having the interests of universal peace at heart. Governing the award of these great prizes are the Academy of Sciences of Sweden in respect of physics and chemistry, the Carden Institute of Stockholm for physiology, the Swedish Academy for literature, and the legislature of Norway, where the propaganda of peace is concerned.

It will therefore be observed that it is a set of politicians—in something higher than the American use of the word—who have decided to grant a prize to a painter for effecting a practical result; their contention being that the horrors of war as reflected in Verestchagin's canvases, great and small, are the greatest possible deterrent to its practice; the Emperor of Germany, whose martial and artistic gifts are both mentioned with respect by the journals within reach of his heavy hand, having also said something to this effect. The combination of circumstances is worthy of much reflection: War, peace, William, Verestchagin—dynamite, canvas, politicians, and money, each a more or less interesting thing in itself, providing the material for a kaleidoscope with as many possible patterns as the world has points of view.

Without questioning the wisdom of the Storthing or the Kaiser, or both, it seems to be the fact that the competent critics everywhere with one acclaim have set Verestchagin's methods down as shameful, in violation alike of classical and modern traditions,

good sense, and good breeding, and wholly unworthy the name and calling of an artist. They point out that horror, *qua* horror, can find no proper place in the artistic scheme, and that the successive pictures of a faithful sentry overwhelming and overwhelmed by Siberian snows, of pale-faced spics led forth to death, of military roads whereof frozen corpses form a necessary part, of Sepoys blown from the cannon's mouth by the British, of a priest and his acolyte standing on the verge of a field of mutilated and naked human bodies, and all the catalogue of horrors for which the Russian is responsible, deserve nothing but condemnation. So far as the painter has made war impossible he has violated the everlasting canons of his art, and made himself unworthy of credit or reward; so far as he has made war impossible by depicting its complete brutality and inhumanity, he has entitled himself to the respectful consideration of the Storching, and has apparently received it. Was the line ever more clearly drawn between practical matters and matters aesthetic?

Some time ago when we were engaged in researches among the "underground magazines," we published a list of periodicals whose circulations were the largest in the country. And the greatest of these was *Comfort*. At that time we said: "We have never seen a copy of *Comfort*, nor heard its name upon the lips of any human being, yet it is the most widely read publication in the country." After thus publicly thirsting for knowledge, we waited, but still we saw no copy of *Comfort*, nor heard its name upon the lips of any human being. We then applied to the editor himself, and he recommended us to a Mr. Lewis Leonard, who sends us a candid and interesting statement of the aim and success of the magazine. It is delightful to find a publisher who is so unreservedly honest as to admit that success in largest measure is to be always had in literature by an appeal to the half-educated. In giving such extracts from Mr. Leonard's article as space permits, we wish to compliment *Comfort* on its sagacity, and wish it continued success.

Comfort was founded by Mr. W. H. Gannett, who still owns and controls it. He started it less than nine years ago, without experience, and practically without capital. Any one having a knowledge of such matters would have said at the time that the chances of success were not one in a thousand. But it did succeed—succeeded as nothing of the kind has before or since. Mr. Gannett says of his starting:

"I saw that there were plenty of publications for thoroughly educated people. The *Atlantic Monthly*, *Century*, *Harper's*, and *Scribner's*, to say nothing of dozens of less pretentious ones, were filling this field well. But there was not one made for and adapted to the tastes and requirements of 'the mighty middle classes.' My aim was, and has always been, to make a publication for this immense constituency. I thought that my constituency would compare with that of the *Atlantic Monthly* about as the number of university graduates compares to the great mass of American readers, and the circulation of such a periodical as I had in mind ought to be correspondingly great."

From the first number to the present time he has worked on these lines, and soon the paper, never seen in a great city, became

a household word in the country home, the factory, the village store, and the mining camps of the West. Circulation was pushed in every conceivable way except the ways that other publishers were following. Never having been a publisher, he did not know how to get into the beaten tracks if he had wanted to do so.

When the circulation had reached a hundred thousand, it was so scattering that almost every county in the United States was represented. The genius of the business man rather than the experience of the publisher kept the circulation on the increase. One new scheme followed another, always with the idea of pleasing the new subscriber, and thereby making him a medium of getting another.

All the time the paper was made to suit the people who lived outside of the great cities. Their tastes were studied and their wants gratified in the contents as far as possible. The idea is to make a paper as interesting to "the mighty middle classes" as the best magazine is to the lovers of high-grade literature. There is nothing sensational in its make-up—no blood-and-thunder stories, and no nauseating accounts of crime; but good stories by the best authors, and entertaining and well-written departments for every member of the family. These are the work of the ablest people that can be secured in their respective fields. There is no carping about the cost of a piece of literary work if it suits the purpose. The idea of adaptability and fitness predominates. A story, a sketch, or an editorial paragraph is considered in connection with its adaptability to the requirements of "our people." A glance at the editorial page will best illustrate this point. The July issue discusses "The Four-Hundredth Anniversary of the Discovery of the Continent by John Cabot," "Ability to Become Interested in Many Things as a Source of Pleasure," "Summer as a Play-time," "Preserving the Beauty of Our Highways," "Marring the Beauty of Nature by Advertisements on Rocks," and "The Deaths and Principles of Adams and Jefferson." The August issue discusses: "August as the Former Month of College Commencements," "August Vacations," "Publication of the New Translation of Omar," "Making the New Tariff," "Names of Books," "Books about Spain and Russia," and "Probable Use of Electricity in the Kitchen." Each one of these articles is written with the idea of being pleasing and entertaining to any one who can read and understand the English language. And while this is true, no one can be found too learned to enjoy every paragraph. There is not a French or Latin quotation, and no mystifying references. Then through it all runs a pronounced vein of patriotic Americanism.

I have endeavored briefly to indicate how a paper started in such an unpretentious way came to have over a million subscribers in less than nine years. Perhaps I have missed one of the main reasons after all. It may be that much is due to its having been undertaken by the right man at the right time. Just about this time publishers all over the country began to neglect their weeklies, with the idea that the daily paper covered the whole ground. There was an immense country constituency that by this neglect was left waiting for *Comfort*, and Mr. Gannett supplied it. Perhaps this has something to do with the case, or may be not. You may decide.

SOMETHING VERY LIKE COMFORT is evidently to be found in *The Columbian Historical Novels*, which the Funk & Wagnalls Co. publish in twelve "sumptuous" volumes, aggregating

"Over 5,000 pages, 300 illustrations, including full-page half-tone plates, Pen Sketches, and Portraits; Historical Indexes, Chronology, and Maps. Elegantly printed and bound. Price, per set, cloth, \$20.00; half morocco, \$30.00. May be had on easy payments."

Even in these days of expensive collected editions we have heard of nothing which promises more elegance than this. With the tremendous machinery of a "subscription" business at their disposal the publishers of this extraordinary series may hope to bring

it before every farmer's wife in the whole country, and call to her attention its merits as we find them announced in the advertisement before us.

"Twelve Fascinating Tales, telling in a Charming and Romantic Manner the Narrative of Our Country's Discovery and Development from 1492 to 1894. With every Essential Event and Personage are Interwoven Stories of Love, Adventure, War, and Patriotism. Instead of a mere array of Facts and Dates, told in the third person, the Characters themselves are made to tell the Human Aspirations, Passions, and Achievements which constitute Our Country's Varied Background. Over 300 Artistic Illustrations Contribute to the Vividness with which Past Scenes are Imprinted on the Imagination."

"A LITERARY PICTURE OF THE PAST. The customs, manners, and everyday life of the peoples of the various periods are portrayed with such strong dramatic power as to enthral the imagination and captivate the interest. It is richly colored with the human aspirations, achievements, and passions that are interwoven with the country's past history."

The achievement demands the master mind of the century, and the farmer's wife, it is to be presumed, is in a state of such colossal ignorance that she supposes Mr. John R. Musick, the author of the work, to be universally acknowledged as such. And we cannot blame her. It is true that she, like us, has never heard of Mr. Musick, but the agent at her door will show her "unanimous commendation" from a number of well-known men. And these commendations are the cause of our bringing up the whole matter.

We have not read these "Fascinating Tales." But we are quite willing to stake our reputation that the Funk & Wagnalls Co. has not had a genius capable of writing the epic of America up its sleeve, waiting to produce him for the *Columbian Novels*. The miserable and ignorant purchaser of a half-morocco set at thirty dollars will make as extravagant and silly an expenditure as is possible for her. And why the deuce, we should like to know, do such people help to bullyrag her into it? Timothy Dwight, President of Yale; E. Benjamin Andrews, D.D., LL.D. President of Heaven-knows-what; Hon. Levi P. Morton; Hon. Wm. J. Stone, Governor of Missouri; President McKinley, and Mr. N. J. Smith, President of the I. O. O. F. Library Association of Washington, D. C., vouch for the literary merit of the work. None of the political personages has any special qualifications as a literary critic, but we might have hoped that Mr. Dwight and Mr. Andrews would have displayed more sense, and Mr. Smith of the I. O. O. F. Library Association a prettier literary taste. We forbear to quote from these gentlemen extensively. Mr. Smith is a fair sample. He says:

"In the harmonious blending of a thrilling romance with the most important facts in the history of our country, they are without a parallel."

Mr. E. Benjamin Andrews is delicious, as dexterous in shifting responsibility as he has since proved himself.

"I knew my family would be greatly interested and delighted with 'The Columbian Historical Novels.' This has proved to be the case. The work is most elegantly bound and published."

This is all very funny, but is also very serious. These gentlemen have combined to trick an enormous number of people out of hard-earned money, and out of all chance to come into any kind of touch with real literature. And we have no idea that any of these gentlemen have read any of Mr. Musick's fiction.

THIS IS THE OPEN SEASON for all game, including Spain. In this country the hunting of the Spaniard has begun early because of Mr. McKinley's rather strong notions on the subject of Cuban independence. Soon or late the matter was bound to distract public attention. Mr. McKinley told one of his friends in the West two months ago that Congress certainly would pass a joint resolution of belligerency if December should find the war in Cuba no nearer a settlement than it was when Congress adjourned. He added that he had only prevented this misfortune last spring by promising that decisive measures would be taken this summer or fall. On the faith of the promise the Speaker of the House was able to hold the turbulent representatives on the leash. He would find the feat impossible at a regular session, for however much Congressmen from the large cities deplore international disputes for their effect on business, no such sentiments are entertained by the countrymen. A "drop in stocks" is a drop in stocks to them, and it is nothing more. Mr. McKinley does not feel able to go through the struggle that kept the Cleveland administration in difficulties for two years, and finally forced from the President's reluctant lips the admission that the United States must eventually intervene. He is eager to effect an immediate settlement of some sort. Hence the almost warlike tone of the note dispatched by General Woodford. It is unfortunate that at a serious crisis—for the "Cuban question" is much more threatening now than it ever has been—the responsibility for peace or war may fall on an American Minister who at his best is a florid stump speaker and at his worst a New York politician. President McKinley is said to have explained his appointment of "Jack" Gowdy, of Rushville, Indiana, as Consul-General at Paris by remarking: "Paris is a great place for teaching manners and that's what Gowdy needs." General Woodford knows nothing about diplomacy at present, but if there is a city in the world where he can learn the same it is Madrid.

The cabinet is divided on the Cuban question. Mr. Gage and Mr. Bliss both strongly advise against "decisive measures." The Secretary of the Treasury knows that the effect of a declaration of war would be to embarrass his department greatly. His stock argument against forcing Spain's hand is that war would send this country to a silver basis. But the campaign in Ohio is close at hand, and the Cuban patriots are much more popular in the Western Reserve than in Wall Street.

THE FRIENDS OF MR. LOW in New York City appear to be convinced that if Mr. Platt will indorse his candidacy, the president of Columbia will enjoy a "walk-over." But it is by no means certain that their faith is well-founded. "Light and leading" does not dazzle a majority of the population of New York more than once or twice in a generation. Spasms of righteousness are short-lived. The year after Tammany was "overthrown" and Mr. Strong became mayor, Tammany candidates for unimportant offices were triumphantly elected. Last year, although the unwashed were by no means undivided in supporting Mr. Bryan, democratic leaders were opposed to him, and most extraordinary exertions were put forth to "overwhelm" him. Mr. McKinley's majority was less than twenty-one thousand in New York. In Kings County it was something over thirty thousand. Everybody who voted for McKinley will not vote for Low, but everybody who voted for Bryan will vote for the democratic candidate. Much as we admire Mr. Low, we should not be surprised to see him lead "the united hosts of good government" (New York *World*) to disastrous defeat. This is not because Mr. Low is not fit to be mayor of New York, but because New York is not fit to have him for a mayor.

IN THE MIDST OF THE DISCUSSION of "judicial usurpations" we are reminded that they order these things much more generously in the West. Idaho is a populist state, and its supreme court looks amiably upon populist theories. But the supreme court has a mind of its own above platforms. Not long ago it decided that a law was null and void because it had not been "read" three times in the house of representatives. No one paid much heed to this extraordinary decision until it was found to affect the validity of nearly every Idaho statute in the books; for in their haste to accumulate a dignified number of laws to fit the new conditions of statehood, the legislature had overlooked the etiquette of legislation and sent a penal code and innumerable civil enactments through with a whoop. The result is that Idaho is now almost without laws. But as her sturdy yeomanry, outside the large towns, still "pack" the weapons for the arbitrament of war, the blow falls less heavily than might be imagined. But the case deserves the earnest study of the populist philosophers.

A GREAT DEAL OF CONTROVERSY has been excited in the newspapers as to the comparative merits of Mr. Kipling's *Recessional* and Mr. William Watson's reply to it. We would suggest that the authors themselves decide the matter. It is with this in view that we reprint the following from an exchange:

"The comparative merits as poets of Tennyson and Kipling have been satisfactorily settled by a Georgia literary society. An Atlanta paper says that the secretary and the treasurer of the society engaged in a wrestling match to decide the question. The secretary upheld the genius of Tennyson, the treasurer that of Kipling. The contest was one-sided and the verdict was stated in the paper as follows: 'The latter threw the secretary three times, and Kipling won out.'"

THE INTEREST TAKEN in Mr. Forbes Robertson's new version of *Hamlet* serves to call attention anew to the really extraordinary hold which Shakespeare has upon the modern theatre. We are very often told the contrary, and writers are constantly showing how the musical comedy has driven "Shakespeare's immortal plays" from the stage. It is true that in the aggregate musical comedy is played a hundred times to Elizabethan tragedy's once, but *The Geisha* withers and falls in two seasons, while *Hamlet* we have, perforce, always before us. On the whole, it is our opinion that we have it before us a great deal too much for the good of the theatre. It is very well to see *Hamlet* once or a half dozen times, if it is well done, but twenty performances of indifferent merit will not increase your admiration of the poet, nor your serious interest in the stage. If we had any great actors at present on the American stage, it would be important to see them in test parts. But to see Mr. Thomas Keene, Mr. Louis James, Mr. Creston Clark and the various itinerant tragedians, year after year in these same rôles, is really not worth while. These men would be extremely well employed in producing modern plays, tragedies if you will. Any one who has seen Mr. Mansfield play in *Richard III.* and then in *Beau Brummell* or *Arms and the Man* can realize what that talented actor's fate would be should he appear each year in the familiar round of Shakespearian drama. Can there be any doubt that Mr. Otis Skinner does more when he allows us to see an adaptation of *Prince Otto* than he did when we saw his new *Hamlet*? If the contemporary stage is to make any advance it must be by the production of serious dramatic attempts, *The Second Mrs. Tanqueray*, not *Under the Red Robe* or the *The Circus Girl*.

That the public goes regularly to Shakespearian performances is to us no complete proof that it enjoys them. It goes to see the plays as it purchases the editions of them, because it is a necessary step in education and respectability. The plays are, besides, usually gorgeously mounted, and the expense of buying tickets seems justified by the essential morality of going. So the public, with no appearance of keen interest, still keeps its place on the treadmill, and righteous lovers of the "Bard of Avon" wish for more of this same sort of thing. We yield to no one in the desire to see tribute paid to Shakespeare's genius, and we shall always wish

for the yearly opportunity to see the masterpieces of the drama, but we should feel more hopeful for the future of our theatre if we could see the little master-pieces of modern playwriting.

THE AGITATION against the indecencies of Pulitzer journalism, so strong in the early part of the year, seems now to have died away completely, and the two chief offenders, after a spasmodic attempt at respectability, have fallen again into their old rut of scurrilous and sensational vulgarity. The collapse of the campaign was typical of our national habit of going three-quarters of the distance anywhere at express speed, and then suddenly starting out in a fresh direction. But the fight against the New York *World* and *Journal*, if it is ever to be successful, should not be allowed to slacken for a moment; and we note with pleasure that *The Journalist* has recently spoken some very plain words on the subject. *The Journalist* was founded by Mr. Allan Forman some twelve years ago, and wasted away when he left America in 1894. He revived it a few months ago, and laid out the lines of a strong and sound policy. If Mr. Forman keeps to his old habit of speaking out fearlessly, he may make his paper a valuable power in the cause of decent journalism. In his issue of September 18th it was said, quite justly, in reference to Julian Hawthorne's attempt to "convict the Chicago sausage-maker of the murder of his wife," that "no such despicable series of sneers, blackguardings, and cowardly assaults upon a man fighting for his life was ever seen before." That is not very elegantly put, but it is true and honest, and perhaps with men of the Hawthorne stamp it is just as well not to be over-nice in the choice of words. Any way, in a paper devoted solely to journalism, it is refreshing to find such outspoken criticism of the man who is doing more than anyone else to make the profession a disgrace.

IT IS A GREAT THING for us that we have no literary centre, that our country is too big to crowd all its writers into one city. The passing away of Boston has left every town in the United States free to struggle for its old supremacy. New York has taken the lead for the present, but even New York, with its wealth of writers, magazines, and publishers, will never hold in America the place that belongs to London in England or Paris in France. There is a literature west of Buffalo. What can be better or more significant than that the most scholarly paper in the country, *The Dial*, should be edited in Chicago? what sign more hopeful for the future of American letters? what proof more convincing that there is no such thing as geography in literature? Europe is rapidly re-discovering America, and the old naive wonderment at our presumption in being literary has all but died away. Even New York is

coming to see that there is something in Chicago besides pork; and even Chicago is dimly realizing that bad men with long revolvers need not be the only products of Nebraska. People, in fact, are ceasing to look out for "Western mannerisms" in any book that comes from the Chicago side of 80°. Indeed, more so in this country than in any other, is the practice of literature independent of the terrorism of cities. Every provincial Frenchman wants to get to Paris, every Englishman to London. Here a Bostonian is content to live and write in Boston, a Californian in California, a Chicagoan in Chicago. And this practical loyalty makes some sort of literary activity possible in every city in the Union. You may laugh at the "fad" magazines as much as you please; and, indeed, there was rather more foolishness than good writing in all of them. Still, they kept alive local interest in a standard of literature which was somewhat above that of the average periodical. In their opportunities for bringing out new writers they were unique in this or any other country.

THE REAL TOLSTOI, as vouched for by his former private secretary, M. Tchertkoff, now an exile in London, leads a life which we commend to the notice of Mr. Le Gallienne. It has often been said, especially in Russia, that Tolstoi, while preaching simplicity and poverty, lives in luxury himself. This M. Tchertkoff declares to be a mistake. Tolstoi handed over his property to his wife many years ago, and she manages the house in the ordinary style of Russians of their class, being a strict disbeliever in her husband's views. Tolstoi lives as a guest in his wife's house, confines himself to his vegetarian diet, cleans up his own room, which is carpetless, and furnished with plain deal chairs and tables, and allows no servant to wait upon him. Having no farm of his own, he helps his neighbors to plow the land and sow their seed, or else he passes the time chopping fuel or making boots, reserving six hours of the day for writing. His two eldest daughters help him in copying out his work and answering his correspondence, a paid secretary being of course contrary to Tolstoi's negative attitude toward money and hired labor. His books, as everyone knows, are not allowed to circulate in Russia, but they are largely read in manuscript, and printed copies are continually being smuggled in. A lady who was discovered with a copy in her possession was at once arrested and locked up. Tolstoi wrote to the Minister of the Interior, asking why people who had his books should be punished, while he, the author of the books, was allowed to go free. But the minister made no reply, and it is doubtful whether the Russian government will ever dare to prosecute Tolstoi. They are anxious, above all things, to avoid making a martyr of him.

RAM'S-HORNS AND DUFFERS.

"The best art is not always wanted."—*Ruskin.*

AT a time when so much is said about athletics and out-of-doors recreations—a time, moreover, given so largely to the accuracies of science—it would seem profitable, in a small way, to keep physiological knowledge within easy reach while giving advice to those who are about entering a field so fascinating and dangerous as physical training.

Yet nearly all of what we read in the newspapers on the subject of bicycling, for example, is not only misleading, but often enough diametrically opposed to every demand of personal grace, comfort, and safety. The main stumbling-block seems to be the tradition of the vertical line, for which the average duffer in science and athletics cultivates a preposterous reverence.

Just when and where the worship of angularity began I do not feel bound to discover; but some specimens of ancient Egyptian drawing have led me to hope that the odium may be dumped, bodily and without conscientious scruples, upon Africa. At all events, I hasten to relieve our country of suspicion by the assurance that the American people know nothing at all about worship of any sort, save what they feel bound to offer Mr. Rudyard Kipling, or some other alien, for the benefit of his publishers.

The straight line of beauty is just now the criterion of art; you must be stiff if you hope to be admired; Hogarth's curve has been abolished. As graceful as a yard-stick, as flexible as a poker, as agile as a granite pyramid, are proper critical phrases of approval. With the close of a great century it is incumbent upon us to rectify both taste and the visible form of beauty by a strict application of the rule for the reduction of curves to the condition of their chords. No wonder that Kipling is worshiped in a country like ours, considering the fact that a bicyclist cannot ride a wheel in Washington City until after he has removed his ram's-horn handle-bar!

Thy mercy on thy children, Lord;

Our country's vertebrae erect,

Let no man scorch of all the herd,

Let not one handle-bar deflect,

For fear some gold-bug be knocked flat,

Or some dear silverite upset;

Lord, show our wheelmen where they 're at,

Lest we forget, lest we forget!

Unfortunate persons who are reprehensibly suffering from curvature of the spine should learn to ride the bicycle. They could then go to our national capital and receive just punishment for not holding up their heads!

As a police regulation, I wonder that they don't

pass urban ordinances against sitting awry in a phaeton or buggy, for surely it is unlawful for a man to rest his elbows on his knees while driving in the street. Bolt upright, sir, or go to jail, especially in Washington, where uprightness is so easy and so nearly universal.

A few of us, the saving remnant, hold grimly fast to the ancient and immutable canons of art; we still think that the straight line is unfit as a measure for grace, or as an expression of free and powerful movement. We go further, and stand prepared to show, by the unerring lights of anatomy and physiological dynamics, that no living organism can move in an erect form and at the same time exert its physical forces to best effect. Moreover, it is a law of organic life that a vertical back must interfere with the proper coadjustment of the vital organs during any general and considerable activity of the muscular system.

Breathing, heart-action, and the perfect concentration of nervous force depend upon freedom of the organs and nerve-centers. Nature fitted man for toil, and to toil is to stoop, to one extent or another, as a glance at the laborer in field or shop will conclusively show. The plowman, the smith, the carpenter, the machinist—all the vigorous, long-lived workmen—bend to their daily tasks. Indeed any athletic training is fundamentally deficient if it is not based upon the principle that activity and strength depend upon two motions, namely, flexion and extension. Rigidity is mere inertia, and a straight line is the dead line of motion, as when the engine's piston is in the prolongation of the cylinder's center of energy. Every motion applicable to mechanics must go through the rotary stage before it can be successful. In a word, the formula for the expression of labor is but a succession of curves.

Why is it that a man cannot, all things being equal, swim as long as he can row? The act of swimming does not call for half as much expense of muscular power as does the act of rowing. You may safely answer this question by mentioning a rigid back; the swimmer's position—the relation of his back to his legs—is similar to that of the duffer bicyclist, who sits bolt upright on his saddle, his arms almost on a level with his chin, while he pedals precisely with the motion of a blind horse's forelegs. The oarsman does his work, which calls for the greatest exertion known to athletics, with far less heart-strain and nerve-loss than the swimmer, because in rowing the vital organs are given considerable freedom, while in swimming they are held fixed or with but little room for adjusting themselves to the strains put upon them. If I can swim leisurely one hour, I can row leisurely seven hours; the rowing will tire me less than the swimming.

Why will a self-trained woodsman walk farther, and with less weariness at the end, than a trained soldier fresh from West Point? It is the vertical

backbone again. Your straight and angular military machine will fit into lines and squares with perfect effect; but he has no affinity for the curve. Look at the child of nature, the perfect woodsman, tramping over the hills; he has unconsciously solved the problem of the co-ordination of curves. His backbone is not a ram-rod, nor is his abdomen drawn under his ribs to press his diaphragm against his heart. A perfectly flat and vertical man may look "every inch a soldier"; but he breaks ranks and takes the route step when he's on a long march! Look at his body now as he trudges up-hill and down-dale; he has found the equilibrium of ease and power, and he is actually graceful.

The man who sits up straight in his saddle, on horse or bicycle, certainly feels superior; you can read his thoughts in his face. "Here I am, look at my back, this is the way it is properly done!" But glance at his legs, if he is on a bicycle, and see how they paw the air far out in front of him! He is a moving picture of a man about to be electrocuted and struggling desperately to get out of the chair. He is almost as graceful as a fence-post on a wheelbarrow, and gives a strong suggestion of locomotor ataxia from the hips upward.

Free breathing is impossible without an open chest, and your duffer bicyclist fails to observe that sitting bolt upright and stretching his arms forward to the handle-bar closes his chest to a degree, while if he leans gracefully (or even ungracefully) over the handle-bar, his shoulders are necessarily forced somewhat back by his arms, the thrust being in proportion to the bodily weight transmitted to the handles. This gives the lungs free action, and the heart likewise is relieved of any interference, while the great nerve-column—the back—is in the easiest possible position for unhindered functioning of the ganglions, which send out the nervous energy to the muscles.

Now a word about the muscles used in bicycling. These are mainly the flexors and extensors of the legs, the former situated on the rear of the thigh, the latter on the front and outer side of the thigh. Of course the thrust which drives the wheel is given by the extensors, the flexors being of use only to complete the rotary action and get the leg in position for another thrust. To use the great extensor muscles with perfect freedom is, then, of first importance, and this is possible only when the spinal column is in the best position to feed these muscles through the nerves, and when the co-ordinate, or rather assistant, muscles of the hips and back are un hindered.

There is an equilibrium of repose and an equilibrium of action. They are very different. When you stand or sit perfectly erect, that is the equilibrium of repose; when you take a step forward, you involuntarily lean the body forward and assume the equilibrium of action. The faster you walk the more you lean forward, the steps being lengthened and the exertion increasing. The same law of equilibrium applies to

bicycling, and the center of force is in a vertical line somewhere between the saddle and the handle-bar, its exact position depending upon the adjustment of the bicycle and the amount of force required to move it at the desired speed. This line cannot possibly fall so as to admit of an upright position in the saddle. To demonstrate this would require anatomical and mathematical appliances and formulæ; but no competent anatomist and physiologist will controvert it.

Perfect equilibrium is the golden mean. The extreme of lying almost level with the top of the handle-bar is proper for the fast riders, the racer, and the scorcher; the extreme of sitting bolt upright in the saddle is for the conceited duffer and the man with the petrified back; but the accomplished bicyclist who rides at a fair speed bends gracefully over his wheel and knows that his muscles all work in accord, that his breath comes easily, and that his heart pounds steadily; therefore he gives no heed to the kind but ignorant friend who wonders why he does n't sit up in his saddle, like a militia general on dress parade, and work his knees in front of him after the manner of a country girl treading the pedals of a cheap organ.

Some excellent, yet sadly defective, persons have been nibbling at my heels lately with the poor excuse that they are unable to read Greek. By a strange coincidence, neither can they read French, and it irritates them to see delicious quotations done up in pot-hooks and *je ne sais quoi*; but worst of all, they hate to see me scorching past them with my back up. Ah, a scorcher goes by and still on, and he leaves dust in somebody's eyes—the somebody who rides with a back-bone frozen stiffly vertical and a horizontal thigh! Your duffer, doting upon his rectilinear rigidity, deems it quite insufferable that a scorcher is permitted to lay his weight upon the pedals and his chin upon the handle-bar, and arrive so far ahead of upright beauty. And it is a shame, but, O good fellows! who can prevent it? Some of us are born scorchers, and our kindest words to those we outstrip are: *κόρη σὸς κόνις ἦδε μέλοι*—may our dust be light upon you!

The literature of wheeling, particularly its criticism, has been suffering long enough at the hands of those who are afraid to ride a wheel with ram's horns on it, and I have felt that the time is here for interfering in behalf of beauty and lustiness against the swarming and swaggering hordes of barbarians, who having themselves each swallowed a broomstick, are intent upon forcing the rest of us to do likewise. Not even content with having infected our national city with that new and dreadful disease, *Keratoiphobia*, that is, fear-of-the-sheep's-horn, these stiff-backs swear that all the world shall be *οὐδὲς αἰσχροῦ*—more timidly sheepish than a sheep!

Are we not Americans? Is freedom dead? Come, boys, we will not be deprived of our right. Here, form a column; one dash for them and they will be ours. Steady, now, heads down, backs well up,

the eyes of the whole world are upon us. Are you ready? See how scared they look! They dread us, they are quaking and white as ghosts. Now, all together boys, go! Search like ——— August in a drouth!

MAURICE THOMPSON.

TO THE DEATH

TRAITOR and fool to thy face, I,
Foe of all friends of thy race, cry
"Halt." Let us both, in this place, try
Which death has chosen for his own!

Lo, she sleeps, she thou hast slain,—sweet,
Peaceful, appeased of her pain. Fleet
I follow. Thou shalt, not in vain, meet

The sword I have sworn shall atone!

Crafty, with treacherous kiss, how
Tempt *her* to lecherous bliss! Thou
Whom I have sought but for this, bow
Now, for thine hour is past!
Think of that last smile she smiled! O,
Those eyes!—eyes thou fain hadst beguiled. So
Pierced they thy bosom defiled, know,
As my rapier shall pierce it at last.

Traitor, she sleeps in her grave,—fair,
At peace by the peace-lipsing wave there
Where I laid her. Thou, that death gave,—where
Shalt *thou* lie? Close follows thy fate!
Out with thy shuddering blade! Men
Shrink not. Wouldst cower afraid, then?
Clash! thus! Why totter dismayed, when
Thy skill alone holds off my hate?

One! Why, thy guard 's a pretense! Can
Fear not better thy fence, man?
Ah, how thy face yearns intense,—wan
Dread of thy lips as I thrust!
Closer, nay, battle thy best. Lo,
Here is the end! Like a jest! So
Smites the white steel to thy breast! Go,
Fool, to thine ultimate dust!

Stretch the gray corse on the grass. Heap
The earth. Shall he—what he was—sleep?
Shall God not bring judgment to pass, deep

Now, in his nethermost hell!

Lady, whose pale face yet cries,—fair,
Piteous—for justice, replies there
No voice from the villain that lies where
I smote, to say vengeance was well?

HERBERT BATES.



AT "THE TEMPLE OF UNENDING PEACE!"

TO us children, the summer migration of the family to Chang An Ssu,—“The Temple of Unending Peace,”—brought an odd confusion of our religious notions. We knew very well that temples were heathen places, and we felt the peculiar chill of disapproval when our elders spoke the word “heathen.” We had listened on the paternal knee to stirring tales of the righteous Jehu and the groves of Baal, and could fancy him, toppling over temples and pagodas upon the heathen priests, and driving his war-steeds over their rice-fields. But the sight of the white-limbed pines and terraced courts of Chang An Ssu, with the prospect of long holidays in the clear, ringing air of the hillside, worked a quick change in our feeling towards temples. The great silent halls had a solemnity which seemed to have lingered on from old, far-off times, when everybody was good, and every day was holiday. The walls between the courts were heavily overgrown with dark ivy leaves, tremulous in the morning sunlight; the white giant pines crooned above the roof-tops their soft music, so hushed and far-away that it seemed to come from Mount Bruce, which sloped away into the sky, meeting the clouds in a crest of bluish rock, deeply grooved as if fresh from the chisel of Pwanku, when he left unfinished his task of hewing the world out of granite. The temple was approached by a splendid flight of broad, white steps, much like the picture of Jacob’s ladder in the Family Bible. And so, to us children, the heathen spirit of the place faded out, or lingered as a kind of mysterious distinction, coloring our delight in it with a delicious sense of witchery; and the last game of the day was to creep from our beds when the lights were out and enact Buddha—I sitting cross-legged in the rigid posture of the idol, and my sisters making their obeisances with the fragrant incense which the nurse had left burning to keep away mosquitoes.

In keeping with the quiet and solemnity of the temple, was the appearance of the old priest. He had a strong figure, slightly stooping, an impassive face with deep lines about the mouth, and penetrating eyes. He moved from court to court with a measured composure, as if performing a perpetual rite. There was something almost sinister in the way he went about his small tasks, watering his lilies and sweeping up the pine-cones with the same scrupulous gravity with which he tolled the bells at sundown. He had the air of biding his time for some remote and mysterious event, in view of which he could meanwhile let pass the work-a-day world. His presence cast a spell upon the place like that of the cave-springs, which one could always hear trickling, behind the lotos-pond.

My sisters, discouraged by his silence, and his

indifference toward dolls and white mice, regarded him as Confucius regarded the gods,—as one to be respectfully ignored in all human concerns. But I had many concerns which demanded warm and frequent conciliations. There were gold-fish in the lotus-pond, and eels in the well, where one was apt to be caught dangling pin-hooks. And the fishing rods for this purpose had to be cut from his bamboo plot. There were besides apricots in the temple orchard, to be secretly dried on the pagoda ledges, and long-stemmed lotus leaves, which, with candles inserted at the top, we carried as green torch-lights in after-dark processions. And above all there were the thrilling rides on Kuei hua, the black donkey, on whose back I galloped through the temple graveyard, not out of disrespect for his ancestral tombs, but because they were so tempting for the imagination to populate with lurking foes.

The old priest, I found, was one of those rare grown-up persons who took my trespassings with proper acquiescence. When he found Kuei hua's hoof-prints in the burial ground, he would look sternly at me until he thought I was frightened, scold a bit, as if to satisfy himself, and when I passed his room again, would give me a dumpling. Then he would sit with me on the temple steps and tell stories of Ju-pa-jea, the devil with a pig's head, and of Suen, the man-monkey. He would take me with him on his evening rounds to replenish the incense-jars, and to see the bats fly out from the temple rafters when the great bell tolled. I would even escape from the nurse after tea, and run to his room again, where I would eat the inevitable dumpling, sitting cross-legged in a straight-backed, patriarchal chair, while he dozed before the fire, and a pet cricket chirped to us from its corn-stalk cage. Overhead the spiders, crouching undisturbed in their webs, threw misshapen shadows on the rafters, and tame lizards basked on the tiles, their little eyes glittering in the fire light.

One night, when Kao ma, the nurse, was rubbing the ache out of my legs, she told this about the priest. He had lived in the village below with a younger brother, and when they were both about to enter a shop in the city, he had sold the little land left them, intending to invest it in their trade. But on the morning of their journey, the younger brother was gone, and with him all the money. Later in the day the neighbors found the elder brother at the temple, calmly sitting before the family burying-ground. When they asked him why he had not pursued his brother, he answered simply: "He must come here at last."

I was so anxious to learn what dark punishment the old priest was keeping for his miscreant brother that I found it hard, the next day, to remember Kao ma's injunction not to let him know that she had told. We were sitting together on the temple steps, looking at the evening clouds; which he told me were breathed out from the nostrils of Lung, the

fire-dragon. I was just framing a question of masterly indirectness, when our reverie was broken by Kuei hua, the donkey, who had chewed through his halter, and now galloped past us to the court below, frisking happy heels in the face of heaven.

"Why don't you run after him?" asked the priest.

"He must come here at last," I answered, lazily; and then, frightened at the quick glance the old priest turned upon me, I faltered:

"Oh, I did n't mean your brother!"

A stern look came into his eyes, and his mouth was drawn into such hard, evil lines, that I became very much frightened, and ran after Kuei hua. It plainly would not do to talk any longer that afternoon, so, having captured Kuei hua, I set out bare-back for a ride round the temple. The long, outer walls stretched so martially up the hillside, that in a moment I was Achilles, urging my war-horse round the walls of Troy. The ravine echoed with the imaginary shouts of battling Greeks, and in the pavilion I could see the chirping elders of Troy in the persons of gentlemen from the English legation, to whom some Helen was serving five o'clock tea. My path on the descent lay through the forbidden graveyard. Kuei hua was galloping spiritedly between the high, grassy mounds, when suddenly he whirled aside and struck up a long, bellowing bray. I jumped off in alarm and pulled him behind a mound to escape the eyes of the old priest, who might have heard him, and who certainly was in a bad mood to catch us there. No one came, however, so I tied Kuei hua and walked out to see what had excited him. It proved to be a gaunt, gray donkey, tethered to a flat marble slab. On this lay a man, raggedly dressed, and even thinner and more spent-looking than his donkey.

"Are you the old priest's brother?" I asked.

He started up with a look of fear and surprise, and leaned weakly on his elbow.

"Do n't tell him that I am here."

He took a parcel of yellow incense from his bosom, and offered it to me.

"I was going to offer it to the gods," he said,

"but I am too sick now."

"Let me burn it for you. I know the way, and it's almost sundown now."

A little later I slipped into the hall. It was cold and dimly lighted, and so still that my own footfalls startled me. On each side of the door, two gigantic idols, the sentinels of Buddha, brandished mighty spears, and glowered down with fiercely distorted faces. A long bar of dusty sunlight showed the huge figure of Buddha, towering up to the roof, its features indistinguishable at first in the gloom, but slowly defining themselves into an expression of awful passiveness. I remembered with a twinge of conscience how differently my father did when Li Kuei, the cook, was sick, and wanted to be baptized and renounce the devil. But

I reflected that for this man now to renounce the devil would be a needless affront to the personage most likely to get him. So I turned toward Buddha, and was just raising the incense to my forehead, when I heard a laugh behind me. It was the old priest. I began a shamefaced excuse, but was interrupted by a sudden tumultuous and tell-tale braying from the direction of the grave-yard. There was no escape. We ran out of the temple, and saw Kuei hua performing a kind of scalp-dance around the sick man's donkey, which was still tied, but dodging adroitly. I caught Kuei hua, and turned breathlessly to see the two men. The sick brother was sitting up, his hollow eyes fixed with abject fear. The priest stood motionless, but the deep lines were in his face, and his hands shook. I could hear the night-breeze moving in the temple pines, and the gurgle of water at the spring. At last the priest spoke.

"Chang Ehr, you need food; we must go to supper."

And as he set the sick man on the donkey and led him away, I thought it was just like him; for he scolded very little, and gave a fellow delicious dumplings.

ALFRED DWIGHT SHEFFIELD.

EFFIE IN THE POOL

PURE woodland well! where starry nights
Sink down divinely doubled,
Where day by day soft coloured lights
And shadows dream untroubled;

Cool—in our feverish world so cool!
So hushed amid our noises
That even the thristle, in the pool,
Not sings but merely poises;

Where life is all reversed, our low
Made high, our upper nether;
And beech boughs topsy-turvy grow,
And golden broom and heather;

And one sweet shadow, gay yet mute,
Glides coyly to the surface
When Effie comes—meets foot with foot,
And lifts *its* face to *her* face.

Strange fairy bather!—fugitive,
Fair semblance of existence!
I love to dream that thou dost live—
She gone—in some charmed distance;

Dost live—aloof from hope and fear,
From human joy and dolour—
A spirit in a liquid sphere
Of silence and of colour;

And peering sometimes from the brink
Dost make of earth a survey,
And sigh, "It is *their* world, I think,
Not mine that's topsy-turvy!"

WILLIAM CANTON.

CULTIVATING A DRAMATIC STYLE

A STORY WITH INTERLINEATIONS,

BEING AN EXTRACT FROM THE JOURNAL OF A GENTEEL FICTIONIST.

I'm almost discouraged about my stories. Editors say they're not dramatic enough, and I myself can fancy the fine scorn with which Belinda reads them to the end without finding any shadow of excuse for their being. I have never felt myself called as Belinda's prophet, and my life has not been dramatic. Experience is more psychic than anything else nowadays, and none of the genteel persons of my acquaintance indulge in murders or suicides or lost wills or hidden chambers or tank drownings or anything exciting. There are no wars except little play-wars away off at the ends of the earth, and I don't know geography well enough to venture sending my hero to Cuba or Armenia. Prodigal sons are absolutely the most exciting and ghastly things I can think of, and they're rather worn out in fiction, and decidedly too far from rare in reality, to be very interesting, I should think. I wonder what I could do to make an impression on those blood-thirsty editors who want things to "happen" at such rapid gait? I've read that Marion Crawford maps out his whole book before beginning to write. Something like this, I suppose:

Chapter 1. Introduce heroine and kill her father.

Chapter 2. Introduce hero as a probable murderer.

Chapter 3. Have them elope.

Chapter 4. Resuscitate father. Have him give chase.

Chapter 5. Wound hero and give heroine a bad cold from exposure. And so on!

I suppose this must be the way to build dramatically. I think I shall try my hand. I'll have only three or four chapters for this first attempt, though they do say that it's easier to have a whole lot. Think I'll begin humbly, though, and the more difficult it is the better the practice will be. Think I'll have two heroines, a light and a dark. The light one can be "spirituelle," and the dark one fascinating, but a little wicked. She can be second villainess if I need two, but for first villainess I'll have an old woman with dyed hair—no, a wig—and false teeth and long, skinny fingers. I wonder what reasonable cause for animosity this skinny old be-wigged rascal could have against my nice, spirituelle young maid with golden hair? I want Auralia (that's the golden one) to be very lovable, and yet the villainess must hate her. I wonder how you do that kind of strategy? Oh, yes, the dark girl is the villainess' daughter, and the lover of Maude (that's the dark girl) can't help loving Auralia because

she's so spirituelle, and so of course the villainess hates Auralia, and Maude *kind of* hates her. Gracious! I'm afraid it will take a whole chapter to explain all this and get my characters classified for the reader. It is always well, in a romantic story, to announce at once which is the villain and which is the chivalrous, pure knight, so as not to cause the reader any loss of time in proceeding to the story. It is best, I suppose, to call the nice people by some nice-sounding name, and to have the mean people named Durgen if they're poor and horrid, and De Vere if they're rich and cruel. Think I'll have mine named De Vere, and have them rich. Mercy! Not a thing has happened yet. If some one does n't die pretty soon I'll have this story on my hands, labeled "not enough action." I wonder whom I can kill? The De Veres might have an old aunt with a great deal of money. Oh! yes. This is the money the De Veres expect to get, and when they see the nice young man's affections wandering off toward Auralia, they decide to kill the aunt and get rich, so the hero will give Auralia the go-by. Dear me! I'll have to explain all this, too, before I can get to the killing. Well, then I can have the aunt poisoned by the villainess, with the connivance of Maude, and the blame laid on sweet Auralia. But what reason would Auralia have for killing off her rival's rich aunt, and adding to haughty Maude's attractions?

That does n't sound reasonable, somehow. Oh! I see. I could have Auralia a distant cousin of the De Veres, and have her the real heiress after all their presumptuous expectations, and have them accuse her of having altered the will—forgery, I believe they call it—and killed the old lady by putting arsenic in her tea. Then I could have them dig the old aunt up, and hold an autopsy. Those are interesting. I don't know how they hold one, but I could find out. I know a man who is second cousin to the coroner. He would tell me all about it. Then I'd have to ask some doctor what the symptoms of arsenic poisoning are, but that wouldn't be hard. Well, then, I wonder how I could prove that Auralia didn't do it at all, but that Mrs. De Vere did? I could prove that—what do you call it?—an alibi? I could prove that, at the exact time the aunt took her last drop of tea, Auralia was out carrying food to a poor family. And then I could have Mrs. De Vere's false teeth found near the body, and that would trace the crime to her. I think I'd better go back to the place where I first describe Mrs. De Vere, and say that she was in the habit of losing her false teeth in moments of great excitement, and that will make it seem more plausible when the reader comes upon the thrilling scene wherein I shall describe the finding of the false teeth by the murdered woman's side, and Mrs. De Vere's attempt to prove that they are Auralia's, and the subsequent appearance of the dentist to prove that at the time of the murder Auralia's false

teeth were in his hands being fixed. No! I don't like that, either. It's dramatic, but I'm not going to have my lovely, young, spirituelle heroine with false teeth just for the gratification of morbid sentiment in Belinda's breast. I'll have it just proved that Auralia has no false teeth, and so, of course the teeth must be the villainess'. And, so, the villainess will get hung, I suppose. Dear me! What a shadow that will be on Auralia's fair young life. I'd hate to have an aunt of mine hung, even if she were "distant." I wish I had n't had Auralia a cousin to the De Veres, but I suppose she has to be, or else the rest of the plot would n't hang together. It is so hard to have your story exciting and still keep some of the people in it thoroughly respectable. I wonder what I can do with Mrs. De Vere? Even state's prison for life is dreadfully disgraceful. I think I'll have her die before her trial. That will be another death, and will help the interest. I'd have her commit suicide or die in delirium tremens, but I like to make it as genteel as I can for Auralia. Of course, when Auralia has all the dead aunt's (the *first* dead aunt's) money, and Maude's mother has died under accusation, the hero would marry Auralia; but if I let him do that the story would end, unless I had them divorced in another chapter, or killed one of them tragically, or something. And I'm afraid to end up with only two deaths, one violent, and an autopsy, a trial for murder, and then a wedding. That could hardly be called much in the way of incident, even for a beginner, I suppose. It is the unexpected that makes interesting incident, I understand. It might turn out that Auralia is only an adopted waif, or I might make Maude delay the wedding by fainting at the church, and denouncing the hero as a bigamist, but I hate to make any more unpleasant things happen to poor Auralia. It is strange how one has to deal in blood and thunder and broken hearts and oceans of grief in order to write a story that the public will read! I'd prefer to marry the hero and heroine and then build them a nice house and furnish it beautifully, and have them give a house-warming, and let Auralia wear a pale blue tulle dress, with pearls in her hair, but none of those things are "incident." Sometimes when I'm writing a story and do n't know what to have the people do next, I take them out to tea, or to a box party at the theatre, or for a drive into the country, or send them to the seashore for a change of air and a chance to go sailing. But those are the stories the editors send back as lacking incident. I'm almost afraid to suggest that Auralia or Maude ever go out to tea, for fear it will put them in bad odor with Belinda. . . . I'm getting so tired of trying to dispose finally of this horrid story. I think now of marrying Maude to a nice, kind old gentleman, who will live a long time and be good to her, and make her sorry that she ever was jealous of Auralia. And then I believe that after the death of her second aunt, Mrs.

De Vere, Auralia might have brain fever from the excitement of having been accused and all, and then she might be married on what was supposed to be her deathbed, at the uncanny hour of midnight, and afterward get well and go on a wedding journey and get drowned. Then the hero would soon get married again, I suppose. I guess I might as well have him drown too. . . . If the editor does not think this will quite do, I can have Maude's house burn down, or have her jewels stolen, or get her into the path of a Kansas cyclone. But more than this I really cannot conscientiously have happen in one short story.

CLARA E. LAUGHLIN.

THE FUTURE OF AMERICAN SNOBBERY

ALTHOUGH the sphere of the snob will probably be limited among us, there is no danger that he will become extinct. If Thomas Jefferson and Abraham Lincoln stand for our democracy, and if a laborer may sit in the President's chair, yet vanity is universal. Indeed, natural selection will make our snobs the peers of any in Europe, for, where the conditions are so hard, those who survive must be indeed worthy.

The fawning of a climber should be distinguished from the swelling of an aristocrat, but the snobbery of either may be perfect. The assertion that the snob is always insecure, that the person who is established is above such meanness, like many another pleasant theory, is in disappointing contrast to the facts. Some of the purest snobs in England can follow themselves back to the conquest, and some of the purest in America are from families who governed the colonies. The attitude of the countess to the baroness is like that of the wholesale grocer's wife to her retail sister, and the daughter of genius is humble before the woman whose ancestors were noble under Charlemagne.

In America, also, the charity and humility which are intelligence are as scarce among those whose names have been conspicuous for generations as they are among the railroad kings. Like the pedant and the prig, the snob is beyond extermination. With us she is seen seeking acquaintance with Mrs. Billion or Mrs. Van Snoozler, or extricating a genealogy to let her join the Society of People with Grandfathers, or trying to marry her daughter to the fourth nephew of an earl. But there is a distinction. In Europe the well-dressed classes monopolize the government and the professions. In America a farmer's son is Chief Justice or most famous doctor, and the group which is to be exclusive must exclude what is interesting.

Snobbery in Europe is the insult of the successful to the unfortunate, but in America it is an attempt

to seem superior by being as insulting as the powerful. As the monopoly of wealth, education, and power is taken away from the few in Europe, snobbery will descend there to what it is here, a farce played by those who ape what used to be the ruling class. As I have said, the snobbery of America, limited by these conditions, will be of unrivalled purity. Politics and commerce, the two fields which have taken most of our brains and character, are beyond its power, and literature and art in a new country cannot bend to it. Our political and economic conditions, and the character of the masses who control us, must be the subject of American literature which is vital.

Indeed, the result of this severance of power from fashion is already apparent. Every year young persons drop away from their society environment to form associations where they can touch life. Nothing helps this change more than the freedom of our women. The millionaire who finds stocks more exciting than dinners has a wife who finds education more satisfying than dresses. Of course, the contrary movement goes on. Sons of serious parents drift into fashion, while sons of snobs step into life, and this double movement hastens to make our society of snobbery so completely imbecile that it will be harmless.

This division accounts for one difference between us and the British. In England one snob hates the other who is grasping at what she herself wants, but there is less disinterested contempt for the social pharisee than there is here. Unfortunately, the climbing kind, which to me is the more interesting, is hated by decent people more than snobbish aristocrats. If some of this bitterness has its root in envy, there is also the genuine feeling that these creatures keep back the work of making life in our cities attractive to the intelligent.

Probably the dislike both of climbers and of legitimate snobs will diminish as the public becomes more absorbed in its own life. Although we are now in the full tide of our chase after people who get their only glory from refusing to know us, there are signs of the ebb to cheer us. A real democracy, where class distinctions which stand for fixed differences in power do not exist, is a new thing on the earth, and one result of it will be to make some kind of efficiency the measure of respect.

NORMAN HAPGOOD.

QUATRAIN.

DEATH sleeps within the cup;—
Then drink ye deep!
Perchance, in drinking death,
Ye may find sleep.

R. V. RISLEY.

THE COLONEL'S MEDITATIONS

IT was nearly five by the office clock. A good hour, thought the Colonel, to call on Mrs. Mack and get that duty off his mind. It was a duty at once attractive and disturbing. The Colonel, as he descended the steps and made his way through the throng of hurrying men, south toward Market street, did not know whether he regarded it with anticipations that were pleasurable or the reverse. He would like to see Mrs. Mack again; he felt sure of that. But whether he would like to see her as the wife of Rollin Mack was a question not to be hastily or lightly answered.

A few months before the Colonel had himself been somewhat preoccupied by thoughts of Mrs. Mack. She was then Mrs. Isabel Conway, relict of the late Drusus Conway, a lady of vivacious charm, with a round, dimpled face, and coquettish ways that had power to subjugate the souls of men.

The Colonel's acquaintance with the pretty widow had never expanded into intimacy. He had admired her from safe distances with the cautious discretion of one who is not going to juggle with destiny. Several times, in the masculine seclusion of his club, he had remarked that if she had not had the incumbrance of two children he might, in the infatuated recklessness of his admiration, have rushed into wedlock. While he was musing on the thoughts of matrimonial extinction, Rollin Mack, the millionaire, a full forty years the lady's senior, had quietly stepped in and married her himself, thereby bringing to a summary end the Colonel's hesitations and doubts.

The Colonel could not but acknowledge that he felt rather blank. While he was deliberating in unflattering indecision, she had made the marriage most pleasing to her ambition. Had he been made a fool of, or had he made a fool of himself? It was a delicate question, and the thought of it engrossed him as he swung up Montgomery street to where the Palace Hotel loomed large from a mist of telegraph wires.

Mrs. Mack was at home and receiving, and, as the visitor was ushered into the parlor of her second-floor suite, rustled in from an adjoining room. She was splendid in a dress of rich heliotrope brocade that emitted soft, silken whisperings, and brought out the wonderful tinting of her fresh, girlish face. She was prettier than ever, the Colonel saw with a jealous pang. Once or twice, as her glance lingered on his, he thought there was something in its expression that suggested a desire to laugh. She had triumphed, and the Colonel felt annoyed with her and with himself that it should be so. Had he been a fool not to marry her? Then the conversation was brought to a temporary stop by the entrance of Rollin Mack, the bridegroom.

The millionaire, bent a little from his great height

by the weight of his seventy years, extended a limply friendly hand to the visitor and sank into an armchair. Here, his withered, loose-fitting eyelids low over the steely attention of his eyes, he sat with an air of uninterested indifference, now and then throwing a lazy remark into the conversation. The appearance of the little girl—one of the children whose existence had caused the Colonel to merely admire Mrs. Conway from the safe distances of impersonal acquaintanceship—contributed the finishing touch to this family group. She, however, showed no desire for either the society of her mother or her new papa. Securing a book, she retired to a stool, and there began to turn the pages, every now and then taking surreptitious bites of a cake concealed in her hand. Her step-father, with an apathetic cast of his eye in her direction, looked her slowly up and down, as if he was not quite sure who it was, and took no further notice of her.

They ought to have presented quite an ideal domestic picture, the Colonel thought, as he rose to go. And yet they did not—each one, in some subtle way, suggesting a sharp self-concentration, strongly separate and individual. The millionaire, rising and jerking himself into erectness for the moment of farewell, was imposing enough for the disparity in years between him and his wife to be overlooked. Holding out a jewelled hand, she smiled softly up at the departing guest, and then let her glance slip obliquely away from the open admiration in his eyes, which made her laugh a little with secret amusement and triumph. Behind them the Colonel caught a parting glimpse of the little girl, who had snatched this propitious moment hastily to eat her cake, her eyes fixed in alert apprehension upon the backs of her guardians.

It was after six, and the dark was settling down with the chill accompaniment of fog, when the Colonel found himself in the street. Having business to attend to across town that evening, he resolved to dine in unhurried loneliness at one of the French restaurants, the cuisine of which was known and approved by his cultured palate.

Walking slowly up the street, lit now with the bold gushes of yellow radiance from show windows and the pale suffused lustre from the electric lights, he passed through the crowd of wayfarers, with level-staring, vacant eyes. He noticed no one, for he was thinking. He was still preoccupied when he entered the restaurant, and ran his eyes over the tables, set out in two lines down the length of the narrow room. He did not notice the glances that followed him to his place, nor the pretty girl opposite with the green rosette in her hat. When he finally let his slow-moving eyes dwell for a moment on the charming face, so softly shadowed by the green-rosetted hat, he did not vouchsafe it the compliment of a second glance, but greeted the advent of his dinner with a relieved sigh.

He was thinking of Mrs. Mack. The girl with

the green rosettes was only as pretty as a thousand other girls—not like Mrs. Mack. The Colonel could not yet decide whether he was sorry he had not become the rightful owner of this lovely lady. The memory of her sitting in delicate erectness in the silken splendor of her heliotrope dress floated before his vision, blotting out the faces of all other women, plain or pretty.

As the waiter assisted him on with his coat, and the girl with the green rosettes stole one last glance at him, he was still preoccupied. He stretched his hand for his cane, and thought that, after all, he was glad he had not married Mrs. Mack. Something was wanting; he did not quite know what it was, or what made him think so, yet something that ought to have been there, lending the last radiance to the charm of her personality and the success of her union, was absent. But as the obsequious garçon flung open the door, and the breath of fog swept in, and the chill street without looked damp and dirty, he thought of the sumptuous room, and against its glow and richness of color, the enchanting woman that would have been there and been his own, and felt a sudden accession of petulance with himself for not having been fool enough to marry Mrs. Mack when he had the chance.

Out in the night, his coat buttoned high to his throat, his malacca cane with its loaded head grasped in his hand, the Colonel, by a complicated system of short-cuts and street cars, made his way acrosstown to the old residence-quarter beyond South Park and Rincon Hill. Some houses he owned there sheltered tenants who had been clamorously demanding repairs, and the Colonel, a gentleman of many engagements and easy negligence, had resolved to dedicate this unoccupied evening to them and their grievances.

It was in the quiet hours that come when the hard-working half of the community has gone to bed that the Colonel, his work done, turned his face toward that portion of the city where his club and his supper awaited him. The coolness of the fog-saturated night and the idle stillness of the deserted streets, wooed him to a walk acrosstown—a walk in which a great deal of thinking might be done.

It was cold, damp, and still. The older city, through which his vigorous strides carried him, lay lulled in the heavy sleep of toil. It was not yet midnight, yet the Colonel passed block after block, where only a light here and there in an upper window broke the darkness of the long lines of shadowy houses. The fog lay in a heavy beaded dew on the wooden pavements, and seemed to condense into a thick and vapory veil, where the lamp-light tried to pierce its enshrouding density. Now and then, in a pause of indecision at an unfamiliar corner, the Colonel could hear it dripping lazily from upper angles, the drops slowly detaching and falling with a distinct “plunk.”

He had hardly realized such loneliness and silence could exist in a city. There was something eerie about it, something mysterious in the dark lines of silent houses, close-shuttered and secretive, their blank faces, where the lamp-light gilded them, wet and shining. The walk too was longer than the Colonel had at first thought. He decided to shorten it by striking through those small alleys, black and still in the dumbness of heavy somnolence, which cut through the middle of many of the older city blocks—small, connecting veins between the town's larger arteries of traffic.

He passed from one of these to another, crossing the light-dotted lengths of wider thoroughfares, to plunge again into the narrow blackness of the next alley. As he advanced they seemed to grow meaner and darker. The houses on either side, the wretched tenements of the poor, rarely showed a crack or crevice of light through their sagging shutters, against which the Colonel's shoulder—so narrow were the sidewalks—brushed as he passed.

A new one, gloomier and blacker than any of its predecessors, opened before him. The Colonel, taking a swift *coup d'œil* up its shadowy length, shifted his grip from the top to the end of his cane. Some distance ahead of him, looking far away through the fog, a solitary lamp shone, a yellow spot dropped on the darkness. It looked like a street of the dead, a street of evil doings seen once in a dream, with all these squalid houses looming large and toppling through the sinister, shrouding mist. The Colonel, running an exploring glance over the bedimmed wooden walls and humid shutters, wondered what Mrs. Mack would have been like if Fate had willed that she should have lived in such places as these. This one, for example, its wet face dripping moisture, its dim outline suggesting a garret and a ground floor, with a few steps leading up to a dark doorway.

The Colonel's careless glance, resting on the black void of the doorway, was suddenly shot through with a lightning flash of alarm. With a sharp, inarticulate sound, a shape, black as the place it came from, sprang from the doorway and leapt upon him. In the unexpected suddenness of the attack the Colonel reeled back a pace. The creature, gasping out detached broken words that struck on the other's ear as frantic demands for money, hurled itself upon him, grappling at him with bony, strenuous hands, in a blind, beating frenzy of assault.

The Colonel, staggering for an instant back against the wall, felt a thrill of fear dart through him when he saw on the dark side of the house a small square crossed by narrow bars of light—the opening of a shutter—and behind it the outline of a head. There was a gang. It was an ambush. The Colonel saw it was a case for action; tore himself free, and with one mighty swing of his arm brought down the loaded top of his malacca on his assailant's head.

With a gurgling sound in his throat, the creature

dropped on the steps like a stone. Almost simultaneously the door of the house was swiftly opened; a square of pale light fell across the steps, over the figure fallen there in a huddled mass, and a woman darted out and knelt beside it. With silent rapidity she seized it and turned the face up to the light. It was pinched, ashen, and dreadfully dead-looking. She uttered a suppressed sound, rose to her feet, seized the body under the arms, and tried to drag it up the steps. In its inert heaviness it was too much for her. She desisted, let it sink back in a limp mass, and whispered hoarsely:

"Get here and help. The cop 'll be along in a minute."

The Colonel lifted it by the legs, and, with the woman holding it under the arms, they dragged it in and laid it on the floor. Relinquishing it gently, the woman turned, and, with the alert breathlessness which had characterized all her movements, closed the shutters and fastened the door. Then, coming back, she crouched on the floor, and with extraordinary rapidity and tenderness of touch, lifted the man's head to her knee, unfastened his collar, and chafed his bloodless hands.

"Get some water," she commanded in the same strained whisper; "it's in the tin by the window."

The Colonel brought it and knelt by her side. The chill fear that he had killed this miserable creature—revealed now in the light to be a sickly, shrunken lad, his stubby three-days' beard not hiding the pallid emaciation of his face—had brushed every other thought and feeling from his mind. With blank anxiety he watched the woman touch the sunken temples and grey, half-opened mouth with the water, and put aside the locks of hair that straggled over the dark, bruised spot where the malacca had fallen.

"Brandy," she whispered; "you must have brandy."

The Colonel, with stumbling indignation at his own forgetfulness, produced his flask. They raised the man's head, the jaw fallen, a glimmer of white shining between the half-closed eyelids, and poured some of the brandy down his throat. Holding him against herself, the woman eyed him with a downward look of hungry anxiety. No answering color tinted the waxen skin. It looked horribly dead beside the living tint of her tenuous, scrawny arm. For the first time she raised her eyes to the Colonel, and looking at him with ferocity, said in her hoarse whisper:

"I suppose if you've killed him you're satisfied."

The Colonel quailed before the fiercely accusing eyes.

"Try the brandy again," he whispered. "Look—there's a little color in his lips!"

She looked down with a startled flash of the eyes, and loosened her hold on the man. The next instant she had altered his position, and with his head

upon her knee was chafing his forehead and chest with the brandy, and squeezing a piece of her dress saturated with it into his mouth. The flickering color spread from his lips and slowly suffused his face. There was a spasmodic movement in one of his hands; his eyelids quivered and slowly lifted over the dazed languor of his eyes. The Colonel suppressed an ardent exclamation of thanksgiving. The woman bent down and brought her face within the wounded man's line of vision.

"You're all right, Danny," she said, whisperingly. "It's all O. K. You got a little clip, but you're back home here, and it's all right again."

He looked back at her with vague indifference, then turned his glance away with a weak sigh.

She made a gesture to the Colonel for the flask. As he bent forward to hand it to her she looked into his eyes and harshly breathed the words,

"Go on and tell on him now. No one 'll blame yer. It'll be the end of him and won't do you no harm. G'wan!"

The fierce irony of her speech was not impaired by the whisper that she still employed. The scarcely articulated words breathed bitterness and desperation. Her face was close to the Colonel's, and the biting hostility of her manner was contradicted by the anguish of her eyes. She was young, he saw now that he looked closely at her, not yet out of her teens, though her face was haggard, her body lean and angular. She had never been pretty. Lank locks of unkempt hair, that had been the richly curled bang of her girlhood, hung over her forehead to her eyebrows. A sickly, freckled pallor had banished such meagre good looks as mere youth could have given her. With a jerk of her head toward the window she hissed again:

"G'wan now; here's the cop. G'wan and tell on him."

From the street without, heavy and regular, came the advancing footsteps of the policeman on his beat down the alley. The three in the house listened with thrilled apprehension. The Colonel felt his heart beat thick as the footfalls approached. He noticed with vague eyes that the woman had turned her head toward the window, and that, in the rigidity of her listening attitude, the cords in her neck stood out in fibrous tightness. On her clenched left hand her wedding ring caught a gleam of light. On the floor the wounded man stirred and breathed audibly. The Colonel's nervous glance shifted from him to the squalid room, the smoky light from a small kerosene lamp playing over the wretchedness of its peeling walls and the tumbled coverings of an unmade bed.

In the oppressive silence, broken at intervals by the wounded man's harsh breathing, the footsteps drew nearer, went slowly and heavily by, and retreated. The Colonel, his chest lifting with a deep inspiration of relief, brought his glance back on the

woman and her husband. They were staring at him like hungry dogs.

"Why did n't you call him in?" she demanded.

The man on the floor moved his head so that he could command his would-be slayer.

"I—I did n't intend to," stammered the Colonel apologetically.

"Well," said the woman, with her ironic savageness, "you can do it when he comes back. There's a chair; take it and be comfortable. You need n't be afraid. He won't move. He do n't look as if he'd run, does he?" with a gesture of fierce derision toward the husband, who, the Colonel's handkerchief tied round his bloody head, lay along the floor in the apathy of abject weakness.

"But," said the Colonel with an air of embarrassed resistance, feeling himself a man of obnoxious brutality, "I do n't want to—I do n't want to call the police."

She looked at him for a moment in curious doubt. Then an expression of sly cunning crossed her ugly, street-Arab face.

"You can spare yourself the trouble of that sort of talk," she said dryly. "I'll give yer the facts and yer can have them all good and ready when he comes back. This is Danny Gagan," indicating her husband. "He's been out o' work for four months. He got sick and lost his job, and then I got sick, and we did n't have nothing to eat here. To-night I told him to go out and hold up someone, same as the men that was in the papers. They get money and things and get off. I did n't see no reason why he could n't. It ain't no picnic starving. I made him to do it. He did n't want to. He kep' on saying he did n't have no strength, but he would n't get no more settin' here starving. I was looking through the shutters. I seen yer comin', and I says 'Here's your man, Danny. Let out now and baste him; the cop's away; the street's clear.' An' he did n't want to. So I says, 'You do it now or I'll go out and beg off him.' That settled it, and he went."

She stopped abruptly, her hard eyes on the Colonel. There was a slight tremor in her mouth, but she tightened her long upper lip and controlled it. Her husband with a feeble, stirring movement, said dully:

"It do n't matter. I done it, and I'm caught."

The Colonel, deeply interested, was still kneeling by the supine figure, absently holding the flask and the tin of water.

"You put him up to it?" he said. "That accounts for the whole thing. Could n't you see I was twice his size and was carrying a stick, and might have been armed? It was a crazy thing to do."

He was interested in the foolhardiness of this singular woman.

"You surely must have known better?" he said, bending down to look into the face of his assailant.

"I do n't know," said the man with weary apathy. "She wanted it, and we was hungry. I guess when your 're hungry y' ain't got much sense."

The Colonel rose from his kneeling attitude to the athletic magnificence of his stalwart six feet.

"That's so," he said slowly. "I'd forgotten it for the moment. Of course it makes a difference;" and turning away he walked to where the kerosene lamp stood flaring on a narrow shelf. Standing here, his back toward the two watchers, his head slightly bent, he rapidly went through his various pockets. When he returned toward them he looked rather shamefaced.

"I'd offer to send you up something," he said, with an affectation of ease to conceal his embarrassment, "but I'm not familiar with this neighborhood, and do n't know where the good restaurants are. You'll know all that better than I."

He bent down and laid his money and watch in the woman's lap.

"The watch is in pawn now," he said, smiling, and avoiding her searching eyes. "I'll redeem it if you'll bring it to my office to-morrow. The address is in the purse."

"The cop," she faltered. "You'll wait for him and give Danny up?"

"Oh, bother, no!" said the Colonel, looking round for his hat. "I've got too much to do to waste time on that sort of thing. Life's too short to do anything but enjoy it. Danny's all right. Get him something to eat, and to-morrow take him to a drug store and they'll fix up his head. My hat looks worse than Danny does," he added, solicitously punching out the dints in it and brushing it with his sleeve.

He took up his cane and moved to the door. The two on the floor had moved a little nearer to each other, and looked dumbly at him. Opening the door a crack, he paused, his head bent, listening for the policeman's returning tread, but the silence of midnight possessed the alley. With the door-knob in his hand, he turned and surveyed the motionless pair, crouched on the floor. The two pallid faces looked with mute meaning into his.

"Well, so long!" said the Colonel gaily, giving a gallant wave of his hand toward his hat brim. "I'm sorry I hit so hard, but the cane was loaded, and I did n't stop to think. When Danny gets on his feet again, he'd better drop into my office. Something may turn up, you know. Good-bye!" The door opened, shut, and he was gone.

It was even darker and chillier than it had been, the Colonel thought, turning up his collar. He would keep to the broader thoroughfares for the rest of the way home. By the light of the first street lamp he looked at the top of the malacca and observed that it had not sustained a scratch, while Danny had been nearly killed. The Colonel breathed a pious sentiment of thanksgiving at the

thought of his assailant's escape, and struck sharp sounds out of the cement pavement with the tip of the sturdy cane.

Certainly it had been a very interesting evening. As he swung forward, down the quiet, lamp-lit street, he mused upon it. They had been a strange pair, especially that fierce woman. What an Amazon! She seemed to love that helpless creature she was married to with an extraordinary, passionate sort of tenderness. It struck the Colonel that no woman had ever loved him just like that. Perhaps the capacity for such feeling was the compensating prerogative Destiny gave to ugly women. She was ugly, and yet the Colonel, an avowed admirer of female beauty, felt his heart stirred by a pensive envy of Danny. That was the way women ought to love. That was the corner-stone on which a marriage should be built. That was what a wife should be and should feel. And as this sentence passed through the Colonel's brain, suddenly, with a startling effect of strangeness and shock, came the memory of Mrs. Mack.

The Colonel slackened his pace and walked loiteringly, staring before him. He felt bewildered, as if he had burst suddenly out of reality into fiction. Mrs. Mack! It seemed a hundred years ago that he had seen her. It was as if she had been the denizen of another planet, and he had known her in a previous existence. Was it only this afternoon that he had talked with her in her parlor at the hotel? She seemed to be withdrawn to an enormous distance—to be a thing impalpable, glittering, fictitious, an actress he had seen years ago in a play, a character he had once read of in a book. How extraordinarily unreal it all seemed!

He knew now he was glad he had not married her. How strange that he ever should have doubted! He felt as if he had waked up from some oppressive dazzling dream. The air about him was fresher and cooler; the sense of uncertainty was gone. Things seemed to have fallen into their proper perspective. Was that exquisite piece of flesh and millinery the woman a man would choose to love and cherish? Would she meet his looks with eyes of quiet truth and faith, and have a soft hand ready to slip into his when the grey days came? No! He knew now! He had seen the real thing.

He felt the grave importance of one who has suddenly increased his fund of experience, his power of comprehension, and walked forward with a firmer step, his head held high. Traversing a dark block and turning a corner, he came suddenly upon the light-pierced, rustling darkness of the plaza. Its tropical trees and plants raised their massy spiked and notched foliage against the great façade of the club, crudely staring at the night with long, lit windows. The sight of the building made the Colonel realize how hungry he was, and he crossed the plaza with hasty strides.

GERALDINE BONNER.

CORRESPONDENCE

MISTAKES IN IRISH

681 WEST END AVENUE, NEW YORK, }
September 7, 1897. }

TO THE EDITOR OF THE CHAP-BOOK:

IN THE CHAP-BOOK for September 1st an Irish gentleman denounces "a very common error made by American and English writers when they attempt to use Irish dialect"; and he holds me up as a terrible example. Now, I am so well aware of my incapacity to use any but my mother tongue that I have long made it a practice to submit to an expert everything of mine wherein I stray beyond my depth. "A Glimpse of the Under World" I sent to Ireland to my former collaborator, Mr. George H. Jessop, with whose sketches of Irish character under California conditions (gathered into a volume called *Gerald French's Friends*) I hope your correspondent is familiar. I asked Mr. Jessop to see that my Irish was accurate, and to better it where he saw occasion. As it happens, the phrase to which your correspondent objects is one with which my Irish friend enriched my MS.

Who shall decide when Irishmen disagree?

Yours truly,

BRANDER MATTHEWS.

THE LAW AND LITERARY FLAVOR

OTTAWA, CANADA.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE CHAP-BOOK:

SIR: *De minimis non curat lex* is a maxim all lawyers avouch, but perhaps I shall be no more guilty of *ἡρουλῆσμός* than THE CHAP-BOOK itself was in deigning to notice Mr. Lesser's metrical banalities in its issue of August 15th, if I venture to point out an erroneous statement made in the course of the criticism referred to, affecting the legal profession, viz., "the two Sir Williams, Blackstone and Jones, are the only . . . writers who succeeded in giving a literary flavor to a law-book." If this be so, what has become of the splendid literary performances upon legal themes of your own countrymen, Story, Kent, Greenleaf, Wheaton, Amos, and Holmes; or those of their English compeers, Austin, Maine, Pollock, Dicey, Twiss, Holland, and Maitland? And these are but the names occurring to me at the moment of a few of the writers who have made great the literature of the law.

In short, sir, while it is one of the vulgar errors of the time to believe that the ranks of the law usually are recruited from Boeotia, the fact is that no other profession has done half so much in behalf of letters in England and America. Yours, etc.,

CHARLES MORSE.

TO THE DEFENCE!

NEW YORK, Sept. 19, 1897.

THE EDITOR OF THE CHAP-BOOK:

DEAR SIR:—The CHAP-BOOK was pleased in its last issue to sneer at the discussion to which Dr. Andrews' misadventures at Brown have given rise. Dr. Andrews, I admit, has not cut a very dignified figure. He has resigned twice and withdrawn his resignation three times, filling up the intervals by convulsive little dabs at Mr. Brisbane Walker's amazing university scheme. For all that, the affair was well worth ventilating. If it was not an attempt to oust a college professor because of his political opinions, what in heaven's name was it? Does any one imagine that Congressman Walker was thinking of Brown and not of Bryan when he led the agitation against Dr. Andrews? If so, I envy them their simplicity. The whole question was whether a millionaire should or should not have the right to force his opinions on the university he was supporting with his money; and the intellectual status of Brown and Dr. Andrews, over which the CHAP-BOOK makes merry, was a mere side issue. Dr. Andrews' antics turned the whole business into a joke, but there was nothing amusing in Congressman Walker's claim to start with. On the contrary, if he had had his way, if he had driven Dr. Andrews out of the presidency and worked his wicked little will without attracting public notice, I can not believe the effect would have been anything but harmful to American education. There may have been a certain amount of humbug about the sudden uproar on behalf of "liberty of speech," but the clamor has done its useful work. It has spiked Congressman Walker's gun and made *The Cosmopolitan* a subject for mirth.

OLIVER COLEMAN.

AT NIGHT

MAMMA, at night, puts out my light,
And leaves me in my bed;
Then dreadful things, with peaked wings,
Go sailing round my head.

I can espy a horrid eye
That looks right through the sheet.
Mamma tells me I only see
The lamp upon the street.

She says that guardian angels, fair,
With little children stay;
But, when her step dies on the stair,
I hear them go away.

So, if God means to be so good
To little children in the night,
I wish He'd leave—of course He could—
My own mamma—and light.

MARY BALDWIN.

REVIEWS

THE FAR EAST

PICTURESQUE BURMA, PAST AND PRESENT.—By Mrs. Ernest Hart. 8vo. J. B. Lippincott Company. \$7.50.

THE Burmese are so inviting a people that any sympathetic account of their country and the lives they lead so joyously in it must perforce be filled with charm. Mrs. Hart not only lends a deal of lovingkindness but a pleasing personality to her book, and the result is doubly valuable. Her interest in the people she describes leads her into the giving of much detail ordinarily suppressed by British travelers, and her lack of prejudice and fairness in the face of religious matters enables her to maintain from beginning to end a point of view as welcome as it is unusual in respect of Buddhism and Christianity.

The book is best described as a compilation from the works of nearly all the writers who have spoken with any authority on the subject, united and informed by a mass of well-digested matter obtained during the author's journey in Burma, in 1895, in company with her gifted and energetic husband, the editor of the *British Medical Journal*. It is sufficiently voluminous to permit, *inter alia*, a survey of manners and customs, a description of cities and scenery, a consideration of the Buddhist religion, a history of the kingdom from the earliest times, an account of the British dominion and a remarkably frank admission of its shortcomings, and many scientific chapters, anthropological, sociological, geographical, and psychological, this last being a brief but admirable monograph on the homicidal mania which for several generations tainted the dynasty finally overthrown by Great Britain.

Before this incorporation in the Indian Empire, the Burmese, Mrs. Hart says, were outrageously misgoverned, from the wholly tyrannical voluptuary on the throne to the fitly named "province eaters" who represented his authority more directly to his people. But they were, notwithstanding, "placidly content" in a land and under a sky where a minimum of work sufficed to provide a frugal and abstemious folk with everything they regarded as necessities, and went far toward granting them many simple and wholesome luxuries. Every person in the kingdom was educated by the Buddhist monks in the purest and highest form of that faith. The women were intelligent and free, the men kindly and pious, the artisans diligent and skillful, and every one moral, temperate and happy. Then the Europeans came. Illegitimate children, unknown before, began to multiply. The innocent games of the Burmese were prohibited, and their arts languished. The use of opium and alcohol, prohibited by their religion, was established by the laws of their Christian conquerors, and large revenues de-

rived by them from the evils thus fixed upon their subjects. Mrs. Hart does not scruple to point out that it is in this direction that the European influence has made itself felt the most, the missionaries being almost powerless among the devotees of a faith as simple as their own.

"Do you make many converts?" she asked one of the Roman Catholic fathers at Mandalay.

"Not many," he answered with entire candor. "How can it be expected? Buddhism is such a fine faith, and there are such very good Buddhists."

It is noteworthy that the extraordinary success of the American Baptist mission among the pagan hill tribes, a work begun by Adoniram Judson and Luther Rice in 1813, is awarded just praise by Mrs. Hart's judicial pen, in the face of the sneers and insults, official and individual, of scores of British writers.

It is a pity that a sympathy so wide and reading so various, given as they are an appropriate setting in excellent paper, beautiful and abundant illustrations and an admirable binding, should be marred at all by slovenliness in writing; but *aggregation for segregation* (p. 185), *avocations for vocations* (p. 193), *animalculæ* (p. 189), *to cruelly put to death* (p. 364), and *directly I done my sketch* (p. 48), are not all the blemishes of the kind in the book, so praiseworthy in all other respects.

VERDI

VERDI: MAN AND MUSICIAN.—By Frederick J. Crowest. 8vo. Charles Scribner's Sons. \$2.50.

ON the tenth of the month now current, Signor Verdi is to begin the eighty-fifth year of his age. His compatriots intend to celebrate the occasion in a manner adjudged worthy of his merit; and this gives Mr. Crowest's book a manifest timeliness. But of the approaching festivities no hint is given, the biographer preferring to write on British rather than Italian lines. It is Verdi, and Verdi's works as they were received in London, which engage his attention chiefly, and the other countries of Europe have only such mention as is necessary in the historical sense. America, of course, is not named at all,—a little straw the blowing of which indicates the reason for the preposterous salaries given opera singers for a season here—this continent being quite as far from their artistic world as it ever was from the Pillars of Hercules.

Mr. Crowest, in his preliminary studies, lighted upon the fact that many of the musical critics of Great Britain took occasion to find fault with Signor Verdi's earlier compositions when they were first brought to London. Choosing, quite arbitrarily, to regard all such writers as confounded by the popular verdict against them, and as involved in

self-contradiction by their praise of his later works, the biographer loses all his sense of perspective in the delight of shepherding these shepherds, and fills page after page with records of dull controversies, made doubly uninteresting by their sepulture for a generation or two.

In spite of this and other faults in the narrative, Signor Verdi's life is too full of accomplishment to permit a book which sets it forth to remain stupid. When a baby in arms, his mother saved his life and hers by taking refuge in the belfry of their parish church while the soldiers of the Allies slaughtered their fellows below. To this and to many another horror inflicted upon his country during his youth may be ascribed the fervent patriotism that animates to so great an extent all the productions of his genius during early manhood—a point which Mr. Crowest not only does not make, but actually attempts to disprove, by averring that Verdi took little interest in politics. But he shows that the little Giuseppe was a thoughtful lad, equally free from boisterousness and precocity, with a career "perfectly legitimate, and free from episodes or situations partaking of the supernatural." Yet his bias toward music was sufficiently developed to enable him to wear out a spinet in the year 1820—he was born in 1813,—and from his eleventh to his eighteenth year to be the organist of his native village of Roncole, with an annual salary of about eight dollars. The story of his rejection from the Conservatory of Milan, "on the ground of his showing no special aptitude for music," brings forth the director of that institution as a worthy partner of the unfavorable British critics in dogmatism and absurdity. Still, the subsequent life of the musician is made to appear quite free from those agonizing struggles for recognition which sadden the after-successes of so many geniuses, the only profound grief which ever fell upon him being due to the sudden death within a twelvemonth of his wife, his son, and his daughter.

Mr. Crowest, in spite of himself, makes it apparent between the lines that much of the enthusiasm which waited upon Verdi's younger works and paved the way to his after fame was due almost as much to their political as to their artistic qualities. His very patronymic became the slightly concealed acrostic for Victor Emmanuel, Re D'Italia, and the slightest applicability of one of his operatic situations to existing political conditions was seized upon by the populace in utter disregard of its lyrical and dramatic values. In point of fact, it is to be feared that from the beginning to the end of his book Mr. Crowest supplies those who fail to extol Verdi's work of the first and second periods with ammunition, at the very time that he covers them with his own approbation.

There are not many anecdotes in the volume—too few, if those given are at all representative. One may learn that the overture of *The Sicilian Vespers* was originally written for the unsuccessful

Joan of Arc; that *La Donna e Mobile* in *Rigoletto* was not put upon paper until within an hour or two of its presentation, so greatly did the composer fear being anticipated; that *La Traviata* was ready for production within ten weeks after the completion of *Il Trovatore*; and other similar bits which add new pleasures to the old. "When the composer was busy upon the *Orbello* music," Mr. Crowest writes instructively, "the villagers and others in and around Busseto knew that the master was employed upon serious music. He wore a troubled look, and the expression of his face was one of tragic austerity. Brusque, wrapped up, impatient, he was far from pleasant to deal with, so different from his usual courteous manner and bearing toward the residents. Later, there was a change. A smile played about the composer's lips, he was jovial, open-mannered, happy. The peasants and others about the hamlet declared that the composer was in a merry mood; they surmised, and rightly enough, that he was engaged upon some comedy music. This was *Falstaff*."

The less said of the style in which the book is written, the better for Mr. Crowest. Phrases like "on the ne sutor ultra crepidam principle" and "to write a thoroughly up-to-date national opera" are common. He speaks of the admirable likeness of Verdi used for the frontispiece as showing the composer "tidily attired,"—a most unhappy expression. By dint of loosely constructed sentences he gives his readers the false impression that the *Requiem Mass* was originally composed in honor of Rossini and afterward devoted to the memory of Manzoni. And he can write such a sentence as "Nothing weak marks Verdi's character; on the contrary, he, like most good musicians, has a firm will, rather prone at times to be susceptible and suspicious." The volume in its entirety is disappointing: Signor Verdi deserves to have more of his engaging personality disclosed; to find his works treated with greater critical discrimination; and to rejoice in a biographer whose manner of writing is not in perpetual vibration between the infestivity of others and its own flippancy.

JEROME, A GOOD BOOK

JEROME, A POOR MAN.—By *Mary E. Wilkins*. 16mo. Harper & Bros. \$1.50.

WITH time Miss Wilkins' talent has grown more mature, her work more even, and her effects, on the whole, less striking. We mean by this that when we began to read her stories, they had the force of novelty, and beat upon one's imagination with the fierceness of a somewhat one-sided view of life. Their author was, above all, the exponent of the "New England conscience" and its attendant gloom. She had such vividness of treatment

and such admirable restraint and lack of sentimentality that she was at once recognized, if not as a veritable genius, at least as an authentic talent of rare quality. So much she gained in the field of the short story. *Jane Field* was her first novel, and it had the intensity and the deep gloom of her earlier writings. She then experimented with tropic passion in *Madelon*, and the book marked a transition period, in which she lost something of her poise, and her style something of its clarity. *Jerome* is calmer than its predecessors. Into her New England Miss Wilkins now admits people who live in some luxury of polished floors, rugs, and dainty china; elderly maiden ladies who sit in flounced lavender silk in lovely gardens writing with gold pencils upon ivory tablets; gentlemen who play whist and drink punch; and a squire who goes hunting of a Sunday.

In *Jerome* the two types of New England meet, and the result is a more rounded, more placid tale. Yet Jerome himself, left at the age of twelve to support a mother and sister and to do battle with a mortgage, has, for all his Puritan self-control, a white-hot passion of justice and unselfishness which drives the reader through the book in eager following of his fortunes. The characters who surround him are carefully and thoughtfully described, clean-cut and distinct. The incidents are fairly well linked into the chain of the plot, and in only one place can we put our finger on a definite disappointment. Jerome's love for Lucina seems unnecessarily controlled and chill, and we cannot help feeling that the exigencies of the plot rather than the demands of absolute truth kept the two apart.

A SECRET OF THE EDITORIAL ROOMS

THE QUEST OF THE GILT-EDGED GIRL.—By *R. de Lyrienne*. John Lane.

The following letter must serve as our excuse for not giving adequate notice to the above book:

NEW YORK, Aug. 5, 1897.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE CHAP-BOOK.

DEAR SIR:—As a critic who respects himself, I absolutely decline to review a production you have been good enough to send me, called *The Quest of the Gilt-Edged Girl*. It is simply a vulgar parody of a vulgar book, amazing by its fatuous ineffectiveness those who like myself know the inside of London literary life, and happily unintelligible to those who do not. In either case, quite beneath criticism.

YOUR REVIEWER.



MANY CARGOES

MANY CARGOES.—By W. W. Jacobs. 12mo. F. A. Stokes & Co. \$1.25.

HE is a bold man who nowadays attempts to launch another craft upon the crowded estuary of sea-tales. There are so many vessels moving on its surface, from the tall merchant-man to the blustering steam-tug, that the water sometimes seems to be almost overcrowded. However, in *Many Cargoes*, Mr. Jacobs has really taken us aboard quite a new craft. Here are by no means the traditional tales of buccaneers and buried treasure. No strange-oathed Silvers and Long Toms; but only city gentlemen in overalls, who smoke short pipes as they lean from dingy companion-ways, and exchange greetings across some stretch of placid water.

These stories, perhaps a score in number, with one exception, deal with the trade along the English Coast. London is their principal port of entry and Wapping apparently their shoreward limit. Mr. Jacobs makes his points with emphasis, and we are never allowed to remain in doubt as to the place toward which his shaft is directed, but after all, and best of all, the stories are distinctly humorous. The picture of the ironical mate, who, upon being told by the captain that he must occupy the biscuit and onion locker, gruffly asks if he may not, instead, take up his quarters in the butter firkin, is certainly a vivid one. The first tale in the book, "A Change of Treatment," is really capital comedy when one thinks of the gullible captain, coddling the entire starboard watch upon soft toast and currant jelly, while the mate is near to bursting with rising cholera at the imposition.

The stories are redolent of side-lights and marlin; they bring strong whiffs of salty air, and we may surely for the time leave buried the ancient controversy between American and English humor, as we read these most amusing yarns.

ANGLOPHOBIA

CERTAIN ACCEPTED HEROES AND OTHER ESSAYS IN LITERATURE AND POLITICS.—By Henry Cabot Lodge. 12mo. Harper & Brothers. \$1.50.

THAT Senator Lodge's literary essays should be somewhat political and his political essays not quite literary might be expected from one sufficiently versatile to vacillate between the attitudes of a cultivated conservative and a gesticulating jingo. It is, indeed, this latter title which has called forth much that the book contains—*The Apology of an Anglophobe* would be no very bad name for it.

There are nine papers, of various merit. The first, which lends its designation to the volume, is an Homeric study wherein the central idea is developed in a species of flippant, journalistic writing equally

undignified and incongruous. *The Last Plantagenet* is a parallel between Shakespeare's Richard III and the Richard III of Mr. Gairdner and Mr. Legge, which adds nothing to our knowledge. *Shakespeare's Americanisms* is altogether tenuous, four phrases—one of them doubtful—furnishing all its framework. *Chatterton* is a hasty review, twenty years late, of Dr. Skeat's edition of that poet. Dr. Holmes, because of the essayist's personal acquaintance with his topic, is quite the most important paper in the volume, though this abounds in statements both inaccurate and misleading, like that which says, "Before his [Holmes's] birth, Jonathan Edwards, Benjamin Franklin, and Alexander Hamilton were the only American writers whose work had found a permanent place in literature," or the remarks on Edgar Allan Poe and the *decadents* on page 143, or the observation, "We all think of him [Holmes] first as poet." *The Home of the Cabots* brings a certain amount of unconvincing evidence to prove that the early explorers were of Jersey origin; and all the other essays, together with portions of the foregoing, are attacks, more or less complicated by externals, on Great Britain.

It is hardly necessary to say more of these, which as exhibitions of international good taste compare favorably with Mr. Julian Hawthorne's comments on India, than that they carry out Schopenhauer's cunning advice to controversialists: "When your opponent uses a merely superficial or sophistical argument and you see through it, you can, it is true, refute it by setting forth its captious and superficial character; but it is better to meet him with a counter-argument which is just as superficial and sophistical, and so dispose of him; for it is with victory that you are concerned, and not with truth." There is an appropriate dedication to Senator Hoar.

THE ANTHONY TROLLOPE OF SARATOGA

AN OPEN-EYED CONSPIRACY: AN IDYL OF SARATOGA. By William Dean Howells. 12mo. Harper & Brothers. \$1.00.

THE sub-title of this small book is a perfect description of it, as far as it goes. For the rest, it is an idyl told of our good friend, Mr. Basil March, editor of *Every Other Week*, who spends a customary summer at Saratoga with his wife Isabel, formerly of Boston; it has all the charms of a manner which leaves the reader continually surmising that this sentence or the next is a bit of autobiography; and the story itself is that of a summer love, the suddenly springing affection of a nice young fellow, a friend of the Marches', for a pretty girl they came to know by accident.

"The girl has a powerful will," remarks Mrs.

March, at the end of the narrative. "She is very beautiful, and now he is in love with her beautiful girlhood. But after a while the girlhood will go."

"And the girl will remain," Mr. March said.

There is throughout that characteristic nicety of observation and criticism which makes the reading word by word a pleasure. "One summer," he writes, "I studied so earnestly and so closely the countenance of the lady who went up (in trunk-hose), in order to make out just what were the emotions of a lady who went up every afternoon in a balloon, that when we met near the end of the season in Broadway, I thought I must have seen her somewhere in society, and took off my hat to her (she was not at the moment in trunk-hose)." And again: "There was one theatrical performance—a performance of *East Lynne* entirely by people of color. The sentiments and incidents of the heart-breaking melodrama, as the colored mind interpreted them, were of very curious effect. It was as if the version were dyed with the same pigment that darkened the players' skins: it all came out negro. Yet they had tried to make it white; I could perceive how they aimed, not at the imitation of our nature, but at the imitation of our convention; it was like the play of children in that. * * * I began to make some sad reflections, as that our American society, in its endeavor for the effect of European society, was of no truer ideal than these colored comedians." But it is needless to multiply such episodes—the book is sprinkled with them.

It is not this, but the familiarity of Basil March's return to us again and again, the fact that Saratoga is so helplessly and thoroughly average, neither *déclassé* nor *à la mode*, and the simplicity of the love affair of the younger, and the constant solicitude of the older characters, which leave a feeling as of Anthony Trollope. This we mean for praise, believing that in the limited bounds Mr. Howells sets for the last story of his, the Englishman was a master; though his art was never so concise as here, and never so consummate.

THE REAL THING

THE CHEVALIER D'AURIAC.—By S. Levett Yeats.
12mo. Longmans, Green & Co. \$1.25.

A FEW such volumes as *The Chevalier d'Auriac* would do much to raise the drooping spirits of the lover of romance. Mr. Yeats, single-handed, could do more to stay the fall of the "romantic revival" movement than fifty authors of the little costume-novels which have during the past year or so made their little bid for obscurity.

His special quality is that he does not fail in the score of places where his competitors stumble. They all imitate somebody, Dumas, Weyman, Doyle, Hope, or one of their obscure selves. Mr.

Yeats is in many ways like Mr. Weyman, but he is obviously imitating nobody. Indeed he has not taken his work so seriously as to think that worth while. Working at literature "in the rare moments of leisure that an Indian official can afford," he apparently loves his task. He writes with great spirit and liveliness, and in clear, correct, and effective language.

His story is of the days when Henry of Navarre was establishing himself firmly as Henry of France. There is in it a plenty of battles, private quarrels settled by the rapier, court intrigues and conspiracies, the distresses and rescues of lovely ladies,—in short, the accustomed paraphernalia of romance, which Mr. Yeats shares with all his fellow-novelists. But the book is so well constructed that you never feel, as so often with less successful story-tellers, that whole chapters were written only because the property man insisted on the author's finding use for some papier-mâché romantic incident. *The Chevalier d'Auriac* holds one's interest to the last page. The complications of the plot are never very intricate, but the knot is never quite untied until the very end.

IN COSTUME

BOBBO.—By Thomas Wharton. 12mo. Harper & Bros. \$1.25.

IT is difficult, if not impossible, to pass critical judgment—even if one were so disposed—upon these fancies of Thomas Wharton, so well has Mr. Owen Wister accomplished the purpose of his introduction and memoir. The entire book is so full of the author's strange, shy personality that we appreciate the editor's patient striving to forgive whenever there is lack of perfect accomplishment. Indeed, Mr. Wister's introduction is a masterly lesson in restraint, a model for eulogists, and a constant reproof to the indiscriminate admirer.

Bobbo, the story which gives the tide to the book, is the last and best action of Wharton's literary life, and may be taken as the sign-manual of his art. In this, and in *The Last Sonnet of Prinzivello di Cerubino*, "the author's fantastic gift declares itself outright and moves outright in costume." *Bobbo* is undeniably French. Wharton has surely caught the movement and deftness of the school. It is attenuate, if you will, but it is the attenuation of refinement. It is fantastic and unreal, but imaginative, and so moving. *Paul Paturteau*, the justice's clerk with aspirations "À la Gloire," will some day bring his offering, albeit a slight one, to the universal shrine.



THE SMART SET

THE FOLLY OF PEN HARRINGTON.—By Julian Sturgis. 12mo. D. Appleton & Co. \$0.50.

THE only indiscretion which Mr. Sturgis allows his heroine to apparently the one upon the title-page. This "Admirable Crichton" of a woman moves in a seener air and rises superior to all emergencies in a manner that causes mingled wonder and disbelief. There are no shades of moral quality in *The Folly of Pen Harrington*, each character is fitly branded as hero, clown, or villain, and each is true to the colors under which he sails. We almost suspect Pharamont of smoking innumerable cigarettes and carrying a cheap revolver, and Peter Blake, whom some one has shrewdly identified as the "uncrowned king of Black Man's Land," is as simple, noble-minded, and discreet as heroes should be.

Yet in spite of these somewhat primitive qualities, the book is surprisingly sophisticated. Mr. Sturgis has made an attempt to reproduce the stirring, restless life of the century's end at one of its principal foci; his people are "smart" to their finger-tips, and he has increased the illusion by the device of using as characters actual beings, thinly and even carelessly disguised. Now and again we suspect the author of surreptitious laughter at his own creations, and we must certainly guard ourselves against taking him more seriously than he takes himself.

The book moves with the spirit of a well-written farce, and slips from dancing-girl to ducal acres without a check or pause. Mr. Sturgis has not gone deep, his character-drawing is of the most shadowy description, but then he has not tried the deeper waters, and it is much to have moved swiftly on the surface to an accompaniment of proper clothes and irreproachable manners.

MACHINE MADE

IN THE DAYS OF DRAKE.—By J. S. Fletcher. 12mo. Rand, McNally & Co. \$1.00.

THIS is a respectable small romance, for such as like them. It tells how the hero's wicked cousin caused him to be kidnapped by a Spanish vessel, which carried him to Mexico. He escaped, but was recaptured, tortured by the Inquisition, and finally put, as a galley slave, aboard the Santa Filomena. From this torment he was rescued by the English fleet under Drake. He then returned to England to confound the wicked cousin and contract a pleasing matrimonial alliance with a beautiful blonde. Our enjoyment of all this has been tempered by the fact that we have read it very many times before, here and there. Furthermore, Mr. Fletcher seems to us much more at home in rural England, where we have found him in some of his other books, than

he is in the Spanish colonies. We conceive that the composition of historic romance is not his *metier*. The most interesting thing about his Elizabethan hero is the modern quality of his style, its date being about 1820, we should say.

BOOKS RECEIVED

TALES OF THE SUN-LAND.—By Verner T. Reed. 12mo. The Continental Publishing Company. \$1.25.

THE HISTORY OF THE LADY BETTY STAIR.—By Molly Elliott Seawell. 16mo. Charles Scribner's Sons. \$1.25.

ONCE UPON A TIME, AND OTHER CHILD VERSES.—By Mary E. Wilkins. Illustrated by Etheldred B. Barry. Square 12mo. Lothrop Publishing Company. \$1.00.

WHITELAW'S IMPROVED INTEREST TABLES AND CHARTS.—Laird & Lee. \$0.75.

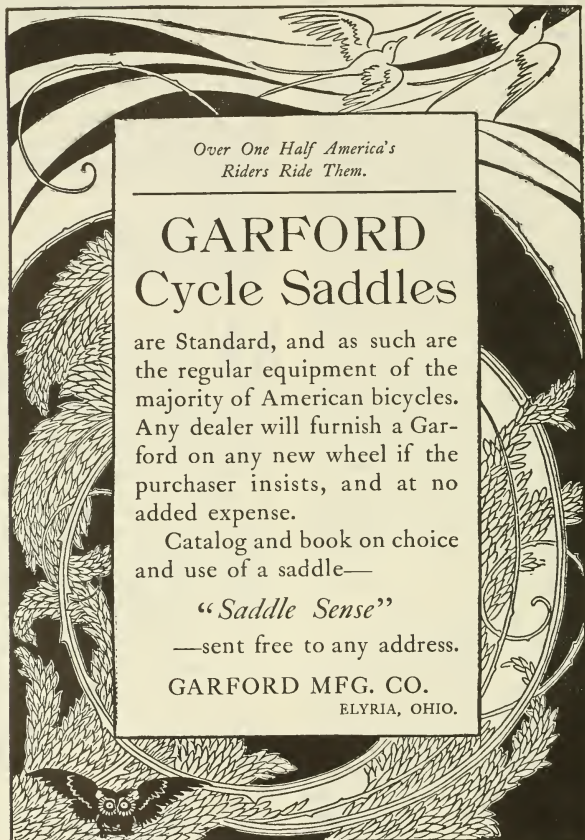
BEYOND THE PALE.—By B. M. Croker. 12mo. R. F. Fenno & Co. \$1.25.

LAVING THE HERO TO REST.—By Edward Doyle. The Uptown Visitor Publishing Company.

THE EVOLUTION OF FRANCE UNDER THE THIRD REPUBLIC.—By Baron Pierre de Courbertin. Translated by Isabel F. Hapgood. Introduction by Albert Shaw. 8vo. T. Y. Crowell & Co. \$3.00.

MESSRS. HERBERT S. STONE & COMPANY publishers of THE CHAP-BOOK, have much pleasure in announcing that they have undertaken the publication of THE HOUSE BEAUTIFUL, a monthly magazine devoted to houses and homes. It has heretofore been issued by Messrs. Klapp and Company, who will still be associated in its editorial management. The magazine is to be enlarged and the changes will be considerable although it is believed they will be always in the way of improvement. Articles will appear on decoration—interior and exterior, rugs, pottery, silver ware, prints, engravings, etchings, furniture—old and new, book-bindings, and so forth; in fact everything connected with the house will be treated, in simple practical fashion rather than from a technical point of view. The illustrations are to be numerous and especially devoted to the details of the house. The subscription price is one dollar a year. Sample copies will be sent for five two-cent stamps. *Caxton Building, Chicago.*
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THE LONDON CHRONICLE, in a review of the book headed "A GREAT NOVEL," has the following to say:

It is impossible, hot as we are from the first reading of it, to give anything like an adequate appreciation of this new book by Mr. Henry James. It is a work of art so complex, so many-colored, so variously beautiful, that one must get it in a certain perspective of time before one shall find a formula that may even partly express it. For the present, the most we can attempt is to set down a few of the more immediate—perhaps, therefore, of the more superficial—impressions it has left upon us. It is as if one came from one's first intimate communion with a new immortal, that each new ring of art achieved—is it not a new immortal? One is bewildered, one is a little intoxicated. The splendid voice still rings in one's ears, the splendid emotions still vibrate in one's heart, but one is not yet ready to explain or to translate them. Indeed, the ultimate emotion set vibrating in our hearts by a supreme work of art is never explicable or translatable—any more than love and faith are explicable or translatable. Who can explain or translate the emotion we feel in listening to music? Music being the absolute, the elemental art, for that reason serves best to illustrate an elemental truth about art.

But it must be admitted at the outset that "What Maisie Knew" is not a novel for tired minds or for second-best moments. It is not a novel for the railway carriage. It is not to be picked up by a restorative by the man jaded after a hard day in the city. It is a novel that addresses itself to our freshest intelligence, and demands our most alert perceptions. We must give it, as the phrase is, our "best attention." If we give less than that, we shall receive less than nothing; we shall miss the shadows, and to miss the shadows, in work like Mr. James's, is doubly to miss the substance. We must give much, because the artist has given much. The artist has understood what would seem a self-evident proposition, if ninety-nine in every hundred people who write books did not ignore it or dispute it. He has understood that the art of literature is the art of expression—not of approximate expression, but of final, perfect expression. He has understood that if you do not express your intention with finality, you do not express it at all; you express another intention, an intention that may approach, that may resemble the intention you aimed at expressing, but is necessarily not identical with it. Mr. James, therefore, bestows upon his every sentence, his every image, his every word, his every comma, an infinite consideration, so that these may form the living, perfect incarnation of his thought. That, then, is his art, the art of expression; our art must be the art of comprehension. It takes two to make a masterpiece; and Mr. James's delightful labor will be wasted upon us if we are not prepared to add to it the delightful labor of our own. For the things Mr. James sees are not obvious things; they are immensely subtle things, they are elusive, evanescent. To render them visible to other eyes than his own, he must employ a subtle medium and then the other eyes must be at pains to look.

"What Maisie Knew" is the revelation of the inmost secret soul of a little girl; a revelation all tenderness, all sympathy, all exquisite insight and understanding. But the inmost secret soul of a little girl is not a spirit that can be evoked by common methods. It will not step out into the daylight of the streets. It cannot show itself in the primary colors. It will show itself only in the tempered light of a sanctuary, in colors that are dim and transparent. The soul of Maisie has shown itself to the artist who has wrought her portrait for us. He has wrought her portrait in transparent grey and rose; and every touch of his hand upon that portrait is as gentle and as loving as a caress. But—the Germans have said—"das Sehen muss gelernt sein." The transparent grey and rose of Maisie's portrait do not "jump at the eyes." One must learn to see them. One must gaze long and intently, till at last the spirit of the little girl shines out, pure and sensitive, graceful and beautiful.

What Maisie knew was, briefly, the pitiable circumstances in which her helpless young life found itself, the tragical questions and responsibilities by which her young life was perplexed. Maisie's father and mother were divorced, and each had married again, and the second wife and the second husband were by way of being lovers. Then these entirely selfish, entirely human elders tried to use the child's innocence as a tool for the attainment of ends that were as little innocent as might be. Out of this situation Mr. James extracts the significance, the whole significance, and nothing but the significance, presenting it with the humor which is the essence of pathos, with the pathos that makes you smile through your tears. From the child's first terrified fragmentary glimpses, guesses, when "life was like a long, long corridor with rows of closed doors," through the inevitable growth of her knowledge, to the vision hideously complete and certain which came at last, the story moves, like the ascending movement of a symphony, ever more poignant and more poignant, ever deeper and stronger. And if you punctuate it by the way with outbursts of applause for its consummate art, at the end you are breathless and silent, forgetting that it is art, remembering only that it is life, discerning only "infinite passion and the pain of finite hearts that yearn."

Yes, it is life. Maisie's mother, with her hard eyes and her painted lips, her father with his great glossy beard and his famous teeth; bold, handsome Mr. Beale, weak, good-natured Sir Claude, the kindly captain, the mouth-toothed countess, the shabby guardian-angel, poor Mrs. Wix, with her "straighteners"; they are all alive, and Maisie lives beautiful and unspotted among them. There is not a moment when our conviction is shaken, not a moment when we say to ourselves, "After all, it is only fiction." It is life, it is human life, with the flesh and blood and the atmosphere of life; it is English life, it is the very life of London. But it is not what they call "realism." It is life seen, felt, understood, and interpreted by a rich imagination, by an educated temperament; it is life with an added meaning; it is life made rhythmic; it is life sung in high melodious prose; and that, it seems to us, is the finest romance.

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The list, illustrious as it is, can only be suggested in this brief announcement. The new Christmas Catalogue, attractively illustrated, may be obtained of the leading art dealers throughout the United States; or it will be sent by the publishers upon receipt of six cents in stamps.

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The Chap-Book

Vol. VII, No. 11

Semi-Monthly

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Contents for October 15, 1897

NOTES

POLITICAL

SINCE THE APPEARANCE of our last issue the political situation in New York has taken on a fresh color through the nomination of Henry George by the true-blue silver men as their candidate for mayor. This is not a new honor for the single-tax leader. Eleven years ago he was one of the heroes of a three-cornered fight, in which the other two champions were the late Mr. Hewitt, and Theodore Roosevelt. Mr. George received what the newspapers called a "respectable vote." The vote for Mr. Roosevelt was more respectable. The vote for Hewitt was not particularly respectable, but it was very, very large. Politicians recall that the New York *Sun*, temporarily in charge of one of Mr. Dana's vicars, was disposed at first to take a neutral stand in the canvass, rejoicing that no other city in the United States could choose a mayor from such distinguished company. But this mood did not last long. Mr. Dana studied the situation, and threw all his strength for Hewitt, not because the democratic candidate was a good man, but because his candidacy bore the endorsement of various disreputable organizations.

This year General Tracy will enjoy the doubtful honor of the *Sun's* support. This is precisely as it should be, for, although there are other vicious candidates in the field, Tracy's candidacy is by far the most vicious. In a three-cornered fight, with Mr. George harassing Tammany Hall, Mr. Low might win. But at the present moment it seems impossible to defeat Van Wyck when the "straight republican strength" is concentrated in support of General Tracy, with the more or less open authority of the national administration. Those who are acquainted with the domestic virtues of Mr. McKinley will find it hard to believe that the president would lend sanction to a political conspiracy, whose only possible end is the re-establishment of a system of public plunder based upon the blackmail of unfortunate women. But this is the fact, and it must be traced to the president's indifference to the subject of municipal reform. He has spent his whole life in a country town, and the problems that beset the citizens of a great city are as remote from his mind as the political issues of the Martian people. His eyes might be opened to the facts if the people of

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New York were to display genuine interest in Mr. Low's candidacy. But it is unfortunately true that the improvements that have resulted from the overthrow of Tammany have not impressed the multitude half as much as the Raines act restrictions and the absurd attempts to correct the social evil—all of which are charged to the "reformers." Open saloons and "personal liberty" are much more inviting to New York than clean streets and justice, and Colonel Waring is most admired in parts of the city for which he has done least.

THE RESTORATION OF SAGASTA to the government from which he was ejected in 1895 has caused an extraordinary change of face on the part of the warlike American newspapers. The journals that were most strident in demanding war at any price have found in the new premier a herald of peace. Great is Sagasta, the "liberal," the wise, the just, the merciful, the generous! He will "emancipate Cuba." He will "fork it over to the United States." Strange that a brutalized, ignorant, weak, cowardly, helpless, Roman Catholic, bull-fighting nation like Spain should possess such a marvel of far-seeing statesmanship as this Sagasta! Yet Sagasta is no more than an adroit politician, far less courageous and high-minded than Canovas. This ex-revolutionist will follow where the crowd leads. Those who applaud his magnanimity have not reflected that he was premier during two of the most distressing years of the Cuban war before this one, and that he failed to exhibit those altruistic qualities that the American newspapers now ascribe to him. It is a great misfortune that the policy of our government in this matter should be influenced by irresponsible ignorance. Mr. McKinley, we are informed on the faith of one of his most intimate advisers, insisted in his note to General Woodford that "public opinion" controls administrative action in this country. "Public opinion" on the Cuban question, as heard through the newspapers, is founded upon the fiction that Spain is pulseless and cowardly, that she has no navy or army, that she is incapable of defence against foreign aggression. With three or four exceptions our journalists have insisted on these points, and no one has had the courage or knowledge to declare that Spain is neither weak nor timid, and that her people generally regard the United States as "a boneless giant," powerless to do more than appear awful. It has been fortunate for the peace of the world that Canovas' imperious nature rose above the fanaticism of the Spanish mob. Sagasta, "the liberal," is far more liable to be influenced by "public opinion" to the cost of both Spain and the United States.

THE PERSISTENCY OF THE REPORTS of the pope's ill-health, however persistently denied by the vatican, has aroused much speculation as to the papal succession. For many years Leo XIII,

physically but a shadow, has clung to life with a tenacity that attests the vigor of his spirit. Long ago a western scout and "squaw-man" who enjoyed an audience in company with other members of "Buffalo Bill's" band, reported that the pontiff looked like "a puff of alkali dust" and that the attendants "packed him everywhere." Those who have seen him in the last five years have been struck by the manifest dominancy of the soul over the body—the singular and beautiful retention of vitality by a serene spirit in a frame emaciated beyond description. But the tenancy approaches an end, and politicians have begun to talk covertly of the next pope. Who will he be to prove or set at rest the ancient prophecy that Leo's successor will work all but ruin to the church? In this country naturally the clerics pin their hopes to Cardinal Satolli. The question then arises: Who among the American prelates will enjoy his favor? Three years ago the confident answer would have been "Archbishop Ireland." At that time the party, led by the aggressive metropolitan of St. Paul, and including Cardinal Gibbons, Bishop Keane, Bishop Spalding, of Peoria, and perhaps Archbishop Riordan, of San Francisco, seemed to be in high control. Archbishop Corrigan of New York was practically degraded and the Germans as usual were raving and submitting.

But Mgr. Satolli was an ex-nuncio and former president of the diplomatic college, and he held in reserve turns of high intrigue to amaze and dizzy the hierarchs nourished on American city politics. Suddenly the word went abroad that his grace of St. Paul was "down;" then like a thunderbolt came the news that the dean of the Catholic university whose daily life had led him into constant contact with the ablegate—Bishop Keane—an accomplished but ill-tempered man, had been deprived of his post and Mgr. Satolli returned to Rome leaving the partisans wildly groping in the dark. He left no victorious faction. He merely gave aid to one side or the other to destroy both. The haughtiest of the prelates were bent or broken. In his person the power that has crushed so many rebellious spirits found a worthy representative. It is true that Archbishop Ireland retains some of his prestige with politicians—enough to suspend the appointment of a secretary of legation at Rome while he chose one who would suit him. But in the church he, and his enemies as well, have been added to the string of ciphers behind the integer that represents the papal power.

LITERARY

THE ANNOUNCEMENT IS MADE that Mr. Anthony Hope Hawkins's new romance, *Simon Dale*, is a story of the times of Charles II of England. This bit of news is probably welcome and insignificant to most who read it. But to anyone who follows closely the course of modern fiction it means a great deal. Anthony Hope has apparently

given up writing modern romance. All his earlier works, and his first great success, *The Prisoner of Zenda*, were modern. The innovation was a greater one than most people realized. For the first time a romantic hero wore a tweed walking suit and an Alpine hat. A new kind of fiction had been invented, and the promise was bright. Every one felt that the romantic story of times past had been done almost to death, but this vigorous off-shoot seemed likely to grow for many years.

Just how Anthony Hope has been led into the broad and easy path that leads to "costume stories" we cannot tell. It is possible that contemporary Weymanesque fiction is proving an environment of over-powering strength; it is possible that he has grown somewhat lazy. *The Heart of Princess Oira* was a stumble in the wrong direction, and *Phroso* an ineffectual effort to pull back. *Simon Dale* seems to commit him irretrievably to this career. There is talk, to be sure, of a sequel to *Zenda*, but we are terribly afraid Mr. Hope will invent some method of putting that back a century or two.

As to *Simon Dale*, we do not wish to be misunderstood. It will probably be a very good story, but it will probably be a tale which a half-dozen other writers might have written. And there is absolutely no one but Anthony Hope who could have given us *The Prisoner of Zenda*, *A Man of Mark*, *The Indiscretion of the Duchess*, and *The Dolly Dialogues*.

IT CERTAINLY IS NOT THE FAULT of the *Atlantic Monthly* if in the last forty years American literature has drifted from Lowell and Longfellow to Mr. Howells, and from Mr. Howells to James Lane Allen and Richard Harding Davis. That journal, at any rate, has always made the best use of the best material on hand; has always been true to its early ideals; has always offered itself as an accessible platform to every writer of thought and cultivation. We owe an enormous debt to our monthly magazines, a debt we hardly remember till some such anniversary as the *Atlantic* is now celebrating brings it to mind. The editor of an English periodical once declared that he considered himself the equal of forty members of Parliament in influence and authority. That perhaps was a cheerful estimate, and we are more modest in our claims for the *Atlantic*. Two average Presidents, half a dozen Senators, and perhaps ten ordinary colleges would be nearer its equivalent. But that, even if we included Messrs. Morgan and Mason among the Senators, and Brown and the Cosmopolitan among the colleges, is really no slight record. It has been achieved by the *Atlantic* because the editors of that periodical have always set their faces against playing to the gallery in literature or politics, and have made it their business to instruct popular taste instead of following it. And as a necessary consequence they have found their reward in the respect and confidence of those whose

praise is best worth having. We offer them our sincerest congratulations on the completion of forty years' useful and distinctive work.

THE EASY SUPERIORITY of our illustrated magazines over the unexciting efforts of the English in that kind has never been properly appreciated here. On the other side it is a matter of common wonder that no London publisher has yet been able to produce a periodical in any way comparable to *Harpers* or the *Century*. Our daily press is cleverer than theirs, more active, less timid and conventional; but altogether inferior in knowledge, decency, and soundness. In the way of weekly papers we have as yet nothing to pit against the *Saturday Review*, the *Spectator*, or the *Speaker*. Particularly are we destitute of any weekly literary journal that is not immeasurably below the standard of the *Athenaeum* or the old *Academy*. So far as the sober, semi-political monthlies are concerned, we can, with the *Forum*, the *North American Review*, and the *Atlantic*, make a fair showing in quality, if not in quantity, against the famous English productions. It is when the lighter, more sociable touch is required that we show our surpassing excellence. How cumbersome and tasteless seems the *Pall Mall Magazine* after *Harpers*, or even *Scribner's*, how utterly *banal*! Yet in England they think a good deal of the *Pall Mall* and of the distinguished amateurs who edit it. Not so much, however, in justice to their good taste, as they do of *Harper's* and the *Century*, but one or the other of these two magazines you will find in the drawing-room of every country house in England. They have come to be as much a feature of domestic furniture as *Punch* or *The Times*; and it is no uncommon thing to hear Englishmen complaining of the number of American tales that appear in them, so completely have they entered into the national life, and so little is it realized that they are not of home manufacture. Of the two, *Harper's* is deservedly the most popular. It is really no exaggeration to say that it is the best illustrated magazine that has ever been published in the English language. The *Century*, though of course easily above anything England can show, is not so good as it used to be. It is growing a trifle effete, and gets on one's nerves at times like a fidgety maiden aunt. The *Century* looks as though it drank too much tea; that's how the *Century* looks. Still, it is not so feeble that it can not drive its poor, spiritless cousins out of the room. The English, in fact, are severely handicapped in their struggle to be entertaining. Their writers have forgotten how to write short stories, their editors how to hustle, their artists how to draw, and their etchers and engravers how to reproduce.

IN THE CURRENT NUMBER of the *Atlantic Monthly*, Mr. James Lane Allen offers an apology for *The Choir Invisible*. We accept his excuses for

his work. It is plain that Mr. Allen regards himself as the supporter of a "movement," as the last disciple of what he calls the Feminine Principle in American Fiction; and it is enough to add, by way of comment, that no writer or artist ever produced a great work under the conscious influence of a speculative theory. Genius never stops to consider how it should express itself. Mr. Howells may, the Pre-Raphaelites may; but genius does not. The Feminine Principle, it seems, made its appearance in our literature some thirty years ago. Its characteristics were Refinement, Delicacy, Grace, with their "strictly deducible" qualities of Smallness, Rarity, Tact. It was, Mr. Allen explains, at once a law of selection and a law of treatment. It made the writers of the last generation linger in the charming secluded corners of life, seeking what was hidden from garish day; it made them write of what they found with minuteness and subtlety and a careful refinement. Mr. Allen shows his Delicacy and Tact, and not a little of his Smallness, by mentioning no names. We are curious to hear of a single writer who wrote as one possessed by these dominating influences. After a time, Mr. Allen goes on, the Feminine Principle was found to be rather partial and unsatisfactory. Instantly it was confronted by the Masculine Principle. The new-comer arose, armed with Virility, Strength, and Massiveness—that must mean Richard Harding Davis. In addition, it put forth the characteristics, again "strictly deducible," of Largeness, Obviousness, and Primary or Instinctive Action—Gertrude Atherton, we presume. Anyhow, at this very moment, while we are going about our business in our dull, unthinking way, the battle of these two Principles is being fought out around us.

What will be the end? Will the Masculine, with its large canvases and striking colors, entirely obliterate the shrinking grace of the Feminine? or will they combine in us as they combined in the Greeks, and raise New York to the level of Athens, Mr. Hoyt to the plane of Aristophanes, and Senator Lodge to a happy blending of Thucydides and Demosthenes? A perfect mingling of these two Principles has apparently only made its appearance in English literature twice—in Shakespeare's works, and the other day in Mr. Kipling's "Recessional"; and not at all in English Fiction. We should like, by the bye, to know what sort of a writer Mr. Allen conceives Thackeray to have been. But our chief concern is naturally with the balancing of such chances as America may stand of issuing successfully from this pressing crisis of her literary fate. And here Mr. Allen's pretty scheme of things leaves us cruelly in doubt. He admits that there is a portion of our current fiction which lies outside any "zone of tendency", and cannot be satisfactorily bracketed as either Masculine or Feminine. So we should imagine. But for the others, for these Titans of Virility, Strength, and

Massiveness—who are they in the first place; and what are they going to do in the second? Mr. Marion Crawford, for instance? He is not the sort of man to be an exception to any rule. We are confident he is an embodiment of the Masculine or the Feminine Principle; the question is, Which? He may, of course, be that sublimated, Græco-Shakespearean combination of the two, which is to place the American novel above the effete fiction of the older world; but we hardly think it likely. Let us take it for granted he is a conspicuous example of one or the other of these two tendencies. Will he be able to amalgamate them? Will he be Virile on one page and Delicate on the next; put in one scene of eminent Refinement, and follow it up by a passage of Primary or Instinctive Action? And will he thus be able to nail down that elusive futility, the Great American Novel?

Nothing is easier than to imagine a tendency or a movement in fiction, and nothing is harder than to reconcile the hypothesis with the actual facts. Mr. Allen gives us no data by which we can test his theories; he names no writer, no passage in recent fiction, as being distinctively Masculine or Feminine; he produces no evidence whatever to support his contention. He merely says we must be blind to the signs of the times if we do not recognize their truth. Our blindness, indeed, is so incurable that we do not even suspect their probability. Mr. R. H. Davis, Mr. Marion Crawford, and Mr. John Kendrick Bangs are the most admired American novelists of to-day. Yet we altogether fail to discover anything particularly Massive or Large or Virile about them. Perhaps they lie outside the scope of these two Principles. But a movement in fiction which exists apart from the most popular writers of fiction cannot surely be worth much. The truth is, Mr. Allen's assumption rests on a fundamental error. Such a purely mental attitude toward the world as he embodies in his Feminine and Masculine Principles could not possibly produce the upheaval in fiction which he imagines to be in progress. Nothing less than a social earthquake would do that. Different generations, of course, have their different styles of novel-writing; but the distinctive trait of each is not due to a deliberate revival of, and revolt from, any inherited theories of the art of fiction, but to the endless impression of social forces and ideas which unconsciously mark out each man from those who were before and those who are to come after him. Thackeray never stopped to consider whether Dickens' outlook on life was partial and unsatisfactory, or his method of novel-writing an artistic blunder, when he sat down to write "Pendennis." He wrote, as every man must, with such faculties as nature had given him and such instinctive views as the age had impressed on him. So far as Mr. Allen's article is a summing-up of the characteristics of current fiction it seems to us unsatisfactory and inconsiderable; but

as an unconscious *apologia pro libra sua* it is rather fascinating.

IN OPPOSITION TO Mr. Allen's estimate of modern literature should be placed a most emphatic and earnest contribution to the *Critic* of October 2nd. Its author writes from Franklin, Ohio, and Franklin, Ohio, being the birth-place of *The Editor*, naturally lends itself to a dyspeptic view of things. But this is more than dyspeptic; it is a case of the completest melancholia. In a dogmatic succession of the shortest sentences we have ever seen, the writer massacres the books and authors of the last decade without mercy. Each sentence is a separate stab. "The giants of the pen are dead. Literature has fallen upon evil times, and is now in the hands of the manikins." "Modern literature has no force. It lacks virility." How now, Mr. Allen? "Modern literature finds its prototype in the amateur kodak; our writers are photographers of little obscure scenes that few care for." That seems at first a little hard on Tolstoi, Turgenev, Meredith, and Hardy. "Literature has become feminized. It is made by women and for them." Surely not. We have Mr. Allen's word for it that it is the Masculine Principle that animates the writers of to-day. "Modern literature," finally, "is dapper, nice, little, and insignificant"; so much so that it has no heart, no grandeur, no life, no vitality, no soul, no convictions. This catalogue of deficiencies would not, of course, be worth the trouble of transcribing were it not that its compilation and Mr. Allen's article show how completely two individuals of strictly limited intellect may disagree about a simple point, and both be equally wrong.

WE SHALL WATCH with a good deal of interest the career of the new weekly journal, *Literature*, to be issued by the Harpers in America and the proprietors of the London *Times* in England toward the end of the present month. Its aims are agreeably high — "to deal with the best literature of every country on its literary merits alone, without prejudice, without national prepossessions." Mr. H. D. Traill, its editor, a very sound and level-headed writer of the old school, promises among the "features" of his paper to neglect ordinary books and review only those that are really worth it. He does not intend to dabble in art or the drama, but to run the paper on purely literary lines. Professor Wendell, of Harvard, is to contribute an article each week on current American literature, and if the paper succeeds, as it ought to, no doubt a simultaneous publication in England and the United States will be found necessary. Such a journal, with such an editor, ought to determine finally whether the present generation of Americans is capable of appreciating and supporting a first-class literary weekly. We have never lacked the writers capable of producing such

a journal, but we have lacked, and still do lack, the atmosphere that encourages and humanizes those writers. The absence of a literary center is beneficial to America in many important ways, as we insisted in the last number of the *CHAP-BOOK*, but it undoubtedly prevents that clash of mind with mind, the intimate criticism of the boulevards, that spur an authors' wit and makes the cold attitude of a pedagogue impossible. There is a want of ease and consciousness, a lack of temperament, undoubtedly born of isolation among our critics; and the immense extent of our territory and the diffuseness of such talent as we possess have made the production of a good weekly literary paper a difficulty we have never yet been able to overcome. This new Anglo-American combination may be the right solution.

IT IS NOT STRANGE that Mr. John Brisben Walker should be thrilled to the inmost depths of his being by the magnificent possibilities of his scheme for a *Cosmopolitan* University. One of the most painful things that the masses have to endure is their tormenting and unslakable thirst for knowledge. In thousands of American homes the suffering on that account amounts to actual agony. To relieve this distress would be an act of noble beneficence, fraught, as Mr. Walker would say in his terse and simple manner, with the most gigantic potentialities for the dissemination of culture and the betterment of mankind that any age has witnessed. This is not a quotation, but upon reading his recent "utterances" one unconsciously catches Mr. Walker's style. With his hand on the great throbbing pulse of the community, Mr. Walker detects at once the symptoms of educational starvation, and his noble heart is stirred with sympathy. He comes to the rescue. Into every American home he will carry university culture, together with a subscription to the *Cosmopolitan* magazine. All a candidate has to do is to send in his application to the president of the new epistolary university, stating his occupation, aim in life, and the special purpose for which he desires an education. The president then decides what is best adapted to the applicant's case, and after taking expert advice, starts him on his course. Whether degrees will be conferred Mr. Walker does not state. Presumably they will unless, perhaps, a duly certified statement to the effect that the student has been for four years a constant reader of the *Cosmopolitan* may be regarded as equivalent to a degree. The privilege of taking examinations is open to the candidate, and he is also privileged to take an examination a second time if he does not pass. This is the last step in the educational programme of Mr. Walker, the first great disinterested act having been the reduction of the price of the magazine from twenty-five cents to fifteen cents. The benevolence of Mr. Walker and his public spirit almost surpass belief. If he had his way he

would carry the *Cosmopolitan* magazine into every home in this broad land.

The beauty of the scheme consists in the absence of all requirements on the part of the candidate. Any one can come in. There is no aristocratic barrier, not even to the extent of requiring that an applicant shall know how to read and write. The aspirant is not forced to pass through the humiliating phase of primary education. He is permitted to feel the proud elation of being a member of a university from the start. Learning must be made popular. To be popular it must be simple and devoid of technicality. Text-books will be of the nature of "guides to little feet." Cheap and easy culture, and short cuts to profound knowledge, will be provided.

All this is comprehensible, but it is not easy to see exactly why an educator of any standing should be willing to lend his name and influence to the movement. It would seem simpler to make him an associate on the staff of the *Cosmopolitan* in charge of an educational department in which courses of reading would be outlined each month and inquiries from subscribers would be answered. Along with this there could be established an examination department in which a list of questions could be given, and the names of those who had successfully answered them could be published in the next number. This would increase the circulation of the magazine more rapidly than the other method.

It is solemnly stated that free-silverism is to form no part of the university's propaganda, yet if depreciation of the currency cannot be had, why not aim at depreciation of the curriculum—put the university stamp on anything that comes to the educational mint, and not "discriminate against" the cheaper culture. If we cannot have fiat money, we can at least have fiat scholars and free coinage of university diplomas. Badges, however, would perhaps be better than diplomas—blue silk badges with gilt lettering and a long fringe. There is an almost universal craving for these. They are less expensive than parchment, and can more readily be displayed in public.

There is a fine flavor of cynicism in this scheme. It is not the sort of inert cynicism that makes a man content with saying hard and bitter things and going about with scornfully curling lip and darkly glinting eye like one of Miss Marie Corelli's characters. It is cynicism of the lucrative kind, that shrewdly calculates the number of asses there are in the world and then sets to work to provide these asses with what their asininity demands. It is sometimes called giving the public what they need, supplying the popular wants; but it is unjust to impute sincere mo-

tives to the founders. It is like judging a man's intellectual attainments and personal tastes by the advertising handbills he issues in the course of trade, or like the presumption that because Mr. Bok exchanges gin for green tea in the columns of his magazine, he would observe the same preference in his private life. The hypothesis of cynicism accounts much better and far more charitably for these things. People are too apt to identify a literary man with his productions, an editor with his magazine, and so forth, forgetting that he is a producer for the market and supplies what the market demands. If he makes salable balderdash, he is entitled to all the more credit from a business point of view. Any fool ought to be able to sell a really good thing; but it takes cleverness to be a successful entrepreneur in a large industry for the exploitation of tommy rot.

So we acquit Mr. Walker of any stupid seriousness of purpose in the matter. He knows as well as any of us that good honest ignorance is not the worst feature of American life, but rather half-education with all the banalities, crudities, impertinences, and fanaticisms that sciolism brings in its train. Abridged systems of self-culture merely exchange ignorance for a belief that one knows what he does not. Popularizing generally means the elimination of the only valuable factor in education—to wit, good, hard, dogged systematic training. Still who are we to quarrel with a man's way of earning a livelihood, be it the vending of shoddy clothes, china pug dogs, or slippery slides to universal information. It is giving the public what they want.

AS A CLIMAX to a curious description in the *Atlantic Monthly* of the upward movement in Chicago—curious chiefly because the name of Henry B. Fuller is at the bottom of it—we notice this discriminating recognition of a patent fact:—"Chicago also enjoys the further celebrity that comes from the publication of the quaint CHAP-BOOK. This highly individual semi-monthly, having lately enlarged itself and subdued the intensity of a yellow tone reflected from London, may now be fully accepted as an embodied response to Chicago's long and earnest prayer—that for a magazine." For the general kindness of this paragraph Mr. Fuller has our thanks; though his reference to our younger and perhaps more radical days and the geographical source of their inspiration, is not, of course, so accurate as his other remarks. London never reflected anything more exciting than a dingy brown, and America may rest satisfied that she was the origin of our pristine "quaintness."

MR. BECKLES WILLSON, author of the *Tenth Island: An Account of Newfoundland*, recently remonstrated with Mr. Rudyard Kipling for the omission of all reference to the island in his *Song of*

the English. In reply Mr. Kipling sent a letter, of which the following is a part:

"Indeed, I am not unmindful of Newfoundland. Perhaps I may know more about it than you think, and certainly no man in his senses ever doubted the loyalty of the senior colony. We may leave that, I think, to the Yankees, who seem to take comfort from inventing curious fictions of that nature."

"But we will make a bargain. I will put a four-line verse among the *Song of the Cities* if you, on your part, will drop, and influence other people to drop, allusions to the 'loyalty' of the 'colonies.' In the first place, I dislike the word 'colonies,' and if you look through my verse you will find I very seldom use it. It is out of date and misleading, besides being provincial. In the second place, there is no need to talk of 'loyalty' among white men. That is one of the things we all take for granted—because the Empire is Us—we ourselves, and for the white man to explain that he is loyal is about as unnecessary as for a respectable woman to volunteer the fact that she is chaste."

DRAMATIC

MISS MAUDE ADAMS'S first appearance in New York at the head of a company was the occasion for one of the most astonishing ebullitions the American stage has yet seen. The audience came prepared to cheer or be thrown out in the attempt. They were brimming over with good-will before the play began; when the curtain went up they were enthusiastic; at the first symptom of humor they roared tumultuously, and Miss Adams's entrance made them simply lose their heads. They cheered and stamped and clapped for two minutes by the watch. At the end of the first act they had the curtain raised six or seven times; at the end of the second, perhaps eight more; and at the end of the third, anywhere between ten and twenty. The rioters, of course, merely wished to emphasize their personal friendship for Miss Adams, and give her a good send-off, but the uproar they made was so exaggerated and unwarrantable that the more critical and discreet among the audience were driven into silent revolt. Miss Adams's triumph had no more to do with her capability as an actress than the reception usually given to Mr. John L. Sullivan. It was simply a matter of youthful, irrepressible good-humor. Not that it was altogether groundless or that Miss Adams's acting did not deserve praise, but the commendation should have been ladled out in teaspoons instead of buckets. Miss Adams is always pretty and piquante in her own graceful little way, and can frisk about the stage with considerable archness. Mr. Barrie evidently took her measure very neatly. *The Little Minister*, as a play, is neither a failure nor a success. It is made up mostly of stage versions of some of the best known scenes in the *Window in*

Thrum, loosely strung on a thin plot, with an indecisive flavor of melodrama and a pronounced inclination toward burlesque. There are a few delightful moments of real comedy, but the play as a whole is but poorly constructed and singularly unimpressive. Mr. Edeson, as the Little Minister, was pathetically insignificant, but Mr. W. H. Thompson gave a study of the chief elder that only needed a little restraint to be really admirable. We have no doubt the play will be a popular success, but it leaves Miss Adams just where she was before.

THE THEATRICAL SYNDICATE seems likely to score a triumph here in Chicago within a few weeks. We presume that the failure of the "Stock Company principle" may reasonably be called the victory of its opponent, the "Charles Frohman principle." Scarcely a month ago a stock company was organized to produce at the Schiller theatre new plays by American authors, and inside of the month it is giving *London Assurance*. At the outset the public was interested, and the critics friendly and hopeful. Everyone, except the management, perhaps, became less sanguine when it was announced that the initial production would be *Fort Frayne*, taken from Capt. Charles King's novel of that name. The standard, one felt, was at least not yet inordinately high. The promise of a harmless and moderately successful melodrama was fulfilled, and as a prelude to something better *Fort Frayne* might have served. It served at least to show that the company itself was on the whole a capable one. But the whole unfortunate business seemed destined to plunge to destruction. *Secrets of State*, a native drama of Washington society, written by a Mr. Alfred Kennedy, proved itself a crude and amateurish production. This apparently ended the list of available plays by American authors, and the management sought refuge in the "revival," that last recourse of the worried and badgered theatrical impresario.

The question arises, was the manager stupid, or are there no American plays? Here is a good company in urgent need of material. If there are the incipient Peneros we often hear of, kept under by the managers who basely buy foreign plays, the present moment is eminently fitting for them to emerge into the white light of publicity.

MUSICAL

THE PLANS for the coming season's opera are not definite as yet. But enough is known;—we shall have opera, with Mr. Walter Damrosch directing, and we shall not have the extraordinary star cast to which the last few seasons have accustomed us. Mme. Melba is the only one of the extravagantly paid singers who is to be in the company. On the whole, although the performances cannot be

the marvelous things they were, the change is undoubtedly for the better. There will now be some chance for the managers to escape the financial ruin which threatened them every year under the regime of extortionate salaries. And the public will learn a salutary lesson. It will learn that good opera can be given with good singers merely, and does not require the best. It will learn that one may go to the opera for music, for the whole effect, not merely for the technique of some admired soprano or well-beloved tenor. We have been so pampered in musical matters that the task of suiting us and paying expenses as well was growing yearly more impossible. Now that the change is to be made it is probable that at first we may not be suited, and Mr. Damrosch may not become rich immediately upon his profits. But we are a fairly sensible and moderately musical population, and we shall come to see that in asking for good music at prices within our reach we have set our standard sufficiently high, and that for the time being this is better than overreaching.

OCCASIONALLY WE WAIT beyond all reason in recognizing and writing down a long self-evident fact. Until Mr. Rupert Hughes said it in the retirement of *Godey's Magazine* it would seem that no one had realized that, to quote Mr. Hughes, "It is only the plain truth to say that Mr. Sousa's marches have founded a school; that he has indeed revolutionized march-music. His career resembles that of Johann Strauss in many ways. A certain body of old fogies have always presumed to deride the rapturous waltzes of Strauss, though they have won enthusiastic praise from even the esoteric Brahms, and gained from Wagner such words as these: 'One Strauss waltz overshadows, in respect to animation, finesse, and real musical worth, most of the mechanical, borrowed, factory-made products of the present time.' The same words might be applied to Mr. Sousa's marches with equal justice."

If our national hymn always seems to Britishers only a feeble copy of their own "God Save the Queen," we may, perhaps, derive some comfort from the fact that all through the jubilee celebrations the bands devoted themselves to playing the "Washington Post" march, and that only.

CORRESPONDENCE

DU MAURIER'S "MUSIC AND DEATH"

LONDON, ENGLAND, September 28, 1897.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE CHAP-BOOK:

SIR:—The correspondence and extract under this head in *THE CHAP-BOOK* of September 15th betray some ignorance of the subject. Du Maurier's poem in question was published in the *English Illustrated Magazine* in June,

1884, or twelve years before his death, under the title of "Der Tod als Freund," by "George Du Maurier (from the French of Madame Necker)." This disposes at once of the idea that the lines were a paraphrase of a "well-known poem of Sully-Prudhomme," and of the supposed peculiar significance of their appearing "so soon before he joined the great majority." Yours faithfully,

S. SHARPE.

A REVIEWER'S REPLY

WOODLAWN, ILLINOIS, October 2, 1897.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE CHAP-BOOK:

WILL you grant me space in which to say to my learned brother, Charles Morse, Esq., who holds broader views than I in respect of the literary merits of law-books, that we are not so far apart as he thinks? We have not defined our terms, that is all. Sir Henry Maine and Judge Holmes, to take two conspicuous names from his list for examples, have written works of undoubted literary value, but are not *Ancient Law* and *The History of the Common Law* something more than law-books? There is no denying the obligation the world of letters is under to those who have been trained for the bar; is it at all as certain that such results came because of that training, and not in its despite? One of the worthies observed that "The sparks of all sciences are taken up in the ashes of the law"—and assuredly sparks, rather than ashes, go to make literature. Possibly, since Mr. Morse likes to read law-books and I do not, the question reduces itself to the position held by the French critic in his undebatable dictum—*obiter baud*—to the effect that "The question of literature is a question of taste."

YOUR REVIEWER.

A SONG OF CASHMERE

YOUTH is the treasure that Time consumes;
The flower that blossoms—to wither alone.

Youth's bowers are built of a thousand tombs
And there are the seeds of his pleasure sown.

But the careless sun will wake on a day

When youth has gone and his friends make moan,
And his garland of roses has faded away,
And their petals dry on the lonely stone.

But who shall say that his life was vain,

When all the light-mist of his days has flown?
Who shall not call to the tomb again

For the beauty turned to the dust and bone?

—THOMAS WALSH.

THE PHILOSOPHIC ROMANCE

THREE temperaments have moulded fiction into three conspicuous forms: the story of elaborate adventure; of complicated plot, more exciting than elevating; the "naturalistic" novel, which, following the scientific methods of the naturalist, aims to divide humanity into genera and species, and to describe minutely their habits and surroundings; and the psychological novel — rare on account of its extreme difficulty — which aims to create a science beyond the province of the abstract psychologist, not the study of the mental machinery common to us all, but the analysis of the psychological phenomena as they differ in each of the various human types. There is yet another form of prose fiction, which, on account of its infrequency and its vagueness of outline, has existed for centuries without being classified; but as it has recently begun to flourish in the field of our best literature, it deserves to be studied more attentively and to be honoured with a name.

The name, Philosophic Romance, is, I think, applicable to a kind of fiction that cannot be classified under any of the three forms just mentioned. The very earliest work of prose fiction, the *Cyropaedia*, might be called a philosophic romance, and many famous books of antiquity and of the Renaissance could be named. But, without going further back than the origins of the modern novel in the eighteenth century, let us select the most characteristic examples of the form we are considering.

Voltaire not only produced examples of it, but took pains to name them *Contes Philosophiques*—philosophic tales. So we may head our list with the famous *Candide* and *Zadig*. A work of the same epoch, more profound in its philosophy, but, on account of its allegorical form, less illustrative, is *Gulliver's Travels*. We may also admit the *Nouvelle Héloïse* and *Wilhelm Meister*, in spite of the dilution of their philosophy in an excess of romance. *Oberman* and *Sartor Resartus* are cases of the opposite extreme, their romance being obscured by their philosophy. However philosophical, we should not admit novels "with a purpose"; their polemical intentions confine them to a separate and peculiar department of literature.

To accumulate old examples would but confuse our conception. For it is, in fact, only recently that the difficult art of combining philosophy and fiction has been accomplished with success. All previous attempts resulted in an imperfect union; they leave the impression that either the philosophy or the romance would have been happier in a state of singleness; that their marriage was ill-advised. An incompatibility, indeed, remained between them until they both underwent a change of character: the art of fiction was developed and perfected by the brilliant school now in its decline; and, about the

same moment, philosophy abandoned its ancient, unwieldy form for one more pliant and graceful, became suddenly human, red-blooded, and even passionate. Then at last their marriage became natural and inevitable. It was consummated in the work of Walter Pater, Anatole France, and Maurice Barrès, and was celebrated even in the masterpiece of an abstract philosopher, in the *Zarathustra* of Frederic Nietzsche, and in works of a strange, new form by novelists like Huysmans, Couperus, and D'Annunzio, who had been devotees of Naturalism or psychology. These seven names are among the most prominent and influential of the present day in Europe. Pater, Nietzsche, and D'Annunzio have been, beyond question, the leading men of letters in contemporary England, Germany, and Italy. The influence of Barrès and Anatole France is dominating more and more over the young generation in France. Huysmans and Couperus are perhaps the best known of the few great writers of fiction in Belgium and Holland. And as the masterpiece of each of these seven men is a philosophic romance, that form of fiction is given a very important place in the literature of our day. In order to arrive at a more definite conception of its elusive form, let us glance at the varied *œuvres* of these men; works in five different languages, and by writers who differ so widely in genius and temperament, should thoroughly illustrate the province of the philosophic romance.

We have no space here for even a hasty review of seven remarkable books. Pater's *Marius* is, of course, familiar to the readers of THE CHAP-BOOK. An excellent translation has recently been published of Nietzsche's *Zarathustra*. As for Barrès's curious trilogy, *In the Sight of the Barbarians*, *A Free Man*, and *The Garden of Bérénice*, I have epitomized it, with abundant translations, in the *Fortnightly Review* of January and March, 1896.

Marius, *Zarathustra*, Barrès's trilogy, and *Metamorphoses*, the last work of the Dutch novelist, Couperus, are each a symbolic or disguised autobiography, written with the sole purpose of giving voice to the author's philosophic ideas. But the form of fiction was not adopted in order simply to popularize a philosophy. The all-important point, the *raison d'être* of this *genre* is that its philosophies are of such a kind that could not be embodied in any other form. Just as the psychological novel is the vehicle of a science that could not be put into an abstract treatise, so the philosophic romance opens itself to a kind of philosophy that never finds entrance into the ponderous tomes of the systematic philosophers. For the writer, by depicting a personality created more or less in his own image, by describing his development, by submitting him to carefully selected experiences, and bringing him into contact with varied phenomena of life, is given a boundless opportunity for a kind of universal criticism. And contemporary philosophy may be defined by those two words: *universal criticism*.

Anatole France enjoys all the advantages of this genre in works whose autobiographic character is not so manifest. But see what Lemaître says of him :

"The habits of meditation and of self-inspection (*repliement sur soi*) serve little to develop the talent for inventing stories, extraordinary combinations of events. That talent even seems of small value to old, meditative men. . . . So M. France writes fiction in which he himself is *en scène*, and which are stories about himself as much as about others: *portions of reality which he comments upon, with illustrations from his ingenious experience*. Such are these two masterpieces, the *Bûche* and the *Crime de Sylvestre Bonnard*. When you understand and think so much, you can no longer forget yourself, nor get outside of yourself; it is always yourself that you see, since all that you observe is attached involuntarily to a general conception of the world, and that conception is within you. . . . I don't know a man of letters in whom realities are reflected through a medium more rich in science, literature, impressions, and anterior meditations."

Huysman's series of books, *La Bas*, *En Route* and *La Cathédrale* describe the conversion of a modern Parisian to Christianity. These books are the story of a long conflict between the hero and the spirit of the middle ages in its various manifestations: satanism, magic, scholasticism, the plain song, the monastery, and the cathedral, forming a very thorough study of the values and dangers of Mediævalism.

Finally that incomparable stylist, D'Annunzio, abandoning the psychological method of *Il Piacere* and *L'Innocente*, has written a philosophic romance *Le Vergine delle Rocce*, which relates the adventures of a Nietzschean hero, at the home of three strange sisters, who move through the musical story with the drooping and pensive grace that Botticelli has given to those clinging goddesses in his wonderful *Primavera*. "I obey only the laws of that style to which, for the realization of my dream of order and beauty, I have subjected my free will. . . . Defend Beauty! That is thy one commandment. Defend the dream that is within thee! . . . Concentrate the purest essence of thy spirit and reproduce the profoundest vision of thy universe in a single and supreme work of art. . . . And make of thy life also a music which, however varied, will depend on the one dominant motive, and bear the impress of a unique style!" That is the philosophy of art and life exemplified in this strange and captivating symphony.

I have selected these men because they have produced work of the very greatest value in a kind of fiction that is totally distinct from the three other conspicuous forms. By melting together our conceptions of their works, we should obtain some general notion of a new, strong vehicle, lightly and beautifully built, which may be destined to carry a great part of the genius of the future.

One essential trait of this kind of fiction is its renouncement of objectivity, its return—but with great reserve—to the subjectivity of romanticism. Abandoning the effort to paint in detail the surface of the world, and not confining itself either to the habits or psychology of the classified human types, it drives deep at the meaning of life, and abounds in a sort of perpetual comment. It avoids those rapid deserts of inventorial description, through which the novel has so often dragged us. It admits not a page, not a sentence that does not convey an idea or an emotion. For it has learned that words cannot even paint except by means of emotion, and that the value of form and style lies in the emotions they convey. It has no relationship to what is called the "novel with a purpose"; it is simply a narrative with a meaning. It is characterized essentially by the perpetual play of universal criticism.

"In a world confessedly so opulent in what was old," says Pater, speaking of the age of Marcus Aurelius, "the work, even of genius, must necessarily consist very much in criticism." And how much more truly that might be said of our own time, richer by the fruit of eighteen hundred years! The critical, analytic spirit, as opposed to the synthetic and constructive, is evidently predominant in these days, and not only in our interpretation of that "beautiful house of art and thought," but also in our interpretation of life, and the mysterious world through which our life passes. Our philosophers, instead of constructing a vast, intricate system to serve as a "key" to the bewildering picture of the world which our senses give us, are becoming more and more resigned to the absence of an adequate "key," and more and more attracted to the unpretentious, but fruitful, method of criticism. To understand and appreciate, interpret and explain the life and work of humanity in the past, to see deeply and clearly into the conditions of the present, and to lead and inspire those wonderful living forces which are moulding the immediate future,—that is the ambition of the modern philosopher. He fears, above all, to lose himself in the clouds. He still dreams, but with Reality in his arms. And she, for his faithfulness, yields him inexhaustible delights. So he learns to feel, as well as to understand; he becomes an artist as well as a philosopher. And for the fruit of his completer genius, he has devised a new vehicle.

Philosopher, wisdom-lover! vague term, but how appropriate to that curiosity which loves to penetrate all secrets, to move on bee's wings through the world! The world is to the wisdom-lover a magic garden; everything to him is wonderful as a flower. The dew of one is not dry on him before he is deep in another. His life is enchanted, he lives among enchantments. And in that garden, where his years are one long summer, the book that he composes is a philosophic romance—a romance of his

adventures in the ruins of antiquity, of his meditations among the flowers, of the wisdom that descends upon him when, from his high-built home, he notes the vast happenings of the sky.

After all, is not this universal criticism, when it is bathed in deep emotion, the soul and substance of the best literature, the supreme gift that words can bring? And what lightness, grace, and charm it acquires when it comes riding in the vehicle of romance! Here and there, in isolated instances through history, we see them, Wisdom, Beauty, and Romance, meeting, with laughter or tears, in strange books that have filled their generation with a singular inquietude. Whether prose or verse, dialogue, drama, or narrative, they have a subtle, close affinity, a sisterly resemblance—an air of high breeding and of irony, a disdain of dullness and of cheap applause. Akin to them are the works of Pater and France, Barrès and D'Annunzio. They have chosen the device of a master who, in a different art, captured their ideal:

Io farò una finzione, che significherà cose grandi.

RUSSELL FATTERSON JACOBUS.

AMONG THE ASPENS

YOU know how aspens whisper
Without a breath of air!
I overheard one lisper
Yesterday declare,

“When all the woods are sappy
And the sweet winds arrive,
My dancing leaves are happy
Just to be alive.”

And presently another,
With laconic stir
We take to be each other,
Spoke and answered her,

“When the great frosts shall splinter
Our brothers oak and pine,
In the long night of winter,
Glad fortitude be thine!”

And where the quiet river
Runs by the quiet hill,
I heard the aspens shiver,
Though all the air was still.

BLISS CARMAN.



THE SMART SET

I.—WAGNER, 1897

By CLYDE FITCH

*A Letter from Lady Aïres to the Countess of Upham,
at Homburg.*

Bayreuth, Aug., 1897.

MY dear Rose: Our stay at Bayreuth is nearly over—the last opera to-morrow—and to be frank I am extremely glad, although of course it has been perfectly charming. First we heard Parsifal and the Ring, which is four operas, you know. Why they call them a “Ring” I can’t see yet, and I do n’t like to ask; it gives the musical people who really know, the chance to be so superior, and they are conceited enough as it is, goodness knows. Anyone would think it was a disgrace not to have been lulled to sleep when a baby by a symphony orchestra! I’m sure it is n’t my fault if I don’t know which is Schumann and which is Schubert, and what’s the difference. (Between you and me I don’t care. Of course I adore music, but it’s like a great many other things—you must n’t ask too many questions!) Well the first day was Parsifal. It’s a dear! Beautiful, perfectly beautiful! I wore my white mulle with my green and white hat, and if I *do* say it (and I must for I am sure no one else will say it for me, women are such jealous cats about frocks), I did n’t see a better turned-out woman. Such a tremendous lot of smart people as are here, and really you ought to have come. I’m sure you would have enjoyed it. Between the acts it’s quite like Sunday in the park. The entre-actes are very long, giving us a chance to shake out our frocks, and wake up and amuse ourselves. Some people go up a little hill, or into some pine woods, but that’s rather dull for you do n’t meet half so many others; most everyone stays in front of the theatre. But I must tell you about Parsifal. In the first place it is awfully long. And Parsifal himself is entirely too fat! I am sure so very good a young person as Parsifal should n’t have a stomach! There are a lot of sort of monks in rather fetching pink red cloaks, with pale bluey-gray skirts underneath. (Not at all a bad combination and gave me an idea for a costume for up the river.) Their chief is ill, and almost always in great pain, but it does not prevent his singing the longest of speeches. Parsifal kills a lovely swan—it flies in so naturally! Really Wagner was a most wonderful man!—Then there is a Gypsy girl; a sort of snake charmer, who has bottles of the things all through the play. I could n’t make out quite if she were Parsifal’s mother or what. But she is quite mad, and wears only a very uninteresting old brown dress. I must make this criticism of Wagner, you do n’t see many pretty dresses in his operas. Then everyone goes to a banquet-

ing hall, which is also partly a church. The scenery moves along in a most miraculous way and the hall is really very lovely. There are children in this scene, and they lift the chalice and it glows—an electric light in it you know, but it's really lovely. And the music is simply heavenly. I assure you I cried like a baby at this part, I could n't tell you why, unless it's the poor wretched creature, Am—something his name is, I can't find my programme. He's very handsome. I intend to buy his photograph. He has to lift the holy cup, and he feels he is unfit to do it. He is a sinner and wishes he were dead, and somehow or other you feel awfully sympathetic with him. I know the times I've been to church and knelt down so ashamed I could n't lift my head, thinking of some of the beastly wicked things I've done in my life. And that's just what the second act is. A crowd of women try to seduce Parsifal, but they are all German chorus women, and it really does n't seem such a great temptation.

But then the girl who was ugly in the other act comes on very beautiful, but hideously dressed (why do n't they get Worth or Doucet, I wonder, to help them?), and she sings a great deal and very loud, and kisses Parsifal, and then everything goes suddenly to wrack and ruin. I shall never dare kiss any very good young man again—not after that! In the last act, this same creature, looking more like Act I, washes Parsifal's feet. I should hate to play that part; but it's all very pretty and affecting, and the music—well, there are no words to describe it. And the whole rest of the act is too wonderful! Really you have to cry. Of course, it's too long, and you're awfully hungry, but there is a rather smart restaurant now, where everybody goes afterward to get their spirits back; which reminds me that Mrs. Gordon turned up yesterday and appeared at the restaurant at night, affording us a good deal of amusement. First she started to courtesy to the Royalties, who do n't want to be noticed. This she perceived in the middle of her courtesy, and cut it short in a quick way, which made her look exactly as if *something* important in the toilet had burst or broken. Then she flew all over from room to room, trying to find a table that suited her, disturbing the whole atmosphere, as meteors are said to do in the skies, and creating the impression (or trying to) that she owned the entire place. She won't be happy here, for it is n't easy for anyone else to own anything where Frau Wagner is installed; which reminds me to stop this gossip and tell you seriously about the other operas.

The first of the Ring is the *Valkyrie*; you can remember it because of Lord Dunraven's yacht. And they swim around in the water, which is, I suppose, why he called it so. But no, on second thoughts, that is n't it at all. The first opera is *Rheingold*, and it's the Rhine maidens that go swimming about. How absurd of Dunraven to have made

such a mistake. I like the *Rheingold* awfully. The first act looks just like water, and the music is so pretty. Then in the second act there are two splendid big men, one in white, the other in black bear skins, who are rather fetching. The *Rheingold* is the least sociable of the operas, as there is no entre-acte. But it is fortunately a great deal the shortest. I think it is one of my favorites. I seem to know more what Wagner is about in it. I do n't believe he knows himself what he is about some of the time in the *Valkyrie*. This second opera is awfully long. However, it has two good entre-actes, when you can walk around and talk to everybody; and I can assure you we have plenty to say after having been kept quiet for over an hour in the dark theatre. The chairs are so uncomfortable, and if you move somebody hisses. There is not much politeness in Bayreuth. We do n't get as good a view of the stage as some people, but we have splendid places—the Countess of — is in front of us, her sister right beside me, and behind are the —s, and near by, Lady —. So you see we could n't possibly have better seats.

For the *Valkyrie* I wore a new mauve and pale green frock. I do n't think you've seen it. The bill was atrocious; I shan't pay it. But the costume is a great success. Portions of this second opera are awfully tiresome, first one couple and then another going on for hours about nothing, but there are some exquisite clouds that move and grow and scatter exactly like nature, only more so, and make up a little for the dull people. I notice one thing—all the gods and goddesses have always such troubles. There is n't a single happy creature among them, not even Wotan, who is god of them all, and wears a silly gold curl over one eye. I think it lowers his whole dignity, but they make a great many mistakes like that. Of course, one ought n't to think of these things, but should simply listen to and enjoy the beautiful music, but my nature is so sensitive I can't help it. There are a lot of *Valkyrie*, you know, who wear a sort of antique dress-reform costume, not pretty, and ride through the air on deliciously funny-looking horses. And Brunhilde, the leader of them, a rather nice person, who behaves quite like a human being in *Siegfried*, the next opera, which I will tell you about later. In *Valkyrie* you think she is going to be burnt up, but in *Siegfried* she is saved after all. I suppose there is some sort of biblical idea about hell. You recognize the Bible very often in *Parsifal*. I much prefer *Siegfried* as a person to *Parsifal*. He's not such a very good boy. There's more an air of athletics, football, rowing, and all that about *Siegfried*, while *Parsifal* smacks just a little, I think, of the Young Men's Christian Association. You can kiss *Siegfried* with impunity, too; in fact, it saved Brunhilde's life, and I would n't mind running a few risks myself to be saved in the same way! You get perfectly drunk with this

music of the last act of *Siegfried*. Of course, my dear, you know I am now writing about the *third* opera, *Siegfried*. You must follow me closely, for it's very easy to get confused about them. *Siegfried* is awfully long, too, and the first act—well, I do n't mind telling you I slept a good deal. You see, the theatre gets so stuffy, and then one is digesting one's luncheon, and the stage is so dark, and I maintain that the music soothes you. I wore, of course, another dress, something quiet, as it was rainy, but I saw no one who looked any better. Between the first and second acts I managed to get a bow and a hand-shake from the Prince, to the visible envy of Mrs. Gordon. I wish you could see the dear beast. She flutters around the royalties every minute, like a nervous bird, and as if they were her nest of eggs and a bad little boy was in the neighborhood. I *bate* snobs, don't you? I am lurching, by the way, with Mrs. G. to-morrow. Quite a big, smart party of us, I hear.

That funny dragon comes in *Siegfried*, you know, and of course it is much more amusing here than in Covent Garden or New York. But it's the last act that I *love*! Such passionate music! Brunhilde falls madly in love with Siegfried, who is, of course, ever so many years younger than she. But it's just like us women, especially when we are Brunhilde's age. For I suppose she's forty something, as she was grown up and went to sleep before Siegfried was born, and when he kisses her he seems to be quite a man! By the way, Brunhilde was put to sleep for interfering somehow or other in the love affairs of Siegfried's mother and father, who are really sister and brother. If you think of it, the story is extremely indecent, but operatic things never seem to be shocking; music, apparently, covers a multitude of naughtinesses, as charity is reported to do. Very likely that's why Mrs. — is always doing so much for institutions and what not—for her sins, I suppose. I always thought she was a naughty old hypocrite! By the way, there is a comic character in *Siegfried*, and in one of the others, I forget which, called Mime—a funny little dwarf, the sort of thing they put in a Christmas pantomime to amuse the children.

Later.

I have just come from the *Götterdämmerung*, the last opera, and I am completely exhausted. I am as if I were in a dream, and can only think and feel and write of this beautiful, beautiful music and scenery. I am absolutely absorbed in it. Some people took the train for Nuremberg right after the performance. I am sure I never could have. I really can't believe they *felt* the thing. Our train goes at 1:45. Such a nice hour; one does n't have to hurry in the morning, and can have one's hair done properly. I have a charming new way of doing the hair. I got it from a Frenchwoman who

sat just in front of me in the theatre to-day, and when it was light enough I studied the arrangement till I got it by heart. You want something like that to do during the long duets. Otherwise your attention is apt to wander from the opera, or you get sleepy. To go back to the opera, it began with the same scene that *Siegfried* finished with, which was rather disappointing, but a real horse came on and behaved as quiet as a lamb, with Brunhilde screaming like mad all about him. I suppose they put cotton in his ears, or something. The scene changed (without letting us go out for a rest, which I thought something of a sell) to the house where Siegfried falls in love with another woman. (O these men!) I forgot to tell you, my mind is so full of the music, that I wore my new Russell & Nun winter frock, and I caught lots of people taking it in. But, dear me, how badly the German women dress. I have n't seen a single *cbic* one among them since I've been here. I don't believe I shall come again. Besides, the music is too wearing. The Rhine maidens come back in this act! It is most wonderful the way they swim about! But as far as I can gather, they are rather nasty cats. One thing I will say though, I think Wagner's on the side of the women, for, in spite of Brunhilde's being in love with little more than a boy, she has all your sympathies. So has Siegfried, too, which is odd. I really sobbed when he died, he was so good looking; and seemed so sad. This whole opera is very depressing. We reach Munich to-morrow night at 7; and I propose going to the Residenz Theatre there and seeing a light opera just for contrast. But how bad the shops are at Munich. I believe there are some good pictures, but I think one sees so many pictures in Europe. Don't you?

I presume you know Brunhilde behaves rather like Dido in the end; nearly everybody, more or less, is murdered off, and there is a sort of Madame Tussaud exhibition in the clouds at the curtain. Of course, I have n't really given you any sort of an idea about it at all. There are no words that will adequately describe it, only I promised to give you a detailed personal account, and so I have done so. The reason we are going to Munich is we can't get a sleeper yet, everything is so crowded. Is n't it disgusting? This last opera is rather too noisy at times, and awfully long—longer than the others. But there's a men's ballet in it that is rather nice; not dancing, you know, but singing and posing and walking about with imitation bare legs, most of them. But I think the best thing about the opera is it leaves you in such an exalted mood. I know I won't be able to think of small or worldly things for weeks, much less write about them. Before I forget it be sure and write me if it's true that Mrs. — and Sir George — are both at Homburg, at the same hotel. I hear they are, and there's no end of talk about it. But then I find there's no end of

talk about everything and everybody. It is not that people mean badly, but one has to pass the time somehow. I think I love best of all the Rheingold music. It is like a jeweller's shop window in Bond Street. It seems to shine and glitter and sparkle. You see very few jewels here in Bayreuth; of course, there's very little chance to display them. Women wear the usual small string of pearls. That's about all. As most everyone wore one I wear two, with a different pendant each day. I like to be just a little original, and keep my own individuality.

Well, now I must tumble into bed or I shall lose my beauty sleep. I'd hate to have my figure get like these German singers. I wonder why! I'd have myself strapped between boards—I'd do *something*. Good-bye, my dear. Write me all the gossip you can get a hold of. I have n't sent you any in this; but that you could n't expect. It was impossible that this letter should be anything but Wagner, Wagner, Wagner. I wish you could have been here with me—you'd have seen heaps of your friends. Of course, I ought to tell you one thing, because I felt it myself; there's nothing catchy about the music. Lovingly,

FANNY.

II.—ART

A Second Letter from Lady Aires to the Countess of Upham.

MUNICH.

MY dear Rose:—It was very thoughtful of you to write me so soon; and Aubrey and I wish very much we could join you, but our money is all spent, and we must hurry back to England, where we can economize by making cheap visits among our friends for a couple of months. In December we go to New York to spend the winter with mother. You never go home, do you?

I am so glad you felt you got so complete an idea of Wagner from my letter. I was a little afraid I had n't done the whole thing justice, but I assure you there were many more people there than I thought of suggesting, and the operas, tho' long, are very delightful.

Here in Munich the chief thing is the picture-gallery, as, of course, at this time of year all fashionable society is away, and the theatres and opera either closed or giving second-rate performances. There are more musées than you really care to visit, and all full of masterpieces, many quite as atrocious as masterpieces so often are. The principal one—its name begins with a P—is the one we've been to.

I wish you could see the Rubens, or else it's the Van Dykes, I forget which, but they are beautiful; and when one thinks how long ago they were painted, it's wonderful, is n't it? One thing awfully interesting about a picture gallery is to see

the absurd difference in women's dress now and in former times, do n't you think so? and sometimes one gets ideas for one's self.

This particular gallery is, altogether, one of the most satisfactory I've ever been in. It was n't crowded full of Baedeker people and that sort of thing. In the second room we went in we met Lord and Lady Jenks and the Countess of Towns. That was the room where we saw a portrait the living image of Janet Cowther. We all shrieked with laughter! You know how she has what my vulgar little brother calls an "ingrowing face," it sinks in instead of coming out, so that the poor creature can't know what it seems like to have a real profile. It's extraordinary that there should have been two such faces in the world; do n't you think so? Even with two or three hundred years between them. The portrait was painted by—dear me! I can't remember, but it was some one we all know. There's one thing I should n't mind, and that is knowing the lady's corset-maker. I'd like to give his address to Janet, because, my dear, in spite of her face he had made the lady's figure beautiful. I think that's really the nicest part of a picture-gallery, seeing comic likenesses to your friends.

Lady Jenks and I sat down on an uncomfortable bench without any back and talked away for nearly an hour. What an amusing creature she is! Has stories to tell about everybody under the sun. By the way, she vowed you and your husband got on awfully and only lived together as a matter of form! I took up your cudgels, my dear, and told her it was n't true in any particular; that Ned adored you and was an angel. Of course, he got drunk; that I knew, as all the world did, but you were used to that. It is n't true, is it? He never struck you? I'm sure he did n't! You'd have told a good friend like me, would n't you?

Well, just as Lady Jenks and I finished, the others came back from going through all the other rooms. We were every one of us dead tired; looking at pictures is so fatiguing. We decided to go back to the hotel and have tea in the garden. But I think it is a dear gallery, and to-morrow—we don't leave till the next day—if we've any time left after doing the shops, I intend to go back and see the pictures all over again and those I haven't seen.

Write to Eaton sgr.; the servants will forward. Poor things, they must have had a dull summer! They say the heat in town has been fearful! But I do n't think servants mind, do you? And then they have the run of the house. I am sure they use the drawing-room and sleep in my bed!

Good-bye,

Lovingly,

FANNY.

Aubrey says Janet's portrait is by Rembrandt, but I tell him I do n't think it was by a Frenchman at all, I think it was by Greuze.

The Chap-Book

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The CHAP-BOOK

LITERARY SUPPLEMENT

Vol. VII, No. 11

October 15, 1897

THE PALETTE OF LOCAL COLOR

WAYSIDE COURTSIPS.—By Hamlin Garland. 12mo. D. Appleton & Co.

THE FEDERAL JUDGE.—By Charles K. Lush. 12mo. Houghton, Mifflin & Co.

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HELL-FER-SARTAIN, AND OTHER STORIES.—By John Fox, Jr. 12mo. Harper & Bros.

OLD EBENEZER.—By Opie Read. 12mo. Laird & Lee.

GR^{EAT} is local color, and many are its prophets. They also are various, for the ways of attaining this quality in fiction are not more numerous than are the methods for failing to secure it. The volumes whose names head this review represent a good part of the season's contribution to the great problem of picturing America. Geographically, they range from the Alleghanies to the Pacific, and as far south as Virginia, Arkansas, and Arizona. They are all by men, and their number has revived a fading hope that, after all, men as well as women are to have a hand in the artistic description of the West and its life.

MR. HAMLIN GARLAND'S volume, *Wayside Courtsips*, is on the whole the most important and most distinguished. That one should be able even to suggest distinction as a quality of Mr. Garland's work shows how far he has progressed from the crudities of his earlier days. Nothing can ever give him a sense of humor, but its lack is now less apparent. Even as late as in *Rose of Dutcher's Coolly* Mr. Garland excited the laughter of the East by his ingenuous wonder at a Chicago audience at the Thomas concert, where all the men were in full evening dress suits,—or was it swallow-tails? There is nothing of that sort now, and in spite of some extraordinary dialect which he puts into the mouth of an Englishman, it may be said that Mr. Garland at last knows his whole field. In all the details of description, in every line of his dialogue, and unerring in the atmosphere of these

stories, he is true beyond the possibility of challenge. Not that the merit of the tales is equal. The earlier stories we consider better than anything he has done before, and this is very high praise. The inclusion of the last part of the book seems to us ill-advised. Some of the stories are mere notes from a novelist's sketch-book; others, while not bad, are distinctly below the level of their author's best. And in the interests of everyone we forbear to speak at length of a short but quite hysterical prologue.

The volume thus pruned is the strongest, freshest, cleanest, we have read for a long time. *Wayside Courtsips* is an accurate description of its subject-matter. The protagonist of each story, generally just out of college, or perhaps still there, goes into some strange town of the middle West, and there finds a wife. Going as preacher, school teacher, farm laborer, or carpenter, the hero with his sweetheart represents broadly the youth of the region, and the story of their wooing is the synthesis of Western life. Mr. Garland will be thought by unsympathetic critics to make material surroundings squalid and speech coarsely common. But the best stories of his volume have qualities which carry them quite beyond the range of such criticism. "A Preacher's Love Story" gives a story of a revival which is extraordinarily vivid, and which has a fervor and a spiritual uplift that distinguish it completely from the realism which goes *ventre-à-terre*. And "A Stop-over at Tyre" is as pretty a love-story as one can wish for. This volume at its best convinces us afresh that Mr. Garland is pre-eminent in his special field.

GE^{OGRAPHICALLY} Mr. Charles K. Lush and his novel *The Federal Judge* demand comparison with Mr. Garland's work. Where the older novelist writes of Lodi and Chicago, the novice lays his scenes in Bowersville and Milwaukee. The recent discussions concerning the power of the federal judiciary and its right to interfere in strikes by means of injunctions give marked timeliness to Mr. Lush's volume. In it Judge Dunn of Bowersville, puritanic in honesty and obstinacy, and populist in his distrust of corporations has the fine fibre of his honor weakened until he actually grants a railroad an injunction forbidding its employees to leave their work. The study of political and financial intrigues in national and municipal government, and the subtly degenerating influence of city life is worthy of attention. The freshness of the subject and Mr. Lush's evident sincerity and earnestness are very welcome. But it is upon events and facts rather than upon human character that he has grasped. As a mere story-teller he fails. Broadly speaking, the picture he draws of these Western communities is convincing, but with individuals and their emotions he does not prove his case. At the crisis of

his story the motives of his characters seem inadequate. And he needlessly cheapens his effect by dragging in a deserted wife to confront his villain at the last. His volume, we believe, marks a *début*, and if Mr. Lush's next book should show the improvement which we have a right to expect he may possibly have to be reckoned with as a real factor in that "Western school" literature of which it is so often our pleasure to read in the newspapers.

IN *Wolfville* Mr. Lewis is supposed to describe the cowboy as he is. In *The Story of the Cowboy* Mr. Hough actually does so, although his book is not fiction. Before venturing farther, we must admit that *Wolfville* is a very diverting book, and that read in small installments it will make almost any one laugh. But it has very little relation to literature, and perhaps less to life. It is a very successful example of a kind of humor which, we think, is peculiarly American, mock serious bombast, with a constant humorous suggestion. This extravagance of speech is the gift of every inhabitant of *Wolfville*, and while in real life occasional pleasant individuals display it, we decline to believe it the possession of any whole community. *Wolfville* is a place where no one does anything but drink and dance and gamble and shoot and lynch and be kind to orphans and women. There is not the slightest suggestion of anyone's working in the whole volume, except, perhaps, two laundresses. The incidents are exactly those which Bret Harte in his earlier days used. But the humor is fresh and somewhat grim and always suggestive of the variety stage. *Wolfville* should have a great vogue.

MR. HOUGH knows the *Wolfville* side of western existence, but his volume gives us the other as well. In his own words "it shows the cowboy not as a devil-may-care, roistering fellow, full of strange oaths and uncouth conduct, but as he should perhaps better be seen as a steady, hard-working, methodical man, able in his calling, faithful in his duties, and prompt in their fulfillment." Just this is what the average easterner needed to be told about ranch life, and anyone who reads Mr. Hough's comprehensive volume will have a clear idea of what the cattle trade really is. The book traces the history of the industry from the time of the early Spanish herders in the southwest, follows it up the "long trail" into Montana, Wyoming, and even the British possessions. What ranches have been and are in every region, how cows have died of thirst and perished of cold, how they are "rounded up" and branded, how cowboys dress and what they eat—in short every detail which could be desired is given. Best of all, Mr. Hough has the keenest love for the open air, and manages to give his readers a sense of what he calls the "Homeric largeness" of the life.

THREE PARTNERS is a book about which little can be said that has not been said of every book of Bret Harte's for many years. With the impulse to write at its minimum and the facility for composition at its maximum Mr. Harte does as well as anyone can expect. A man who is publishing his thirty-third volume of western tales, and who has lived in London clubs during the production of most of them, might naturally be expected to have lost the vividness of his memories. In fact, Mr. Harte's present work demands no serious treatment. Nor indeed does it get any except at times in England. It is unfortunate that circumstances force him to continue writing.

Mr. Harte is too practiced a hand to write exactly a dull and uninteresting novel. And he is wise enough to put only a little of the rough life of the mining camp into his story, which is for the greater part a tale of well-dressed and prosperous Californians who might conceivably live as well in a hundred other places. The three partners "make their strike" in the first chapter, and their loyalty to each other through the long book is the one thing which suggests Mr. Harte's old power of touching the quick of emotions. The story is a well-planned one of stolen gold and kidnapped children, silly wives and loyal husbands, brutal financiering sharks and chivalrous romantic gamblers. Its only fault is that the plot is rather too cunningly contrived and at times difficult to follow. It is not thoroughly uninteresting although it is thoroughly unworthy of its author.

WITH Mr. Fox and Mr. Read we come into the South. *Hell-fer-Sartain* consists of but 119 pages, and it has needed thick paper and luxurious margins to give it the semblance of a book. But we know of no other volume of equal size which can compare for a moment with Mr. Fox's in the completeness with which it describes for the reader the life of a whole community. The stories in the volumes are so short that they will be called "sketches." But they are short because Mr. Fox has made them so by a truly remarkable power of compression. He can even put the story into the mouth of one of his characters and make that character seem garrulous, while as a matter of fact the tale is being told with wonderful conciseness. The Cumberlands are not known to the novel reader, and the life there is picturesque. With the exception of the unfortunate piece of sentimentality with which it ends, the volume has the raciest tang we have found in any recent book of American fiction. The local color which Mr. Fox employs is a superior and unadulterated gift.

If he can publish a volume or two more as good as *Hell-fer-Sartain*, there will be no question of his "arrival."

WITH *Old Ebenezer* Mr. Opie Read's "select works" as published by Messrs. Laird & Lee number six volumes. What would be the figure of his complete collected works we are unable to say. In view of this fact we doubt whether we should be justified in welcoming Mr. Read as a "promising young writer," but that is precisely what he seems to us to be. Promising, because *Bolano*, which immediately preceded *Old Ebenezer* gave us considerable discomfort, and because the new volume is almost worth reading. Mr. Read presumably would be little grateful to us were we to establish for his benefit a "school of fiction" but we make the offer in good part. If Mr. Read will forward us the manuscript of the volume which he is probably publishing next week we will read it, as well as the one intended for week after next, and we are confident of being able to eliminate in an hour the greater part of their faults. For Mr. Read's literary shortcomings are largely the result of pure slovenliness. His dialogue, for example, is always stiff, but in almost every case if he would give it a second reading and alter a word here and there at the dictate of ordinary common sense it might be made quite natural. *Old Ebenezer* is needlessly exasperating for the first few chapters.

A decent, vigorous young northerner named Warren is starting as a lawyer in the sleepy little town of *Old Ebenezer*. He needs one hundred dollars, and the banker of the town quite naturally refuses to loan it to him. The next evening a crowd of young people propose the innocent diversion of a mock marriage. Warren and the banker's daughter are chosen, and, to the consternation of all, the marriage turns out to be legal. The only way to annul the ceremony is by a petition to the legislature signed by both parties. To this document Warren promptly refuses his signature, and Mr. Read offers no explanation. Mr. Read admires his hero, whom the reader is despising as an utter cad. But in a little while Mr. Read lazily proffers an explanation which makes the whole situation at once reasonable and interesting.

Warren is refusing because the girl wants him to, fearing that she will be forced into marriage with a man she hates. The story, after having thus exhausted all patience, proceeds simply and naturally to tell how these two gradually fall in love and ultimately decide to make the mock marriage a real one. The story is rational all through after the first false start, and in spite of crudities of style is nice in feeling and refined in its humor.

Mr. Read is read widely, and he is published in London, and by many he is considered an adequate western novelist. It will therefore be interesting to many who are following the development of native fiction to read him. *Old Ebenezer* will not be bad to begin with, for it even suggests that some day Mr. Read may write a good book.

THE MARTIAN: AN APOLOGY

THE MARTIAN.—By George Du Maurier. 12mo. Harper Bros. \$1.75.

IT is perhaps, fairly safe to assert that of the brethren of the reviewing craft into whose hands *The Martian* has recently been placed for professional purposes, at least one-third have approached the task with distasteful impatience. It is impossible to read *The Martian* with that fresh, clandestine pleasure that one felt when *Peter Ibbetson* slouched along his sentimental journey in *Harper's Monthly*; the intervening hysteria over *Trilby*, the nauseating wallowing of the Great American Public in its own mawkishness, has caused among the decently sensitive a revulsion of feeling which, while wholly unjust to Du Maurier, is, nevertheless, too natural and too strong to be overcome so soon. In a dozen years, when certain shoe-polishes, and girdles, and even remote American townships are forgotten, and when hurdy-gurdies no longer perform miracles of execution with the jejune song of an obscure Member of Congress, we may, perhaps, take down from our shelves three dusty volumes, with most delightful, badly drawn illustrations, and abandon ourselves to a newly charmed reading of the most boyish, most lovable, and poorest writer who ever won even what the Irish patriot called temporary immortality. Meanwhile, we had far rather put *The Martian* up on the shelf to grow mellow with the other two volumes than review it. For in addition to a confessed impatience, there is a distinct feeling that the book is inferior to its predecessors,—and one has a vague uncertainty as to whether this feeling may not be coloured by the revulsion of sentiment just explained. Furthermore, when everybody who has had the slenderest claim on the time of some patient type-setter, has for the past two years said everything on the subject of George Du Maurier that could possibly be said until Time shall have stepped in and properly focused him in perspective, further spilling of ink seems gratuitous. Mr. Henry James, kindest and most acute of critics, with peculiar advantages, must have found further writing difficult; for in Mr. James's performance of the last pious offices over his friend in the September *Harper's* not even the most ardent Jacobite can take the slightest pleasure. However, after these more than ample apologies, we confess that we are in for it, and take refuge in the trite and the obvious.

The Martian is a singular synthesis of *Peter Ibbetson* and *Trilby*. Just as in *Peter Ibbetson* the best and most charming part is that which deals with a happy group of delightful Frankingle children, so the first and best written part of *The Martian* treats of the Parisian school life of an almost equally delightful batch of Frankingle boys. In *Trilby* we have a heroine who entered life with an ambiguous surname and left it the most famous singer in Europe; in *The*

Martian we have Trilby's masculine counterpart, Barty Josslyn, whose birth was necessarily omitted from Debertt, and whose death eclipsed the gaiety of the two nations in which he had won a stupendous, bilingual, literary fame,—*en amateur*. Trilby was assisted in her career by the hypnotic influence of a not exceptionally prepossessing representative of the *peuple choisi*; Barty, by the magnetic dictates of an invisible, web-footed lady who had formerly inhabited Mars. Trilby, nearly as much French as English, fell in love with little Billee, whose fine, remote strain of Jewish blood fascinated Du Maurier; Barty, with a lineage and character not wholly dissimilar to Trilby's, fell in love with Leah Gibson, whose Jewish ancestor (Du Maurier having found the breed so to his liking) was more immediate. Barty, however, married, became intensely prosperous, and died happy. Incidentally, Barty, like Peter Ibbetson, had dreams, during which the lady from Mars had pretty much her own way.

To be sure, so bald an outline of *The Martian* is as cruel as was a similar outline which the captious Fadladeen gave to Lallah Rookh of "The Veiled Prophet," but it serves two purposes: it shows that Du Maurier, having already given the best that was in him, had no resource left but to repeat himself, and that if his books succeed in being charming—as no one this side of sanity would deny—it is in spite of the supernatural element rather than because of it. The only excuse for repeating which is that the truth of the proposition becomes trebly assured after reading *The Martian*.

Apart from this, the chief defect of this posthumous book is the extreme scrappiness of the style,—a scrappiness far more noticeable here than in Du Maurier's former books. On the other hand, its chief merit is that in Barty Josslyn you have at last the author's apology for himself, one so endearing, in spite of its little conscious vanities, so bravely and trustingly written, that you close the volume loving George Du Maurier more than you did before (and if you are one of those who read books to get at "the Man Behind the Book," this is saying a great deal). Finally, you will like the book vastly better on a second reading,—and if you will consider of how few books you can say this nowadays, you will confess that, after all, you have very little to quarrel with, indeed have much to be grateful for, in *The Martian*.

MRS. JARLEY'S SUCCESSOR.

UNCLE BERNAC.—By A. Conan Doyle. 12mo. Illustrated. D. Appleton & Co. \$1.50.

THE spectacle of Dr. A. Conan Doyle masquerading as an up-to-date Mrs. Jarley is not one that will appeal to either his friends or admirers. Instead of writing the type of story we have come to expect

from him—where his skill and ingenuity are well marked; instead of making plays like the *Story of Waterloo*—in which his touch of genius shows most clearly; instead of these, Dr. Doyle has been satisfied to write *Uncle Bernac*, a mere catalogue of wax figures, remarkable neither for novelty nor picturesqueness, and strung together on the flimsiest of pretexts. And the worst of it is that these same wax figures have been exhibited by everyone else for four years or more. Indeed, if Dr. Doyle felt irresistibly impelled to contribute to the Napoleonic craze, it would have been better to do it when others did, instead of waiting until we were sick to death of the whole thing.

Now, however, he has published his version—sandwiched in between two scraps of a stereotyped romance. These remnants of a story have obviously nothing to do with the book itself. They are merely intended as a sugar coating to make the rest palatable, but they only make things worse. In truth, it would have been a fairer thing to paint frankly the picture of Napoleon, and let the work stand on it, instead of seducing us by a romantic beginning and a wholly delusive title into reading what—as a story—was not worth our while.

The book begins with the adventures of Louis de Laval, a French lad, driven to England through the royalist sympathies of his family. His father's estate had been confiscated, and were now in the hands of his uncle, Bernac, a man of shiftable convictions and selfish devotion. Louis, urged by his uncle, leaves his sweetheart in England and goes to France. After a hair-breadth escape of some vividness, he finds himself in the court of Napoleon. From this moment on to the last chapter Louis de Laval is merely a secondary character, and Uncle Bernac is nothing at all. Napoleon and his court are the central figures, and Dr. Doyle gives page after page of descriptions reflected from the memoirs of the empire. This is the wax figure part.

"There is Ney, with the red head, and there is Lefebvre, with his singular mouth, and Bernadotte, with the beak of a bird of prey . . . and that is Rapp, with the round bullet head. He is talking to Junot, the handsome dark man with the whiskers. These poor soldiers are very unhappy."

"Why so?" I asked.

"Because they are all men who have risen from nothing. This society and etiquette terrifies them much more than all the dangers of war. . . . Look at Rapp, with his twenty wounds, endeavoring to exchange little delicate drolleries with that young lady. There, you see, he has said something which would have passed very well with a vivandiere, but it has made her fly to her mamma, and he is scratching his head, for he cannot imagine how he has offended her."

"Who is the beautiful woman with the white dress and the tiara of diamonds?" I asked.

"That is Madame Murat, who is the sister of

the Emperor. Caroline is beautiful, but she is not as pretty as her sister Marie, whom you see over yonder in the corner. Do you see the tall, stately, dark-eyed old lady with whom she is talking? That is Napoleon's mother—"

And so on, over one hundred and fifty pages. Incidentally there is a love story, in which Louis's cousin—the daughter of Uncle Bernac—figures. In the end, after various vicissitudes, everything turns out agreeably. The book is the unworthiest Dr. Doyle has yet given us.

We can think of no reason for this change of occupation on Dr. Doyle's part, unless it be a financial one. And we must remind him that, although literature is at best a lottery, the showman's business is still more so.

VIVID SKETCHES

THE EXPRESS MESSENGER, AND OTHER TALES OF THE RAIL.—By Cy Warman. Charles Scribner's Sons.

ONE takes up with sympathy a book in which a man who has worked with his hands has honestly tried to express the spirit of his craft. It may usually be thought sufficient if the result is graphic and sincere, and if in a literary way it is unobtrusive and negative. Of the eleven tales of railway life which Mr. Warman has furnished, this much and even more may be said, and, almost paradoxically, it is because Mr. Warman does rather better work than one has any reason to expect that one is a little disappointed.

The total effect is inadequate; there is a tantalizing lack of form and of dramatic conclusiveness in the stories; they are mere detachments of incidents, haltingly put together. One grieves over the fragmentary and tentative use of what would be admirable material for a writer of equal knowledge, and with an organizing and constructive faculty in the back of his brain. One regrets the clumsy, raw technique, and is irritated by the hitchings, backings, and shiftings, as the writer puffs about, collecting the different parts of his story. For coherence he has slight regard, and his use of the first person in narration is as irresponsible and erratic as Thackeray's. There is an instance where the story-teller, an old engineer, presumably ignorant of the whereabouts and purposes of an Indian princess who has "laid down" (sic!) to die, drifts into the absolute manner. "She sat by the river," says this remarkable seer, "for a long time, trying to make up her mind to die, but she could not. There was a certain amount of mystery about the river, and she liked to look upon its quiet face. Where did it come from and where was it going? Then, in her wild way, she likened her life to the river."

Psychological analysis, it may be inferred, is not Mr. Warman's strong point, but it is fair to say that

the vein of commonness uncovered in the above passage is infrequent. What he can do admirably is to describe action, whether it is a battle with Indians, or the pursuit of a runaway locomotive, or the crash of trains on a narrow-gauge track. In his treatment of such themes his hand is free and sure, and the instances in which he falls a victim to self-consciousness can be numbered on ten fingers. He has, too, a sense of the value of color and atmosphere. Colloquial, unpracticed, and unliterary as he is, his aptness and picturesqueness of phrase are often startling, and the reader soon puts away the uncharitable idea that they are accidental. He is guilty of such gross violence to the language as "he seemed about as happy as a man can get and live," but a writer who sums up the liabilities of railway mail clerks thus:—"their car is coupled to the locomotive, and they take whatever is left when the grim reaper gets through with the engine-men"—or who describes the rear car of a vanishing train as "puckering up in the distance", has a native force and originality capable, with training, of distinct literary achievement.

Mr. Warman's book, therefore, is to be recommended as a collection, not of finished stories, but of vivid and virile sketches. It is a pity that there is so little humor in it.

CLARK RUSSELL

THE TWO CAPTAINS.—By W. Clark Russell. 16mo. Dodd, Mead & Co. \$1.50.

PIRATES, ruffians, buccaneers, mutinies, storms, and shipwrecks, and a beautiful maiden in love with somebody; that is the receipt for a Clark Russell novel, and *The Two Captains* is no exception to the rule. Perhaps there are more pirates and murders and fewer shipwrecks than usual, and the beautiful maiden's love plays a minor part; but it is the same old story of the sea with the smell of salt water strong upon it, with sunsets and storms and scudding waves painted in the stirring style Mr. Russell has made so thoroughly his own. But if the charm is somewhat gone from the warmed-over dish, one cannot exactly cavil at a writer who has made the sea so thoroughly his province. The two captains are honest merchantmen gone wrong. That is to say, they are tempted by poverty to assume the rôle of pirates. They rob the elderly maiden aunt of one of them of her plate to provide the wherewithal to fit out their piratical brig; then they sail the high seas to plunder and burn, and in the course of their adventures they capture a West Indian maiden bearing among her passengers the beautiful maiden. She is a long time coming—half the book, in fact, is passed before she appears. She turns out however to be the cousin of one of the captains, and the other promptly falls in love with her. It is never quite

clear whether she reciprocates the mad passion of the young and dashing Irish captain, but there is no room for doubt that the ill-favored captain with the scarred face does not mean to have his fair cousin fall prey to his partner in crime. There are schemes and mutinies, and the old captain kills the young captain in the presence of the fainting maiden, and he in turn kills himself on the appearance of the inevitable man-of-war, and the maiden is left with no one to love—if indeed she ever loved any one unless it be the naval lieutenant who rescues her from the pirate ship. But that is not told, and will probably serve as the theme of Mr. Russell's next story of the sea.

There must be many who never tire of the odor of salt and the swash of the waves, else Mr. Russell's mill of fiction would long ere now have run dry of readers.

THE PATIENT WEST

TALES OF THE SUN-LAND.—By *Verner Z. Reed*.
Continental Publishing Co. \$1.25.

IT is odd that some of those against whom the editors conspire have never thought to think how much larger and more diverting books they could make of what they do *not* know. Particularly some that deal in local color.

The writer of Western stories is born with a silver spoon. Of course he knows, and of course we do not. The West is fearfully and wonderfully made, and about it "everything goes." The British novelist who peoples Manhattan with hot-potters and giraffes, or makes the Bostonians talk Yiddish, shall hear from us; but beyond the Missouri every Jonah is sufficient unto his whale. To what Mr. Reed himself can believe on his own range, his book is a cloud of witnesses. Probably "A Civilized Heathen" marks his climax; but several other tales give it a close shave. There are on the outskirts of every Indian tribe a few degenerates who talk some English and use it chiefly to impart information to tourists who cannot converse with their fathers. "Petra" seems to have had an uncommonly satisfactory "audience."

Unlike many illustrious predecessors who learned by a through ticket, Mr. Reed lives in his "Sun-Land." This is doubtless by choice; but he speaks English of divine right. His value as a guide is much the same in both fields. One may have spent a life-time among people who talk English, and still say: "Oh, thou fools! thou fools, who dare question the wisdom of your holy king!" (p. 141) and the like. One may inhabit a country as long, and still know as little about it. Mr. Reed has a comfortable conviction that all our aborigines talked Spanish (as ungrammatical as his own) before America was discovered. The numerous tribes of which he talks so familiarly speak tongues as different as

French from German; but Indian words sound wise, and he delimits all vocabularies with the dozen or so of mutilated words he has acquired from some translated Lo in Colorado. Little matters of five hundred miles become a day's stroll, in Mr. Reed's original geography of Arizona, New Mexico, and the Southerly lands; and history simply takes to its heels at his approach. And if Mr. Reed would conduct someone to his alleged "inscription" in the Grand Cañon, he would find more money in it than literature seems to promise. Fiction must be plausible; but it must not be circumstantially mendacious. Mr. Reed has an unsafe habit of making facts to bolster his tales (as on pp. 61, 91, *et passim*).

Constructively, the stories are a very weak solution of Rider Haggard—with especial emphasis on the local color, which is especially untrue. Very much above the dime novel (except in language), they are very much below what we have a right to expect in a bound book. There are no such Indians and no such Mexicans as Mr. Reed describes. He seems to be young enough to have time for learning his field and his tools better, and for doing better work. He does himself, apparently, an injustice with premature type; for he has feeling. And when he learns his aborigines he will do well to take a lesson in rhetoric from them. No Indian ever talks hysteria. But many able persons feel that romance in general and aborigines in particular can be translated only with a style-temperature of 104°.

THE SERVANT'S HANDBOOK TO COURTSHIP AND MARRIAGE

FROM A GIRL'S POINT OF VIEW.—By *Lilian Bell*.
16mo. Harper & Bros. \$1.25.

IT is perhaps fitting that a volume as wholly vulgar and underbred as Miss Lilian Bell's *From a Girl's Point of View* should be written in a style more suggestive of the kitchen than the drawing-room. But it is nevertheless surprising that such a style should ever have been employed for the dissemination of instruction in the ways of polite society.

We have now had four books from Miss Bell. The latest, unlike the others, made its first appearance in the pages of a popular magazine, and it is conceivable that Miss Bell—with deliberation—wrote down to what she considered the level of her *Ladies' Home Journal* readers. In that case we can only say that she must have had a lower opinion of their intelligence than even the *CHAP-BOOK*, for she has undoubtedly surpassed in triteness, cheapness, and vulgarity all other contributors. On other grounds we cannot reconcile the present volume with its predecessors. Heretofore, Miss Bell has given us stories which were distinguished by quickness of thought, facility of expression, and

occasional wit. Her first book, *The Love Affairs of an Old Maid*, was extremely clever and amusing. *A Little Sister of the Wilderness* was altogether different and yet notable among the books of its time. *The Under Side of Things*, in a still different vein, only emphasized the promise of good work to come. Yet Miss Bell's latest book is hopeless. The brilliancy of previous work figures merely as attempted smartness; ease of expression is succeeded by an enduring triteness, and careful construction gives way to unlimited talk. There is no repression, no reserve. The book is as blatant as an auctioneer.

"It must be lovely not to agonize and plan and worry to have everything the best of its kind," Miss Bell exclaims, but it is impossible that she should have struggled in the achievement of this book. It was written for "sales-ladies" by one thoroughly in sympathy with their tastes and aims, and by them it will doubtless be appreciated. To others, it is ill-mannered rubbish, and Miss Bell's closing words will appeal with all the force of inspired prophecy: "For we shall not pass that way again."

BY BOUTET DE MONVEL

JOAN OF ARC.—By *Boutet de Monvel*. With forty-three illustrations. Folio. The Century Co. \$3.00.

THE Century Company has done a service not soon to be forgotten by the parents and children of America in bringing out in such beautiful form the story of Joan of Arc. M. Boutet de Monvel's books have never before been issued in this country, and with the French text it was impossible that they should attain here any measure of the popularity which they so thoroughly deserve.

In this volume the story of Joan's life is told sweetly and simply, and the pictures are deserving of the highest praise. They have all the precision, delicacy and charm of drawing and coloring, for which M. Boutet de Monvel's work is already known, and they give evidences of his advance in effectiveness. His *japonerie* is more marked than ever, and with this change comes a distinct increase in the vigor of his work. His color, as always, in flat tints, was formerly in a light faint key. It is now deeper, richer, and stronger. In the battle scenes his drawing approximates more than ever Japanese style, yet the feeling is always Occidental and Mediæval. He does not copy Japanese methods, but adapts them, in the best sense of the word, to his own uses.



IN AIR

THE STATUE IN THE AIR.—By *Caroline Eaton Le Conte*. 18mo. The Macmillan Company. \$0.75.

THIS is a commingling of fantasy, rhapsody, allegory, and pastoral after the manner of Watteau, treated with the pseudo-classicism of Queen Anne's time, with a deal of metaphysics and sufficient confusion to leave but a single clear impression: that the author has aimed too high and shares with her readers the book's bewilderment. There appears to be a foundation of dualistic myth, no less venerable a tradition than that of Typhon and Osiris or Ormuzd and Ahriman, above which Eros and Apollo in all their beauty are to be found fighting for life against Troglodytes, harpies, chaos, and old night. Here and there are passages which show beauty, poetic fancy and graceful imagination, but they are too infrequent to give the book the breath of life.

THE LADY BETTY STAIR.

THE HISTORY OF THE LADY BETTY STAIR.—By *Mollie Elliott Seawell*. 12mo. Illustrated. Charles Scribner's Sons. \$1.25.

MISS MOLLIE ELLIOTT SEAWELL has written a very pretty, dainty, little story, entitled *The History of the Lady Betty Stair*. It is not a book to make any one's reputation, or to occasion the slightest stir in the literary world; yet it is the sort of thing that Alfred de Musset or Ludovic Halévy might have done and been loudly praised for. Miss Seawell's style is hardly comparable to theirs, however, for its chief distinction is its fluency. The scene is laid, for the most part, in Edinburgh, where the Comte d'Artois—later to become Charles X of France—was holding miniature court. Lady Betty Stair and one de Bourmont were in the suite, and very properly fell in love with each other. Through the small villainies of another courtier they were separated, and for forty years they did not meet—each, however, guarding the tender feeling for the other. By that time de Bourmont had become a general and Lady Betty had entered a convent.

For its simplicity and unpretentiousness Miss Seawell's story is welcome; it is a trifle sentimental and watery, but in the main it comes as a great relief after the sex-novels which the "lady novelists" have so generally given us.

MISS WILKINS' VERSE

ONCE UPON A TIME; AND OTHER CHILD-VERSES.—By *Mary E. Wilkins*. 12mo. Lotbrop Publishing Company.

IN following her successes in prose the world came near losing sight of Miss Wilkins' poetical gifts. The evidences of these, scattered as they were heretofore through the children's

magazines of the day, have, it is to be feared, escaped the attention of even her warmest admirers, leaving the volume to come upon them as a pleasant surprise. To us it seems that America is raised at a leap to the level England has recently set in the child-verses of Mrs. Alice Meynell and Mr. Norman Gale—Miss Wilkins doing all that they find in them to do, and something more. It is unexpected, and yet those who had not known the author of *Pembroke* for a poet could have predicted her capacity. Her succinctness, clarity, felicity, sympathy, and truth pointed to worthy verse no less surely than distinguished her prose.

All the qualities of her tales are apparent in Miss Wilkins's poems. There is the ability to turn the traditions of earlier days in New England to the best account, as in *Caraway*, or in *The Tithing-Man*, this latter the lamentable story of the good little girl who inadvertently dozed in meeting, only to hear the birds singing on her way home:

"'There's the little maid whom the tithing-man
Caught fast asleep in the house of God.'"

There is, moreover, a genuine turn for imagination and romance, as in the pretty story of *The Fairy Flag* and *The Ballad of the Blacksmith's Sons*, and much delicate human interest, as in *The Spoiled Darling*, and more which must be denied mention here. And always is there evident the keenest appreciation of what appeals to the child—of smaller or larger growth. These talents are joined to a fine sense of melody. Miss Wilkins obtains a number of admirably novel effects. *A-Ber-rying* Mr. Francis Thompson would call "A Metrical Caprice":

"Now Susan Jane a-berrying goes,
With her dipper and pail a-berrying goes—
Now Susan Jane creeps dolefully home, and mourn-
fully hangs her head;
For she tumbled down and bumped her nose,
She tore her frock and she stubbed her toes,
And the blueberries all were green, alas! and the
blackberries all were red!"

This will serve also as a nice example of the poet's pathos, always mingled with humor, which with her takes the place of the "Get them to die in June" sentiment of much of the verse designed for children. But best of all is the real distinction with which Miss Wilkins treats matters worthy of it. The epitaph at the conclusion of *Little Boy Blue*, as perfect in its way as Stevenson's Requiem in its, is an instance:

"'Here lieth a sweet little maid, aged ten;
Robins and violets come again.'"

Or the concluding stanza of *The Beggar King*, after the ragged potentate has married his child to the Emperor:

"The Beggar King looked toward the town:
'Farewell, my daughter dear!'
The east was gray—he rode away
And swallowed down a tear."

Here, as elsewhere, sincerity and simplicity go hand in hand.

BOOKS RECEIVED

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VAN HOPF, OR THE NEW FAUST.—By Alfred Smythe. 12mo. American Publishers' Corporation. \$1.00.
KARMA, A STORY OF EARLY BUDDHISM.—By Paul Carus. Third edition. Illustrated and printed by T. Hasegawa, Tokyo, Japan, for The Open Court Publishing Co.
WILD NEIGHBORS.—By Ernest Ingersoll. 12mo. The Macmillan Co. \$1.50.
THE EVE OF ISLAR.—By William Le Queux. 12mo. F. A. Stokes & Co. \$1.25.
JOAN OF ARC.—By Boutet de Monvel. With 45 illustrations. Folio, oblong. The Century Co. \$3.00.
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A NOCTURNE

"I WILL arise and go unto my Dear,
And at her tiny mouth this longing slake;
Though she is sleeping and a chancicler
Marks night's meridian, I'll bid her
wake

And walk with me the fields, while lev'rets feed
Where fauns of eld heard Pan's o'er-mastering
reed."

Then I went out beneath the naked sky,—
Naked, because her vap'ry covering
Lay in that void where Lost Endeavors lie,
Which, when the far-off gods see hovering,
Like wraiths below the edges of our world,
Their lips at Man in proud contempt are curled.

As though the universe knew Mary slept,—
And silence reigned despot in the spheres,
So motionless was ev'rything except

My heart, whose throb made discord in my
ears,

Nor moved there aught in Heaven's blue afar,
Save, twitching noiselessly, one nervous star.

It was a night such as the first night was,
When God, sole witness of the darkened earth,
Before dividing by omnipotent laws

Those elements akin to death and birth
Stood meditating on what should be done
Ere He conceived the image of the sun.

Then all desireless I walked alone,
Long in the mighty awe midnight inspires;
I heard a tremor from the dim Unknown,
Felt Hope replenish her low altar-fires,
And dying faith in Man new life-lease take,
But did not say, nor cared to say: "Awake!"

RALPH JOHNSON.

OUT OF THE HOUSE OF
BONDAGE

IT was a ragged and unkempt enough country;
the brown, stony hills, bristling with columnar
cactus, whose only vegetable alternatives
were the melancholy sagebrush, and a crawling,
parasitic growth that spread its sticky mesh, red
and hairy, from bush to bush with revolting persistency;
and the man tramping up the chalky, choky,
alkali roadbed, formed a fitting complement to the
scene.

There was not one redeeming feature about him,
from his fierce eyes and stubby red beard, to his
clumsy boots and pendant bundle, and the evil
humor of a recent debauch enwrapped him like a
baleful mist.

An ill-favored crog slinking at his heels, and the rifle
dangling from his red, right fist, marked him no

tramp; the desert reaches are much avoided by the
Sons of Rest, some denizen of these ugly wilds was
making for his lair.

Away behind his slouching figure, miles away,
glimmering faintly through the throbbing white
reflected from the dead soil, the valley lay green and
gold; and a small stream, escaping noisily from the
breasts of the swarthy summits, chattered of its
stolen freedom, and tumbled over itself, staggering
toward a gentler foster mother. The trail wound
steadily up beside this fretful offspring of the chill,
far-off snow; and the pedestrian trudged sullenly
over its weary length, too savage, even, to sight his
piece at a stray jack rabbit, till a great rock towering
across the vista left scant room to the brawling creek
and the path.

The dog pricked up his ears and broke into a trot
as the wail of a young child broke on his ear distinct
above the tumult of the stream, but a kick from his
master sent him howling backward, then the grim
gates fell away, and, with a curse, the squatter
strode across his half-cultivated plat to his cabin door.

"Is supper cooked?"

The cabin's occupant started up with a weak,
guilty cry:

"I never looked fur ye till dark, Dick!"

She was a burnt-out wisp of a woman in a faded
gown that seemed to cast its greenish tone over a
face that had once been pink and white, and hair
that was golden before the greedy desert sun had
filched its sheen. Even her eyes, never, probably,
lit by a blaze of determined character, had grown
ashen, the heats of life had scorched and withered
all the tender sprouts of interest and affection that
might once have found root within her.

She shrank under the coarse upbraidings of the
man in a repressed fashion, such shrinking was like
to be fresh offense to his temper, laid down her babe
in silence, and set to work.

The squatter stood his rifle by the door and
dropped into a seat, with his red beard sunk into his
shirt and his hands deep in his pockets. His moody
eyes dwelt on the stunted saplings of his hoped-for
orchard, and the yellowing, yet-unheaded grain, and
the great rock gate of the cañon shut them into their
parched, iron-bound world. The fumes of his last
plunge into forgetfulness still haunted him, the pitiless
sun mocked and mowed at him over the walls
of his self-chosen prison, the creek jeered and hooted
as it fled away, and the rocks grinned, showing their
teeth at their victim.

He kicked the dog to break the hideous spell, and
when its yelping woke the sleeping child, found
fresh vent in storming at his cry.

"T were th' dorg," the woman pleaded in apathetic
meekness. "It frightened 'im!" lifting him
to her lean bosom.

She moved awkwardly about the untidy room,
tending her cookery with one hand and hushing the
baby on her arm, with furtive glances at her lord as

some fresh paroxysm of discomfort forced it to louder infantile protest.

Far up the gulch a new sound mingled with the everlasting babble of the stream, a thrilling, boyish whistle, yet untuned to hopelessness. The little one swallowed its sobs anticipatively, and his mother slipped to the door, drawn by the suasive shrilling as a Highlander is drawn by his pipes, but the man stirred uneasily on his chair.

"Drat the boy!" he growled. "I'll teach him to make that damn racket!"

"Home, Sweet Home" jarred on his fevered senses.

The whistling ceased abruptly at a warning "Dad's come!" from the doorway, but the lank cur rushed out with loud welcome for the one wholesome human about the place, and the baby stretched his puny arms to the freckled fists reached up to him. A little patient sigh heaved the woman's breast as her narrow shoulders drooped from their tension, and she turned back without another word to her bacon, scorched, and filling the cabin with its pungent smoke.

She set bread and salt upon the bare table, brought the coffee-pot, and, dishing out the bacon and potatoes, she touched her husband, Dick, upon the shoulder.

His sombre gaze had been following the boy's unsteady progress, with his sunny, hatless mop of red bobbing below his peevish load; he turned upon her like a bayed grizzly.

"Wot made yer come?" he demanded.

She stood staring at him blankly, the blackened tin pot half turned in her seamed, blackened fingers.

"Wot made yer come?" he cried again, more savagely. "Here! damn it! Wot brought yer to this stinkin' desert hole?"

"You came," in a stupefied murmur.

And the squatter laughed—a wretched, derisive outburst, mirthless and pitiless.

"Yer a fool, Mary! a fool!" he shouted.

The woman fell back with a smothered moan; her free hand sought to cover her whitened cheeks. It was not the first time he had struck her in those seven dragging years.

"Do n't ye, Dick," she whimpered. He laughed again.

Her face was even duller and more ashen as she crossed the plat under the dipping sun to call the children home. The blue mark under her eye lent it a ghastly hollowness, and made her look very old. "Dad's yon," she drawled to the boy's query. She took the baby out of his arms, and hid her bruise with the cool velvet of its skin. The lad crowded against her other side, rubbing his head on her arm, like a young calf on its dam. "Wot's ther matter uv yer, ma?" he whispered wistfully, but a single shot from up the cañon sent him careering off, running up the trail like a deer, and shout-

ing back "Dad's got sunthin'! Dad's got sunthin'!" at the top of his boyish lungs.

She was back at the cabin again, with the child's mouth dragging out her strength, and the brooding Madonna peace settled for an instant on her wan features, when an approaching, insistent sobbing pricked her ears and stilled her heart.

Her lip was bitten bloodless between her teeth as she sprang to the door. Even a wounded animal will battle for its young.

The squatter was coming home.

Supporting himself between his still smoking rifle and the crying, frightened boy, with his cur slinking dejected and unnoted at his heels, Dick of the red beard was dragging painfully up the rocky way, swearing and groaning with every move. He leaned heavily and more heavily on his slender prop as the woman bent, dazed and trembling, to this new task. His ruddy face had gone grey as hers, and a frightened devil lurked in his bleared eyes.

"God A'mighty he'p me, Mary!" he faltered, as he fell across his bunk. "I'm done for this time, sure!" She tore the scorched shirting from about his wound, and tried to staunch its flow; but all in a second the huge frame collapsed under her touch, and he was gone.

By-and-by the little baby cried, and the woman rose, shivering from her knees. She moved hurriedly here and there, closing the glazed eyes, covering the stark figure with a quilt. Horror and loathing weighed upon her; no spark of tenderness for him dead came to her from the miserable past. She took the little one in her arms and went to the door. "Come, Dick!" she called to the sobbing boy. "Come, Rags!"

The dog crawled from beneath the bunk, whining dismally, and putting his paws on the cover, he laid a cold nose against the dead man's face.

"Come, Rags!" she called again, impatiently. With one long howl, a mournful coronach, he dropped from the bed and darted over the threshold.

The squatter's widow shuddered as she crossed the trail of blood upon the step; the latch fell with a click. "Whar be we goin', ma?" questioned the boy. "I dunno," she murmured blankly; "to the town."

Her step was firm and her head erect as she turned into the main road and passed the frowning jaws of the gulch.

The last sun rays flooded all the bare hill-breasts with rosy light, the tall cacti pointed like guideposts to the valley, still glimmering green beyond the cañon mouth, the boy and dog frisked before her, unconscious of past and future, and as she tramped steadily, under her light burden, down the white, interminable trail, hope was born, struggling, into the woman's soul.

GERTRUDE B. MILLARD.

THE DILETTANTE IN MUSIC

I HAVE never met a professional musician who had not a sneer for the layman's knowledge of music. Now I am quite ready to admit that the average man deserves the sneer. He, like Louis XII, admires music from a respectful "distance of complete ignorance." When he speaks of music he does not mean the art, but the pleasurable effects—pathological or reminiscent—which come to him from hearing a melody or certain harmonies. I know a man who finds a destroying witchery of fascination and subtlety in Mr. DeKoven's *Oh! Promise Me*, and in that suave cantilena *The Blow Almost Killed Father*, and he is a fair representative of that public, which says: "Of course I'm not exactly a musician, but—I like music."

Unquestionably this man receives certain agreeable impressions from the fortuitous meeting of a woman, a piano-forte, and *Oh! Promise Me*. Still his subjective feelings have no more to do with music than the carved legs of the piano or the cut of the singer's bodice. His judgment should carry no weight; his opinions lend themselves to the sneer of the professional musician; always his taste has been at fault, and always the beautiful in art has appeared abominable to him and the class of which he is the representative. It is, indeed, a commonplace that the public—even that public which is literate and not quite poverty-stricken in culture—has always been wrong in its judgment of musical works.

This, I say, is a commonplace.

There is a touch of the paradoxical, however, in bringing against the musicians the same charge they have brought against the unmusical public. And yet the whole history of modern music rises up to support the charge. In fact, an exceptionally good case might be made out for refusing to musicians the right to judge music. The great composer has always had to make his way, not only against the public, but against the musicians, and, commonly, the musicians have been his bitterest enemies and most unscrupulous detractors. The new and unwonted has proved quite as disturbing to the professional musician as to the layman.

Sound enough reasons may be found for the professional musician's proneness to false judgment. The chief reason, I surmise, is the lack of broad, general culture. As a usual thing the musician is narrow and shallow. He is not only ignorant of all arts save his own, he is commonly ignorant of his own. The development in him of the æsthetic sense has been stunted by an undue preponderance of purely technical studies. His musical education has been gained at the expense of his musical taste. His imaginative wings are preened only for contrapuntal-flights.

It would be absurd, of course, to cry down the technical study of any art, but an education exclusively technical (all that most musicians get) produces only pedants, who are able to condemn or praise a work after the glorious, trenchant fashion of ignorance—exactly like the unmusical public. To be sure the pedant judges wholly by the letter, while the public judges exclusively by the spirit, but for all critical purposes the barren objectivity of the professional musician is quite as vicious and arrant as the lawless subjectivity of the layman.

To appreciate an art one need not know its craftsmanship; one need not be a painter to estimate the artistic worth of a painting, nor, as Dr. Johnson pointed out in his common-sense way, need one be a joiner in order to select a comfortable chair. Far more indispensable is it that one should have the artistic sense; and this, it should be remembered, is comparatively as rare among musical craftsmasters as among the laymen. Yet there is modesty about the layman, and he stands aloof at King Louis' respectful distance. The technician and specialist, however, who also lacks the artistic sense, never hesitates to pronounce an opinion on musical works, though he is quite as blind to the spirit of music as the layman is to its letter.

Weber's verdict—uttered with hysterical emphasis—on the Fourth Symphony of Beethoven is not unfair illustration of the æsthetic blindness of the technician. Doubless King Louis derived some gratification from the trumpeting of *L'Homme Armé*. The public, which is quite ignorant of the very elements of the art of music, has a subjective sense of gratification at hearing the *Ballet des Sylphes* from the *Damnation of Faust*. Of course an entire side of the musical art has escaped them, but it is a question whether they lose more than the technician who is not an æsthetician.

The ideal auditor would be he who knew the letter and yet was not blind to the spirit. He should have at once technical knowledge, a trained ear, and the æsthetic sense.

In a word he should be a *dilettante*.

That abused and bespattered word! This age which is so proud of its science and its exactitude—which swallows the fallacy that even in the arts $2 + 2 = 4$ and a number of little things will make a great one—has done all it could to heap obloquy on the *dilettante*. It has turned his very name into a term of reproach. To call a man a *dilettante* is equivalent to shrugging one's shoulders at him or blowing cigarette smoke in his face. And yet, I fancy, he is the saving salt of æsthetics. He not only supports the arts; he preserves the good and destroys the bad. In fact he alone has the right to vote himself into the chair and set about the business of separating the sheep from the goats. The public, as I have said, cannot estimate the artistic value of a musical work, and the professional musician—lacking in general culture, with an imperfectly de-

veloped æsthetic sense, a partisan of schools and systems—has commonly proved himself wrong in his estimate of new works. On the other hand the *dilettanti* have judged savantly and impartially, and in almost every instance their judgment has been confirmed.

Definitions are always deceptive and defective, but the *dilettante* may be got at by defining him as one whose æsthetic sense is finely cultivated and who has a tolerably adequate knowledge of the craftsmanship of the arts. Above all he has the sense of beauty. It has been bred in him by that general culture from which the specialist is excluded. Had not Richard Wagner, by his extraordinary mental activity been urged into creative work, he would have been an illustrious example of the *dilettante*. His culture was ample and fine. It was this quality, I believe, which attracted so immediately, the attention of the *dilettanti*. Even before they had gained a right understanding of the music-drama, many *dilettanti*, reckless from old disappointments, entered into the Wagnerian idea, as heart-broken girls enter a convent. Time has justified this rather uncritical enthusiasm, and yet it can hardly be forgiven, for it was an enthusiasm based solely upon æsthetic approval, and was therefore one-sided and—if not false—deficient. It was not dilettantesque. It never becomes the *dilettante* to consider the musical contents and not the form, the idea and not the arrangement, the inspiration and not the craftsmanship.

I have long expected that this illogical haste of approbation would have a reaction, and already there are signs of its incoming. It seems probable that by way of revenge for this æsthetic precipitancy, the *dilettanti* of the future may leave to Wagner only the barren credit of being an expert and drily mechanical composer. Indeed Mr. George Bernard Shaw, a not inconspicuous *dilettante*, has already compared Wagner to Handel, finding in each an extreme regularity of procedure and a strong regard for system, order, symmetry, logic and syntax. This is merely the backward swing of the pendulum—an attempt of the *dilettante* who yielded too readily to the æsthetic part of Wagner's music to justify himself by a too exclusive attention to its mechanical side.

The case of Wagner is the only one I recall in which the judgment of the *dilettanti* was thus precipitate and one-sided. In the main, they have been sound judges, careful makers of reputation, responsible moulders of opinion. For an estimate of the music of the day I should be quite willing to trust the "collective wisdom" of individual dilettantisms. For instance, I accept their judgment on Richard Strauss. Indeed, his case comes pat to my argument. The musicians have been vastly pleased with his artifices of realization in the *Eulen-spiegel*; but the *dilettanti* have proclaimed—in spite of the tags and pourpoints of instrumentation—

the leanness and poverty of the musical conception. Indeed, since Glück, the dilettantesque public has always reproved those who seek in music what it cannot express, and neglect the music itself to wanton with petty, negligible fancies.

I would not have you infer that the æsthetic part of the public—the men of catholic culture, instructed in the arts—are always agreed, or that they are never shocked by novelty. Often they are as quarrelsome as the musicians and as antagonistic to the new. Often they are seduced by cheap effects of *timbre*, vulgar rhythms, "catchy" airs. In the end, however, they are always right. The technician is largely swayed by his personal taste, his *gragb* for this school or that; the plain, inartistic man "likes a tune" or does not "like" it; among the *dilettanti*, however, you find few differences of opinion. The more cultivated men are, the higher their degree of artistic education, the less widely do their opinions diverge.

In spite of a good musical ear, the habit of attentive listening and sensitiveness to æsthetic impressions, the *dilettante* is not always ready to pronounce upon a new work at its first hearing. Those very pages which pleased him most at first, after awhile—to use the immortal phrase of the Calcutta baboo—"expose their *cui bono* in all its native hideousness." The first time the work was interesting; the second time it was intolerable, flat. What, then, was the charm? Unquestionably, it was the seduction of novelty. The new formulae were captivating simply because they were new; once solved they became banal and empty. It is for this reason that the experienced *dilettante* distrusts novelty, and if he yields to its influence—as in a degree he must—he takes care to bother himself very little with the craftsmanship, the process, the technical procedure, and gives heed mainly to the musical contents.

In the life of even the most accomplished *dilettante* there come moments when the artist wakes in him, when form seduces him—this last illusion! And it is only when the analytic passion burns out that he recalls that the form is, after all, mainly a concern of the craftsman. The musician (like the poet, painter, and artist in general) has only one legitimate purpose—that of giving an impression, of conveying a sentiment; and all failure consists in inability to produce the desired impression or convey the determined thought. For the composer of music it is essential only that he should attain the style that best fits his artistic temperament. Musicians today are not wholly untainted with the heresy of art for art's sake—a vile heresy, responsible for much printed and painted silliness in decades gone by. The *dilettante* should shun this pitfall. The analytic interest of the form of a musical work should appeal to musical artificers—not to the *dilettanti* for whom the music is constructed.

The intellectual habit of the age is analytic; the simple diversion of "seeing the wheels go round"

has been raised to the dignity of a science; and one is liable to forget that there are certain qualities that slip through the meshes of analysis and that every equation cannot be worked out to a congratulatory Q. E. D. In music, and indeed in all the arts, the most complex conceptions have hid themselves in extreme simplicity of form. The most intense effects are precisely those that baffle analysis.

No sincere and modest technician over æsthetician would undertake to tell why a masterpiece is a masterpiece, why a work of beauty is a work of beauty. Often, I admit, he may point out certain qualities in a work—in a musical phrase—and thus call to the attention of the inattentive amateur beauties that have passed unnoticed, but always there remains that synthetic beauty, which cannot be analyzed, which cannot be explained, which cannot be translated into other terms. Of the quality of this beauty, the *dilettante*—he of the cultivated senses and trained perceptions—is the only judge. He is the court of last resort. He is the final appraiser of the artistic value of the wares constructed by those artisans of art—the painters, poets, musicians. His right to pronounce judgment rests upon a sound basis. His personal taste has reached a high degree of evolution. He has no disturbing passion for novelty. He has passed through all phases of musical opinion and has freed himself from the prejudices of the schools and systems. Above all he has got clear away from the pernicious influence of the lust for technical analysis. He has no roguish desire to “see the wheels go round.” He recognizes that the secret of all good art is that the artist shall have something to say, and say it with a frugal adjustment of means to the end.

It is only the æsthetic significance of a work of art that is of any lasting importance, and of this significance only the broadly cultured man—the *dilettante*—is qualified to judge.

VANCE THOMPSON.

THE BETTER LOT

HER life was bound to crutches: pale and bent,
But smiling ever, she would go and come;
For of her soul God made an instrument
Of strength and comfort to an humble home.

Better a life of toil and slow disease,
That love companions through the patient years,
Than one whose heritage is loveless ease,
That never knows the blessedness of tears.

MADISON CAWEIN.



REVIEWS THROUGH FRENCH LORGNETTES

THE ENGLISH STAGE: BEING AN ACCOUNT OF THE VICTORIAN DRAMA.—By *Augustin Filon*. Translated from the French by *Frederic Whyte*, with an introduction by *Henry Arthur Jones*. 8vo. Dodd, Mead & Co. \$2.50.

ALL that Victorian dramatists have been able to accomplish, “contemporaneous posterity,” speaking in the person of M. Filon, long resident in London, summarizes thus: “Among the French critics who have done me the honor of following my work during its serial publication, more than one has come to the conclusion that, after all, these new English dramas were not such great affairs, and that it was hardly worth while to make so much fuss about them. They forget, these good people, that I promised them no marvels; I did not invite them to a display of masterpieces. If there are to be masterpieces at all, they will be of to-morrow, not of to-day.” Mr. Henry Arthur Jones, in the “preface,” which he rightly conjectures is rather a supplement to the author’s work, accepts this view with much meekness, and bemoans the fact he in turn educes, that there is no English drama now, that it has been clubbed into lifelessness, and that “those who were leading it stand, for the moment, defeated and discredited before their countrymen.” As both gentlemen speak with authority, Great Britain appears to be dramatically as infelicitous as the United States.

M. Filon, in his international moments, lends a new odiousness to comparisons—as any impartial critic must, who considers the French and English dramas of yesterday and the day before. The disparity, before the recent arrival of Messrs. Jones, Grundy and Pinero, was nothing less than appalling. But one of the causes which has made this disparity so great, the lack of efficient criticism, the author misses. He has nothing but the kindest words indiscriminately for Mr. Clement Scott and Mr. William Archer. Critic though he be, and the shrewdness of M. Filon’s analysis, though shallow, is incontestable, he can not criticize critics. He observes, however, that “dramatic criticism and musical criticism, owing to the natural gifts which they require, are two absolutely different callings,” a discovery which has yet to be made by the journals of America, which, desperate as is the condition of their English contemporaries, are in still worse plight.

Generally speaking, the Victorian writers of drama bring from M. Filon’s armory the single weapon of scorn. “*Virginus* is an excellent father, a liberal-minded member of the middle class, interesting himself in politics. . . . The whole household is

tranquil, well behaved, Christian—I might even say Puritan.” Douglas Jerrold was a forerunner of better things, but his *Black-eyed Susan* serves chiefly to bring forth the astute observation that “the prolonged success of such a piece shows the delight which the lower sections of the public derive from the extravagant and the absurd,—the gross idealism, as one may call it, of the masses.” Bulwer Lytton “was really but a cleverman and a dandy, . . . his history was false history, his ‘middle-ages’ bric-a-brac, his poetry mere rhetoric, his democracy a farce, his human heart a heart that never beat in a man’s breast, his books mere windy bladders,” and *Ricbelieu* is a “mixture of bad Hugo with worse Dumas.”

Tom Taylor was “a painstaking, prolific mediocrity,” Dion Boucicault “plagiarism incarnate,” and Tom Robertson involved “in a warfare of words.” It is for Mr. and Mrs. Bancroft that M. Filon reserves his first words of praise, in having brought together a compact company of actors. The playwrights of the present day are accorded discriminating treatment, although Mr. W. S. Gilbert comes in for a psychological analysis which shows that his wit is beyond his critic’s grasp. Real merit, so the book holds, resides only in Messrs. Jones, Grundy, and Pinero, and then only to the extent indicated in the opening paragraph of this review. There is a cordial appreciation of Tennyson’s dramatic gifts, an appreciation rather more cordial, in fact, than the laureate’s countrymen have been accustomed to grant him. A chapter on Ibsen follows. In him M. Filon discovers a genius far more in accord with English needs and prepossessions than that of France. This impartial view, which, though not new, has here more elaborate treatment than has been accorded it before, has the entire approval of Mr. Jones; the Ibsen tendency is traced through the writings of the dramatists of the hour. The works of Browning and Mr. Swinburne are surrendered to the critics of poetry. M. Maeterlinck is barely mentioned.

Leaving Sir Henry Irving on the eminence to which he has raised himself, he is held to be “better as Richard III than as Macbeth;” and the gallantry of the author’s nation is justified in his remark that Ellen Terry is “an actress of the finest and most delicate talent, whose charm has resisted the passing of the years.” Some English critics who have had far less kindly things to say of Mme. Bernhardt come into mind. “From America have come Mary Anderson, whose statuesque attitudes are well remembered; and, more recently, Ada Rehan, who gave us so modern and so alluring a Rosalind”—which disposes of the Great Republic’s claim to attention here. M. Filon succeeds in leaving the impression always that personal acquaintance modifies his judgments—he is often more friend than critic. And he is much more sympathetic toward the players than toward the playwrights.

Possibly the best word for the manner of the book is “smart.” M. Filon remarks, “There are no extenuating circumstances for literary mistakes.” He says, early in the work, “A secret marriage is always introduced in English plays wherever a seduction is to be found in ours,” and later, when he takes up the subject of the absurd British censorship, “Where our authors have had the effrontery to write the word ‘cocotte’ in black and white, they (the English) replace it by the words ‘actress.’ Where we have unblushingly written ‘adultery,’ they have substituted ‘flirtation,’”—a succinct description of the process of adaptation. “Melodrama, considered either as a variation from drama proper or as a separate type, is not to be raised to the dignity of literature by a thin veneer of poetry” is as true as it is sententious; and this finds M. Filon and the CHAP-BOOK in entire accord: “It is probable that Shakespeare has been, and is still, the great obstacle to a free development of a national drama”—wherever, he might have added, the English language is spoken.

The translator has striven earnestly for the retention of Gallic vivacity in his work, as some of the foregoing examples show—as well as the difficulties attendant upon such an effort. The book is worthily presented and the one pity of it is, that for this edition some account could not have been given of the national drama of the United States—if only for the sake of affording a literary companion to that famous chapter on the snakes of Ireland.

THOMAS AND MATTHEW ARNOLD

ARNOLD OF RUGBY. HIS SCHOOL LIFE AND CONTRIBUTIONS TO EDUCATION. Edited by J. J. Findlay, M.A. 8vo. The Macmillan Company. \$1.50.

THOMAS AND MATTHEW ARNOLD; AND THEIR INFLUENCE ON ENGLISH EDUCATION.—By Sir Josiah Fitch, M.A., LL.D. 12mo. Charles Scribner’s Sons. \$1.00.

AFTER years of patient effort, it is now possible for an American to obtain an education in which, from kindergarten to post-graduation, it will not be necessary for him to take public or private part in any offering of prayer, or to hear the name of God mentioned either reverently or officially.

The elder Arnold, who imparted to the pupils placed in his care an education which was “not based upon religion, but was itself religious,” speaks in the former of these books of what he calls “the devil’s *tour d’adresse*”: “Satan,” he says “by inducing kings and queens to conform nominally to Christianity, and thus to get in their hands the direction of Christian society, has, in a great measure,

succeeded in keeping out the peculiar principles of that society from any extended sphere of operation, and in ensuring the ascendancy of his own." A similar view, expressed in language more vigorous, he would doubtless hold in respect to our American schools, the more so that our system denies to any school where religious instruction is given all assistance from the state.

Mr. Findlay's book, by preserving Thomas Arnold's own account of the plan he offered in substitution for godliness, is of the first value to students of ethics and pedagogics alike. With rare self-effacement, the editor stands aside and permits the edited to discuss his boys, their habits and aspirations, and the manner in which he swerved them toward righteousness, turning the Boetian school of one generation into what Carlyle called the "temple of industrious peace" of the next—substituting unassuming piety for irreligion among the Rugby boys at the universities. It is to be seen that the means by which such results were achieved had their root in Arnold's personality. He was able to impart to the young a portion of his own fervor and enthusiasm.

All this and more, to the same good end, is to be read in Mr. Findlay's compilation. He takes enough of Dean Stanley's admirable *Life of Arnold* to give his readers a clear idea of the man's humanity, and with this combines a number of Arnold's most characteristic sermons and educational papers, adding a bibliography and analytical index. As a result we have the gist of many volumes in the compass of one—compact, succinct, and conclusive.

Sir Joshua Fitch's book is at once less selective and of broader scope. From external sources he shows how the elder Arnold made good Dr. Hawkins's prophecy that "he would change the face of education all through the public schools of England." He searches out and dwells upon the salient ideas behind the teachings at Rugby. Admitting that "the student of methodology is likely to be disappointed," he extols Arnold as a preacher who held that "mental cultivation is a religious duty," and as a prophet to whose influence, though "rather stimulative than formative," is to be traced the social settlements of to-day, and all those myriad activities whereby the rich and poor, the learned and ignorant, are being brought together. There is much that is valuable, in a less transcendent way. Thomas Hughes is shown, for example, to have given an erroneous conception of the school he loved, through the fact of his not having been of the best set in it.

But it is as the former colleague of Matthew Arnold that Sir Joshua is most interesting. Formerly the inspector of training colleges, he had unusual opportunities for knowing both the man and his work on a side of which too little has been said. Matthew Arnold did not like his lifelong occupation of seeing that others taught the infant idea correctly.

But, as his work was most conscientiously done and he was one of the chief agencies whereby many English schools, sectarian and otherwise, were brought to a standard which entitled them to governmental aid—the "payment for results" system now adopted in qualified form in New York, and more recently in Wisconsin—all that was accomplished is of the first value to us. His investigations into the methods in use in Germany, France, Holland, and Switzerland are made even more valuable by some discriminating comment from his colleague. Everything is set forth at considerable length, and much of it is of great consequence, owing to the injunction against a formal biography. Sir Joshua has made a worthy addition to our knowledge of the man, both as an individual and as an educator.

AN INHUMAN BOOK

EQUALITY.—By Edward Bellamy. 12mo. D. Appleton & Co. \$1.50.

IN his preface Mr. Bellamy excuses *Equality* by pleading that "*Looking Backward* was a small book and I was not able to get into it all I wished." A better excuse would have been that he was not able to get out of it all he wished. The best reason in the world for writing *Equality* would be that *Looking Backward* was enormously profitable. But we have already given it as our opinion that Mr. Bellamy lacks even this excuse. He is a sincere man who believes he has a message, and he fails in realizing that the message is only half-baked. He occupies a peculiar position. With no standing whatever among exact students, he stands before the great public as an authority. He does not himself realize that he has the meretriciousness of the dabbler in science and some of the dangerousness of the demagogue.

We must admit that *Looking Backward* was timely and therefore interesting. The trick of introducing a nineteenth century man into the society of the twenty-first century was as old as English literature, and there was nothing particularly startling to the student of collectivism in the new life as pictured by Mr. Bellamy. But the author found a public saturated with the theories of the socialists and only doubtful as to the practical application of a system opposed to all the small traditions of modern society. He was the first American to crystallize socialistic theory into action. He did it plausibly, and, on the whole, agreeably. He wiped out with a confident hand the laws that men have made and the laws that have made men. He is a good teller of fairy stories and he found a great many children to listen to this tale. The ordinary American, if he spoke the truth, would acknowledge that *Jack and the Bean Stalk* seems more reasonable to him than the theory of the Differentiation of Species, as it certainly is more wholesome.

But Mr. Bellamy is not a mere dealer in fairy tales. He imagines that he is also a profound social philosopher. His conceit is by no means unnatural, for a great many worthy persons accept him as a prophet. We should say that nine-tenths of the socialism preached outside the ranks of the labor unions, where socialism is merely a safe medium for the expression of radical discontent, is based upon *Looking Backward*. Nine-tenths of our socialists have never read any other "authority" on the subject. It is to this class who swallowed *Looking Backward* hungrily that Mr. Bellamy carries "further details" of his *Republic of the Golden Rule*. He furnishes new grist for the mills that have ground *Looking Backward* to fine dust. He brings his scheme of equality of ownership down to the plane of their commonplace intelligence. They are told that the citizen of the new republic will be paid \$4,000 a year in the "circulating medium" of the new Elysium—"which is equal to about \$7,000 of the old money" and "represents the interest on a capitalization of \$100,000." To the ordinary man this is a most alluring picture. We might say that even the most extraordinary man would exhaust his self-restraint in resisting its captivations. But this is not all. Even when a man has spent his income on paper clothes, phonographs, and baths—the chief amusements of the twenty-first century voluptuary—his friends will take care of him. Mr. Bellamy does not say whether he will discount his future income, thus opening the way for a return of the fatal hoarding of the circulating medium called "capitalism." But it would be unkind to disturb a glowing picture of altruism by suggesting the possibility that anything human, either in vice or virtue, could invade this domain of joy. There are no human beings in the book. There are no human emotions. The characters talk as no human being ever talked. Yet we have no question that Mr. Bellamy's huge clientele will accept everything in "equality" as perfectly natural, will rejoice in the easy way in which the author leaps over obstacles that would paralyze a real student, and will read the long-drawn and nerve-exhausting disquisitions of the doctor and Julien West with the profound belief that Mr. Bellamy has solved the problem of centuries and spoken the last word on socialism. What people who really know about the question will think is another matter. It is enough for Mr. Bellamy's purpose that *Equality* will have a hundred readers where the last book of Herbert Spencer has one.

The author expressly reserves "the right of dramatization." This is a necessary precaution. A thrilling play could be made out of *Equality* on these lines: Act I. Scene: Dr. Leete's house: "Life the basis of the right of property." "Private capital stolen from the social fund." Act II. Scene: Dr. Leete's house: "Economic suicide of the profit system." "The parable of the water tank." "The plunge of capital." Act III.

Scene: Dr. Leete's house: "Foreign commerce under profits." "What universal culture means." "The Malthusian objection." Curtain.

BROWNING

BOSTON BROWNING SOCIETY PAPERS; SELECTED TO REPRESENT THE WORK OF THE SOCIETY FROM 1886 to 1897.—8vo. *The Macmillan Company.* \$3.00.

THE RING AND THE BOOK.—By Robert Browning. Edited by Charlotte Porter and Helen A. Clarke. 8vo. T. Y. Crowell & Co. \$2.00.

"APPROACH a great writer," says Professor Dowden, "in the spirit of cheerful and trustful fraternity; this is better than hero-worship." Matthew Arnold, upon the founding of the Wordsworth Society, warned his fellow-members: "If we are to get Wordsworth recognized by the public, we must recommend him, not in the spirit of a clique, but in the spirit of disinterested lovers of poetry." Finally, Mr. Stopford Brooke advises against all "who deceive themselves into a belief that they enjoy poetry because they enjoy Browning, while they never open Milton, and have only heard of Chaucer and Spenser." These extracts were gathered by Mr. A. J. George, embodied by him in one of the papers read before the Boston Browning Society, and are now published in this its book; and they fairly represent the attitude of mind in which that externally formidable body waits upon its *raison d'être*. Not unstinted nor thoughtless praise, but true discrimination, real catholicity, and rational criticism are its characteristics. And as the papers before us are merely searching indications of so intelligent and valuable an attitude, they acquire an immediate value, which the slightest appearance of undue prepossession or over-enthusiasm would have denied them. An examination of the list of contents is a guaranty of this; for many names known best in America in connection with interests other than Browning's are to be found attached to the papers read—frequently as invited guests, rather than members. The society certainly has convictions sufficiently high to withstand discussions.

"That the literary criticism pursued by the society has been broad in scope as well as impartial and scholarly in quality," says the *Prefatory Note* signed by the officers of the organization, "these papers may demonstrate to the most sceptical of those who in the past have failed to perceive the significance of the literary movement which the society represents, and therefore have failed to appreciate the value and permanency of its results." Open as this sounds, such a reading and re-reading as much of the contents of the book warrant can only serve to strengthen it. "I do not believe there are half a dozen really fine images in that vast collection of poetry!" Mr.

George Dimmick Latimer exclaims to the Brownings, and in an able essay fairly makes good his assertion. "*Paciorotto*," says Mr. William J. Rolfe, "seems to me little else than an illustration of the poet's mastery of rhyme run mad. . . . Let us be thankful that our poet only now and then gave way to such rhyming foolery." Mr. Francis B. Hornbrooke judges another work thus: "Its sentences are often abrupt and unfinished, and its structure is rude. After having read *Mr. Sludge, the Medium*, many times, I cannot recall a really great line or a passage which a reader might select for recitation." Miss Charlotte Porter admits that "*Strafford* rests under the adverse cloud of preconceived opinion as to the capabilities of art." "I doubt," says Professor Charles Carroll Everett of the poet's obscurities, "if the thought of Browning is often so large that it cannot be clearly expressed." Of certain melodramatic effects in *The Return of the Druses*, Mr. Gamaliel Bradford, Jr., observes: "But in a writer who professes to strike at once right down to the roots of human nature we do not want our attention distracted by—shall I say pyrotechnics?"—and adds later, "What is more serious is the lack of grasp on language as a whole, thinness, paleness, bloodlessness." While Mr. Henry Jones, in an able discussion of Browning as a dramatic poet, says generally, "His dramas are like fugues in music; the main theme is caught up now by this voice, now by that. . . . Till we exclaim—'But where is the music'?" But enough has surely been given to show both the nature and the tendency of the adverse criticism. The titles of some of the essays will prove how intimately Browning is held to be related to other poets: *The Optimism of Browning and Wordsworth*, *The Classical Element in Browning's Poetry*, *Homer and Browning*, *The Greek Spirit in Shelley and Browning*,—all these use the implements of comparative criticism, not of simple eulogy. And certainly such names as those of Colonel Thomas Wentworth Higginson, Professor Josiah Royce, the Rev. Jenkin Lloyd Jones, Mr. William Cranston Lawton, and Miss Vida D. Scudder, with others, are convincing evidence of the breadth of vision in the book.

It would be most unfair to every one concerned if any impression were given by this writing that the criticism in the book were adverse, taken as a whole. There is praise in abundance for every virtue of the poet, philosopher and dramatist—enough to satisfy the most exacting of his worshippers—but it is just praise, which will content hundreds where another course would have driven them away. The large octavo volume itself, with its finely discriminating contents, will remain Browning's highest praise; and it is a landmark in the field of American criticism.

Following the greater work, the publication of *The Ring and the Book*, there repeatedly declared to be Browning's masterpiece, comes as a welcome appendix, affording opportunity to make concrete

much of the discussion. Both of the editors of the smaller have papers in the larger volume, and their joint *Introductory Essay* would be appropriate in either. For the rest, the text has the verses numbered for the first time—an improvement so obvious that we wonder why the editors did not avail themselves of it and make the references in their notes accordingly. The editing is carefully done, the illustrations little of a distraction, and the critical notes explanatory to a point almost painful—as where the somewhat famous phrase *e pluribus unum* is translated into English.

IN THE LAND OF SUNRISE

GLEANINGS IN THE BUDDHA-FIELDS: STUDIES OF HAND AND SOUL IN THE FAR EAST.—By Lafcadio Hearn. 16mo. Houghton, Mifflin & Co. \$1.25.

THAT was a suggestive saying of the household critic who, being asked to declare the reason of her liking for Lafcadio Hearn, hesitated, faltered, and finally admitted: "I do n't quite know whether it is Hearn I like—or Japan." For the author has a charming subject. Old romance clings about the land of the Mikado, yet the modern spirit seems to have found most emphatic expression there. Japan appeals to the dreamer by its atmosphere of consideration and calm. It enchants the practical man by its ready appreciation of the railroad and the battleship. No other nation, perhaps, so abounds in inspiration and incitement for every temperament and mood.

The misfortune is that, when inspiration so abounds it becomes painfully easy to exalt the thing treated and depreciate the man who writes of it. The attitude of the ingenuous female is no uncommon one. It has wrought injustice to other delightful books of Mr. Hearn's, four or more, on this theme, and the present inclusive group of essays may have been brought together with that fact in view. The sub-title indicates their comprehensive range. It does no more than justice to their scholarly thoroughness and their convincing effect. On themes as diverse as a civic holiday, pictorial art, folk-lore, and Buddhism, Mr. Hearn discourses with comprehension and admirable sympathy. If one chose to be hypercritical he might trace the zeal of the new convert in two of the essays, "Out of the Street" and "Buddhists Allusions in Japanese Folk-song"—in which, on occasion, the translator is able to manifest an indiscriminating admiration for verse that is sufficiently commonplace. In the large view, however, his studies are sane as well as sympathetic. He is not bound by Occidental standards, but he is at least unresentful of them, and the comparisons to which they assist him are, one feels, not wholly unfair when they are most unflattering.

The most important of these essays, "Nirvana: A Study in Synthetic Buddhism," is, perhaps, less

explicitly controversial than some others; but by implication it quite confounds our creeds. Mr. Hearn's statement of the Buddhist faith studiously ignores the mystery and miracle which the amusing Blavatsky and her congeners insisted upon. It is he more attractive, by reason of its logical fullness and the lucid self-possession of its tone. The prime distinction of the essay, however, seems to us its very suggestive presentation of the harmony between Buddhism and Evolution—a phase of the problem of religion-and-science reconciliation which has probably never occurred to the average Western reader. At first glance, one questions the author's ability to make out his case. At the end of the essay, one is less sceptical. How Mr. Hearn's contention will be received by the perfervid religionist it were futile to prophesy. The open-minded reader, whether convinced or not, will feel that at least "Neo-Buddhism" will henceforth be to him more than a mere word.

If this is the most important essay, as to us it appears, the most interesting is that which concerns "Faces in Japanese Art." On this subject, also, Buddhism has a curious bearing, and the question of race tendencies, as modified by religion, is discussed in illuminating words. Aside from this, Mr. Hearn's explanation of that principle of Oriental art which seeks reality by subordinating the individual to the type is reinforced by certain interesting illustrations of the scientific value of the method. The process of reasoning by which the Japanese artist reaches his results may not commend itself to every realist, but a critic cannot safely minimize the fact, made very clear in this essay, that "loathsome conventionality," wholly neglectful of detail, has—in Japan, at least,—obvious and accepted meaning.

Yet it would be hardly fair to Mr. Hearn to permit the impression that he takes the stand of ardent disputation when putting forward suggestions like these. Indeed his manner, as we have hinted, is noticeably temperate—more temperate, perhaps, than odious comparisons made in preceding essays had taught us to expect. He is less earnest, more determined, than in the time of his "Glimpses." And as his mood has refined, so also his style has sublimed. He has measurably overcome the temptation to preciosity. He sees deeply, he thinks clearly, and he gains the effect of warmth and color without sacrificing either precision or force.

WILD NEIGHBORS

WILD NEIGHBORS. OUT-DOOR STUDIES IN THE UNITED STATES.—By Ernest Ingersoll. The Macmillan Co. \$1.50.

MR. ERNEST INGERSOLL has had wide opportunity for spying upon wild animals in their native haunts, as well as in the cages of their captivity; moreover, his knowledge of what may be called the

science of observation, gives him a most interesting deftness in culling from other writers who have gone farther and seen more than he has.

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The account of the puma comes near being a perfect piece of straight-forward reporting, in which the character, habits, and routine of life of our great American cat are set forth with admirable cleverness. The same may be said of the chapter entitled "A Woodland Codger," giving a most engaging view of the porcupine at home, with some instances of his fretful pickle-stickings, and some lightly sketched details of his mode of life in the tree-tops. An essay on the "Service of Tails" has in it many curious facts about the caudal member of birds, fishes, and quadrupeds, and we dare say that New Englanders will be charmed with Mr. Ingersoll's facetious description of the woodchuck, while Southerners will divide their delight at the color-line between the chapters on the 'coon and the 'possum; but in treating of the skunk, we fear that Mr. Ingersoll has set himself before an audience, few if not select, albeit he does what he can to fumigate his subject discreetly. The squirrels, badgers, coyotes, in a wild state, and many other animals domesticated or in cages, are pleasantly studied and described.

Mr. Ingersoll's book will commend itself, we should think, to those having control of reading-circles connected with schools and country clubs. The illustrations are fairly good. The frontispiece is a very good picture of a gray squirrel; but old zip 'coon, on the branch, at page 273, lacks the indescribable countenance of a "little brother of the bear," although an excellent picture in other respects. The best thing in the book is the group of coyotes, on page 60, from a photograph of mounted specimens in the National Museum at Washington, and the chapter on "The Hound of the Plains" gives a notably fine description of the coyote's despicable, yet truly entertaining, habits of life. The chapter on "Animal Training and Animal Intelligence," although interesting, does not come properly into the book's field, as it is not about "Wild Neighbors" and certainly not an "Out-door Study", nor can any fair imagination connect "Elephants loading logs upon cars in India" with "Out-door studies in the United States." Still, the chapter, being full of information cognate to what the rest of the book is meant to convey, does not seem too far out of place for acceptance.

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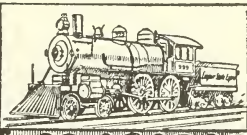
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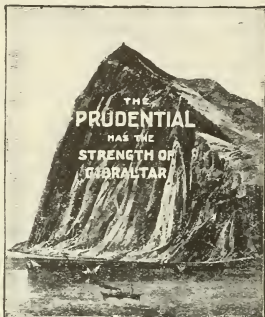


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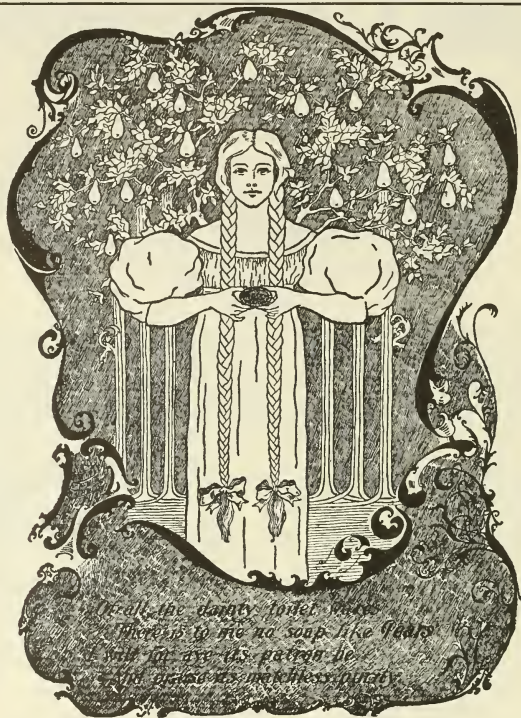
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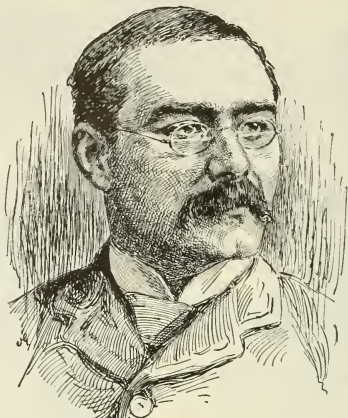
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NOTES POLITICAL

PROPHECY is a poor business at all times, and it is especially risky on the eve on an election in which four hundred and fifty thousand votes at least will be cast; but it is almost safe to predict that Van Wyck will be elected mayor of Greater New York next Tuesday. This appears to be the judgment of the closest observers of political affairs in that metropolis. Something may be said in favor of the supposition that Mr. Low has stirred the hearts of a sufficient number of voters to carry him into office, but we must reflect that his "common sense" appeals have not touched the sensibilities of those sweepings and rakings of Europe who make up such a large part of the vote of New York. What do the children of New York's "Jago" care for "municipal reform?" What satisfaction can "Maggie's" brother find in being governed by a gentleman who knows his quantities? His examples have not been very stimulating to the political action that may serve to mar his enjoyment of the Sabbath "mixed ale," or the right to die by the hand of his fellow-rowdy. He has had it from the lips of Cornelius Bliss, Esq., millionaire, philanthropist, member of Mr. McKinley's cabinet, that the properly patriotic thing to do is to vote with "the machine." But he has no sympathy with Mr. Bliss's machine. He has inherited a profound hatred for it. There is a "machine" around the corner—the old machine that lured him to drink himself into the gutter, that beat him into insensibility with a night-stick, that encouraged him to lie in comfortable squalor—in short, that was once a father and mother to him. So he is "wid Croker," and being more numerous than the combined circulations of the *Evening Post*, the *Tribune*, and the *Times*, he promises to elect Van Wyck by a clear plurality over the president of Columbia. Only one sign points to Low. In the past large registrations have meant victory for decent municipal movements, and the registration this year is relatively larger than it ever was before. But this, after all, is an unsubstantial comfort. The road for the return of Tammany seems clear, and for this may the Lord make the people of New York duly grateful to Mr. McKinley and Mr. Platt.

LORD SALISBURY has denied with much vigor the announcement of his retirement from the

cabinet, but the story sticks obstinately. It is well known that Lady Salisbury is in ill-health and the prime minister suffers the common discomforts of men of his age and habit, aggravated by a diabetic tendency. The cares of the office have fallen heavily on him and his failures in the East have embittered him. Doubtless he would retire before many weeks if he could name a successor competent to fill his place and not distasteful to his party. But Mr. Balfour is indolent and indifferent, the Duke of Devonshire is as incapable of arousing enthusiasm as a horse-block, and Sir Michael Hicks-Beach lacks the voice of authority. Mr. Chamberlain is the strong man of the hour, but Mr. Chamberlain has managed to estrange the old Tories to such an extent that they are ready to rebel against him at the first opportunity.

THE ENGLISH NEWSPAPERS are just beginning to be conscious of a reawakening of that spirit of revolution in the Irish people that has been so costly to English rule in the past. The *Pall Mall Gazette* notices that the ceremony at Glasnevin, in commemoration of Parnell, "instead of being a general miscellaneous display of feeling wore a very much more organized air" than ever before. It rightly connects this fact with the preparations for celebrating the centenary of '98. Those who are acquainted with the movements of the Irish and, in Mr. Howells' phrase, "the secondary Irish" in this country, know that the purpose of their leaders is to make this celebration the beginning of a radical agitation that will shake out of public life the nagging barristers, accountants, and journalists who now represent Ireland in the House of Commons, and send to the front men of action, supported, as Mr. Parnell was unquestionably, by secret societies in America and "the ould country." So far as we can see, the preparations for the celebration are completely in the hands of the Irish Revolutionary Brethren, a secret organization that has gained great vitality since the Land League sank into a comatose condition. The purpose is to send as large a number of radical Irishmen to Dublin as the funds of the organization and private contributions can provide for and make a "showing" of revolutionary strength that will convince the people of the necessity for rehabilitating the "force policy." As the *Pall Mall* says: "It has gone forth that the manner of the keeping of the '98 will leave a permanent mark on the future of Irish movements." We shall look to see a great deal of hard bidding by the politicians for the friendship of the '98 men, for it has passed into an axiom of Irish politics that the support of the illegal societies is the only safe dependence of an Irish leader, as fear of these societies in the past has been the spur that has compelled every English government to grant favorable legislation to Ireland. At the present moment Mr. Balfour is preparing to checkmate the revolutionists by

jamming through a bill for Irish local government. This may placate Mr. Blake of London; but will it satisfy Mr. Devoy of New York and men of his stamp who are at the bottom of the agitation?

BETWEEN THE EVIDENCES OF EPHRAIM, the manifestations of Manasseh, and the posterity of Peleg, according to Captain Totten, and the cover of Mr. Benjamin Harrison's new book, according to nobody at all, the shield-of-arms of the United States is suffering indignities. The New Haven warrior has written one book on the subject and threatens another, while the Indianapolis General decorates his work with a curious armorial achievement showing forth six stripes and thirteen stars. Now, almost everybody seems ignorant of the fact that the American shield should have no stars upon it at all, and that of the thirteen stripes seven are white. The British baronet who was the first to devise this most interesting example of heraldic symbolism placed stars on the blue, it is true, but he intended thereby to signify Heaven protecting the States. Mr. William Barton, however, says that the blue, standing for Vigilance, Perseverance, and Justice, means Congress supported by the various American commonwealths; and Mr. Charles Thomson, a former Secretary of Congress, placed the thirteen stars in the crest of the national arms, where they remain, except when some one who does not know puts them in the wrong place, the shield, as in the Harrison case.

But the matter of six stripes, three red and three white, is puzzling. After considerable reflection it seems likely that these may be intended to signify the number of offices the illustrious contributor to *The Ladies' Home Journal* has permitted himself to accept from the hands of a grateful nation—the more so that three of these more or less lucrative posts were in the army—red meaning Hardiness and Valor; and three civil—white denoting Purity and Innocence—with all of which qualities the volume is redolent. In this view, if Mr. Harrison had not been beaten for the governorship of Indiana in 1876, there would have been another white stripe.

LITERARY

THE LATE MR. C. A. DANA, when all is said against him that can be said, will take a settled place among the great editors of the world, along with Greeley and Delane. Editors, of course, are of a race distinct from journalists. Mr. Dana, as a writer, in spite of his phenomenal reputation, had at least a score of superiors among the journalists of our own country. It was as an editor that he was unique. No man probably ever stamped himself more thoroughly on a newspaper than did Mr. Dana on the *Sun*. Every man who entered his office became forthwith a Dana in little, caught his editor's style, copied his mannerisms, and was imbued with

his very modes of thought. Every editorial in the *Sun* seemed to come from the same pen, so exactly did each resemble its fellow in sentiment and method; and from a journalistic view the result was admirably symmetrical. The editorial page of the *Sun* was the condensed essence of Mr. Dana, with some of his merits and almost all his faults. There was a Mr. Dana that existed apart from his newspaper, a charming, cultivated, open-minded gentleman. But he was reserved for the benefit of his friends. The editor of the *Sun* bore little resemblance to him. Mr. Dana was gracefully conversant with history and art and literature. He could read in Russian, French, German, Italian, and Icelandic; he was a dilettante in paintings and old china; he dabbled in horticulture. Not that he had any scientific inclination towards literature or æsthetics; but he liked to be known as a linguist and an authority on Wedgwood. His knowledge was superficial and inexact, like the knowledge of all men who have enough intellectual ambition to read and not enough to study. He learnt sufficient for his purposes and no more; for his nature was above all a practical one. And it was the practical side of his character that produced the editor of the *Sun*. Mr. Dana put aside his accomplishments when he entered his office.

The editor of the *Sun* knew nothing about flowers or foreign languages; he became an ordinary, ignorant American. Mr. Dana retained a good deal of the early Brook Farm enthusiasm. The editor of the *Sun* was the cynical rout of politics, ready at any moment, out of sheer devilry, to support every form of political blackguardism. Mr. Dana was a man of more than average intelligence and refinement. The editor of the *Sun* proposed the erection of a statue to the honor of Boss Tweed. It was so in everything. The editor of the *Sun* threw Mr. Dana out of the window and made himself the mouthpiece of the average man. And nobody, we may be sure, got more amusement from the exhibition than Mr. Dana himself. He concocted the editor out of sheer love of sport, palmed him off on the people, and the people took him seriously as the real and original C. A. Dana. But it was done with splendid art and perseverance, and no doubt a good many persons will be surprised to hear that the editor of the *Sun* was never Mr. Dana.

WHATEVER one may have thought of the policy and the judgments of the *Sun* under Mr. Dana's editorial care, it was impossible to deny that it was the best written newspaper in America, and the only newspaper which has developed an individual style. Things in it were not in the manner of this or that clever reporter or Richard Harding Davis, but of the clever *Sun* itself. Mr. Dana's theory was that the great point was not to furnish the news before the other papers, but to make it more interesting. If a mur-

der was committed in some obscure Connecticut village at four in the afternoon, the *Journal* and the *World* were always able to furnish a whole page on the subject the next morning, containing "cuts" of the murderer and his family even to the third and fourth generations. But, unfortunately, in the hurry the story was made to read so like last week's murder in Weehawken that the interest in it was largely lost. Perhaps two days later the *Sun* would present the matter in two columns, written so well that it might have been a chapter out of some successful novel.

This was not entirely the result of preternatural cleverness on the part of the *Sun's* reporters, but because nothing got into the *Sun's* columns quite as it was written. It was due to the *Sun's* "copyholders," and everything printed went through their hands for revision. At times this actually amounted to rewriting. In this sense the *Sun* has been far and away the best "edited" newspaper in America.

A RECENT NUMBER of the *Saturday Review* contained the following review of a book by Mr. Burgin. We reproduce it partly because it has a personal interest for Americans, and partly because the *Saturday Review* was once the chosen representative of supreme Oxford culture. That, to be sure, was before Mr. Frank Harris took hold of it. "Not very long ago," says this journal, with real University wit and refinement, "a distinguished American writer was the guest at a large dinner-party, in the Holborn Restaurant, of a club called 'The New Vagabonds.' During the day some of the vagabonds had been showing the sights of the town to the old gentleman, who had become helpless from weariness and wine. Consequently, he made a silly speech. Not a vagabond in the place stirring to help him out, the old gentleman went tottering from the room. Then giggling and grinning, Mr. Burgin rose to announce that the club committee had resolved to give a guinea to the man who made the best report of the speech, and from a shorthand note, read a report himself. It was an apish act. Even if a vagabond has no dignity he should have some respect for an old gentleman who is his guest. This is an apish book. In it, from the lips of one of Mr. Burgin's characters, we have the speech again. We have much also of the same kind," etc., etc.

"AS AN EDITOR Mr. Alden is the most practical of men, but he is in reality a poet, and in another age he might have been a mystic." We are happy to present that remarkable sentence as an apt epitome of the judgment and critical ability with which Mr. Charles Dudley Warner is compiling his "Library of the World's Best Literature." Every one knows that Mr. Alden's work has slight title to be called literature. His inclusion in Mr. Warner's "Library" is either a piece of log-rolling or the re-

sult of sheer critical incompetence. Probably it is a little of both. Any way, even if it stood alone, it would be enough to wipe out all Mr. Warner's grandiloquent claims to immortality on the strength of this collection. Unfortunately it does not stand alone. Looking through the first few volumes of this literary curiosity we came upon at least thirty writers, most of them Americans, who have no standing whatever outside Home Reading Societies in the backwoods of Wisconsin. Just look at this list:—Abigail Adams, Grace Aquilar, W. H. Ainsworth, Louisa May Alcott, Grant Allen, James Lane Allen, Henry Martyn Baird, Baring-Gould, H. W. Beecher, Walter Besant, William Black, Mathilde Blind, George H. Boker, Charles F. Browne, H. H. Brownell, H. C. Bunner, Horace Bushnell, Hall Caine, Rufus Choate, Rose Terry Cooke, Marion Crawford, and S. R. Crockett! Think too of the exquisite sense of proportion that gives 25 pages to Abigail Adams, 36 to J. M. Barrie, 36 to Henry Ward Beecher and 23 to Addison, 37 to T. B. Aldrich and 17 to Æschylus, 20 to G. W. Cable and 12 to Alfieri! And this precious compilation will, of course, be taken as representative of American criticism. This is America's judgment on the literature of the world! A score or so of the cleverest men in America deliberately put it on record that they think Crockett and Hall Caine examples of the finest English fiction. And of course they will get the approval of the popular verdict. The humiliation of it will be borne by those of us who still prefer literature to trash and think it rather unbecoming in scholars to spoil an excellent collection of rubbish by even scanty parings from the classics.

WILLIAM MORRIS'S FRIENDS are in fear that his works which still remain to be published will fall horrid victims to the interpretative critic, now that the author himself can no longer warn his readers against entangling themselves in a maze of allegory. In '95, when the critics wandered in some confusion within *The Wood Beyond the World*, Morris wrote to the *Spectator* a pretty direct comment on their attempts to read into his work what he had not meant should be there.

"I had not the least intention of thrusting an allegory into *The Wood Beyond the World*; it is meant for a tale pure and simple, with nothing didactic about it. If I have to write or speak on social problems, I always try to be as direct as I possibly can be. On the other hand I should consider it bad art in anyone writing an allegory not to make it clear from the first that that was his intention, and not to take care throughout that the allegory and the story should interpenetrate, as does the great master of allegory, Bunyan."

The reviewer of the London *Daily Chronicle*, when he attacked *The Water of the Wondrous Isles*, found it a tissue of socialistic allegory, much of

which he understood and much of which he felt surely existed, although he could not furnish its key. Mr. Cockerell, of the Kelmscott Press, immediately protested against this, urging Morris's own authority. In spite of Morris and in spite of Mr. Cockerell we think the pitfalls for the reviewer almost cruelly numerous. Why even "beyond the world" or in the "wondrous isles" there should be a tyrant of the Isle of Increase Unsought, it is difficult to see, unless, as the reviewer thought, "increase unsought" meant "increased increment," and the tyrant was the capitalist. With Morris's dictum that the mixture of modern socialism with his own old Saxon dialect would be an inartistic mess we agree, but in Mr. Cockerell's feeling of assurance that the promise to tell a story, and a story only, was carried out in this last work, we have less part. *The Sundering Flood* is to appear in a few months. We hope it may offer plain sailing for the critics.

IT IS LESS THAN A YEAR AGO since all England was laughing at the editors of the *Pall Mall Magazine* for publishing as a "discovery" a sonnet of Wordsworth's that has appeared in every collected edition of that poet's works for the last thirty years. And now the editor of the sedate *Fornightly Review* has been placed in a position little less ludicrous. In the September number of his magazine he printed an article on the speed of warships. Sir William White, the chief constructor of the navy, made a terrible onslaught on the facts and conclusions of this article in the following issue. It was then discovered that the first contribution was the work of an Eton boy, seventeen years of age, and poor Sir William had to append to his reply a postscript to the effect that "the authorship now announced explains why the article is based on imperfect information, and throws in so strong relief the fact that the author is hardly qualified for the rôle of critic or reformer." This seems to hit the editor rather harder than the Eton boy. The discovery of the authorship, by-the-by, was made in characteristic fashion. The boy's father, in the fullness of his pride, sent the article to Mr. Gladstone, and Mr. Gladstone, with his usual unconquerable innocence, wrote a letter of acknowledgment and congratulation. The letter was, of course, given out to the papers, and so the whole comedy stood revealed. But a schoolboy who can find amusement in hoaxing an English editor must lead a normally unexciting life.

THE OCTOBER NUMBER of the *Cosmopolitan*,—"the greatest and most potentially beneficent magazine that the human brain," etc., etc.,—is interesting for giving the lie direct to Mr. Walker's tirades against British rule in India. It may be remembered that when the first of Mr. Julian Hawthorne's articles on the Indian famine appeared in the *Cosmopolitan*, Mr. Walker prefaced it with some

remarks of such amazing ignorance that the gentleman who has charge of the Indian department in the Cosmopolitan University refused at once to take any other pupil, and he has made up his mind to devote the rest of his days to teaching his patron a few of the elementary facts of British government. Mr. Hawthorne, rather unkindly, takes up Mr. Walker's points one by one and gives an explicit denial to each, and if anything can disturb that gentleman's complacent *sang froid* this public humiliation in the pages of his own periodical ought to.

L'ENFANT TERRIBLE is a promised addition to our list of periodicals. It is to be edited by a marvelous combination of wayward talent: Mr. Gelett Burgess, Mr. Oliver Herford, and Mr. Jeffrey Roche of *The Pilot*. Rumor has it that the editors are to meet at dinner in some Bohemian restaurant in New York's *Quartier Latin* and never leave the table until the entire next issue, prose, verse, and drawings, is ready to send to the printers. There is a delightful flavor of Murger in the scheme. Mr. Burgess promises that *L'Enfant Terrible* shall be "the only comic paper that does not take itself seriously."

Mr. Oliver Herford is the joy of literary New York, the only really irresponsible and witty Bohemian left, since that country fell. His last *bon-mot* has all his own peculiar quality. At luncheon, recently, he was urged to have a second helping of honey. "Do you know," he remarked as he took it, "I believe if I lived in the country I should keep a bee."

IT WOULD HAVE BEEN COMPREHENSIBLE had the name of Thomas Moore been omitted from the list of honor on the walls of our new Congressional Library at Washington because he was not considered to be among the world's great poets, although such tablets are proverbially catholic in their tribute. But that Moore should in this way be made to pay the penalty for having written verse uncomplimentary to America is rather funny, if such be really the facts. Our skin seemingly toughens very little with the passage of time.

DRAMATIC

MANSFIELD AND SHAW ON THE SIDE OF THE DEVIL. No one can really take Mr. Bernard Shaw seriously, except Mr. Bernard Shaw himself. Perhaps Mr. Richard Mansfield does, but we doubt it. Of course some of the critics have taken him seriously, but that is the attitude of conventional criticism. In the new Shaw play, *The Devil's Disciple*, all the highest and best instincts of human nature in general are mocked at, or denied. Love, honor, chivalry, and religion, in their turn are held up to ridicule. It is all very clever and witty satire, but it is seriously misplaced in being

used as a weapon against the good, instead of against the bad or weak. One leaves the theatre feeling we are all a very worthless, wretched lot, which is hardly the conviction we expect to receive at the hands and heart of an arch Fabian! As a play it is brilliant, and bad. It begins very seriously, goes into high comedy, topples over into farce almost, and, after a glimpse of true tragedy, ends feebly with an extremely irritating *Deus ex machina*.

The great influence on Shaw is Ibsen. But Ibsen is serious, and every one takes him seriously (except again the conventional critics)! Shaw, on the other hand, seems to have sold his soul to a Mephistopheles, dressed in cap and bells! It is to be regretted that the Norwegian has not influenced the Englishman's spirit, as well as his dramatic style. Shaw's wit is his own, and no one, I am sure, would want that influenced or altered. His delightful effrontery is more conspicuous, too, in his later play than in his others that we have seen.

Mr. Mansfield in the title rôle comes perilously near perfection. Only the hypercritical can find fault with his attitudinizing; outside of that mannerism nothing is merited except praise and praise. We have no other actor on our stage to-day who could equal the performance. The intellectual appreciation of the wit and satire, is supplemented by the complete artistic expression of both. No author ever enjoyed more absolute justice in the performance of a rôle, than Shaw has done him at the hands and brain of Mansfield. We have a number of actors and actresses whose intelligences are equal to all and any demands made upon them, but whose powers of expression are too limited to do their intelligences justice. On the other hand we have as many, or even more, actors and actresses whose powers of expression are not so limited, but whose intelligences have failed to keep any of their appointments. Mr. Mansfield is an artist as an actor, and a man of intelligence. He not only has emotions—he has a brain; this does not mean that he is an intellectual man; he is not; or that as an artist he does not make mistakes, and even sometimes do the wrong thing wilfully. He is like the proverbial little girl with the curl: "very good," or else "horrid," and in this last addition to his repertory, he is very good. So is Mrs. Mansfield, in a less degree. Beatrice Cameron is a good example of the actor whose intelligence is not supplemented by the necessary ability to express. We know of no rôle which we feel Mrs. Mansfield could not entirely conceive, and charmingly too, but alas, the power of expression has already several times failed to meet the fine and splendid demands she has made upon it. However in this instance there is no such failure. She is in the Shaw play, as the French nowadays love to say, "alright" and she shows the nicest artistic discrimination in her performance.

The stage settings are appropriate and the scenery good. This rather tame criticism can always be made of Mansfield's productions. He has not since *Richard III* made a particularly beautiful nor an especially good scenic production, but he never offends. He understands the art of suggesting atmosphere and details without overloading the stage with belittling properties. His company is adequate; the rather few supernumeraries equal to their occasions; one has a feeling that the actor-manager is not being over-extravagant in this matter, and that he can tour the country with only moderate expense. It would, perhaps, be well for the theatre were Mr. Mansfield rich,—so we are glad.

THE PARIS CORRESPONDENT of the New York *Evening Post* gives an interesting account of the reception of William Gillette's *Secret Service* at the Renaissance. The play was adapted for the French stage by Pierre Decourcelles, the author of *Two Little Vagrants*, and Sarah Bernhardt lent her theatre and company for the performance. The critics were unanimous in condemning a piece so entirely different from the leisurely, Thackerayan methods of dramatic development to which the French playwrights incline. Francisque Sarcey found the play wanting in clearness, and said, truly enough, that the principal characters do not announce themselves sufficiently until two acts are past. Also, the action is so changing, rapid, without being worked out at any point, or leaving time for human sentiment, that the general impression is that of a cinematograph show. Catulle Mendes pronounced the whole thing "rudimentary pantomime." A third critic spoke of the piece as being essentially a combination of circus and pantomime, and another proof of the decadence of true theatrical art. The rush and hurry of the plot, and the absence of sentiment and those literary qualities which, to the French, are of more importance than sustained action, struck every critic disagreeably. The play was a financial success because it was a novelty and met with so much opposition; but in the eyes of the veteran French critics it had no artistic merits whatever.

THE LONG AWAITED "American Drama" having at last arrived, turns out to be Chinese after all. Mr. Fernald in *The Cat and the Cherub* has done the best American play that we have seen for some years. We call it American because although every character is Chinese, the scene is in America, and the life of Chinatown in San Francisco is evidently somewhat changed by the civilization of the "foreign devil," which looms near by. We have had a number of theatrical performances which were thoroughly American without being plays. *Secret Service* for example is a superb melodrama, almost, if not quite, the best we ever saw, and distinctly American, but we must insist it is not a play, not a

really serious effort towards a modern drama. Again we do not hesitate to admit that Mr. Augustus Thomas is more American in his subjects than Mr. Fernald. Lafayette, Indiana, and small towns in Missouri are more our affair than San Francisco's Chinese quarter. But Mr. Thomas never quite succeeds in his attempts; his lachrymose and melodramatic moments continually avert perfection.

Mr. Fernald on the other hand is irreproachable in taste and literary sense, and at the same time vigorous and direct. His title is perhaps his only mistake. Here he did his best to put himself in the wrong. When he called his play *The Cat and the Cherub* it suggested at once an ideal of childhood, if not in Dresden China, at least in Chinese porcelain. The play is in fact the grimmest of tragedies, suggesting Mr. Kipling constantly.

Chim-Fang steals Hoo-Chee, the son of a rich merchant, hoping to obtain a reward for the child's return, which will enable him to marry the merchant's daughter, whom he will then sell to a high-binder. In the hunt for the child, a young man who loves the girl, and whose father means to buy her for him, attempts to search Chim-Fang's opium-den, where the child is really concealed. He is stabbed. From a woman who is a slave in the rich merchant's house, the father of the murdered man learns that Chim-Fang was the abductor of the child and almost surely the murderer of his son. The last scene of the play shows the father strangling Chim-Fang, after he is dead propping him up in a life-like attitude while a "foreign-devil" police officer passes, and talking Chinese philosophy to the corpse. The mongolian imperturbability which Mr. Fernald had to portray, doubtless aided him in restraining himself. As it is, his play is brutally and thrillingly direct; his humor, and there is plenty of it, dignified; and his sentiment firmly under control. The absolute silence of the father, when he finds his murdered son, is worth an hour's shrieking. The dialogue is concision itself. It is not exactly what people say off the stage; a great deal has been left out, but there is nothing left in which is not to be found in ordinary conversation. This compression is, we take it, the way to write realistic dialogue. (The usual way is to undress a child on the stage and prepare it for bed; the audience being expected to marvel at the play's fidelity to life.)

We are not prepared to say that others may not know more of Chinatown than does Mr. Fernald, but we doubt whether anyone, for a week or so, will produce so artistic, so strong, so satisfactory, and so American a play.

WITH TWO CHINESE DRAMAS simultaneously on the boards in New York there was a merry war on at once between Mr. Frohman and Mr. Hammerstein, each striving to prove that his play was the simon-pure pigtailed article, and the

rival manager's playwright had never set foot in Chinatown. Meanwhile the uncertainty is increased by young men of San Francisco, who through the private channel of letter-writing give assurance that neither Mr. Fernald nor Mr. Powers has touched the depths of Chinese life, and that Mr. Frank Norris, or someone else, is the only original and authentic Anglo-Chinese story-teller. This is a very healthy state of interest and rivalry, and makes one believe that in the flood of Mongolian fiction we are sure to have there will be some strong work.

SAN FRANCISCO, upon the invitation of Mr. Charles Frohman, and somewhat to its own discomfort, is to be forced into what will be a most interesting dramatic experiment. It is not to be visited in the future by the travelling companies of the syndicate; in short, by none of the first-rate companies and none of the new plays. No one can blame Mr. Frohman, if what he says in the following forcible though inelegant quotation be true: "We have lost \$100,000 in San Francisco in the last two years. William H. Crane's receipts hardly paid the hotel bills of the company. This case is one out of many. San Francisco has always demanded first-class attractions. We send New York successes to San Francisco. The critics of the coast roast them and us, and then tell the public how much better their own stock companies can render the same piece. As San Francisco prefers cheap plays, we have decided to let her have them. If I can ship to San Francisco the manuscript of my ten-year-old plays at an expense of half a dollar for expressage and get fat royalties from local stock companies, why should I spend \$5,000 for railroad fares in sending John Drew and the Empire Stock Company out there to present the same things?"

San Francisco apparently was too devoted to its own stock companies to suit Mr. Frohman. Now it is to depend upon them entirely. The system will have a trial under the most favorable circumstances. Our hope is not, first of all, that new players may be discovered. The travelling actors are likely, we believe, in spite of the Californian critics, to act fully as well as the stock companies. But we do hope that the stock system may make it possible without extreme financial risk to bring out and experiment with new plays. A stock company can afford to give a play if it run a month: the syndicate must feel assured of a half-year.

San Francisco has already within the last year done something of this sort with the two Chinese plays, *The Cat and the Cherub* and *The First Born*. It supplied material for both Mr. Fernald and Mr. Francis Powers, and gave the latter's drama, *The First Born*, a hearty support lasting over many weeks. Mr. Frohman is now triumphantly carrying the play about the country (doubtless refusing to take it to San Francisco), but we doubt whether he

would have had the courage to bring it out as an experiment himself. The possible flexibility of the stock company system is, we believe, its great advantage, and we look to San Francisco to demonstrate this. There is no city in the country where it is more likely that undiscovered genius is awaiting the attention of the world.

IF MR. W. S. GILBERT had been an utter failure as a playwright, there would have been some obvious excuse for his recent attack on managers, actors, and critics. One would have understood it much as one understood the speeches with which a year or more ago Mr. Richard Mansfield embellished his dramatic performances. There is probably nothing so satisfactory to the feelings of a man temporarily in misfortune as to blackguard the people about him. Mr. Mansfield's attacks on Sir Henry Irving and other English actors who have been successful in this country, were directly traceable to professional jealousy and a very childish method of showing it.

Now—after Mr. Mansfield has ceased to cheapen himself and disgust even his admirers by such manners—comes forth Mr. W. S. Gilbert in a similar part. On the occasion of his recent failure as a dramatist in Birmingham, he saw fit to express himself in terms as forcible as they were foolish. To state that all critics are devoid of every moral, social, and critical virtue; that there are no theatrical managers, and that good actors, except in France, are equally as scarce, is not only in the worst taste in the world, but silly in the extreme. "If Pinero writes a play," he says, "and sends it to Sir Henry Irving, it is accepted, not because it is a good play, but because it is by Pinero." But if a stranger submits a play, however good it may be, it is never accepted, because the manager can't judge its merits.

That Sir Henry Irving was, in a measure, justified in declining Mr. Gilbert's play—if ever he had that privilege—is suggested by the unanimity with which the London critics have condemned it. Nine years have passed since the appearance of Mr. Gilbert's last previous effort, and the nine years have evidently contributed little towards his ability as a playwright. The plot of *The Fortune Hunter* is cheap, and the characterization wholly conventional. Even the dialogue—and there surely one might expect excellence—is neither light nor witty. In the face of these facts it is to be wondered if anything could have been more unwise than Mr. Gilbert's present attitude towards the managers and critics.



AN EXPERIMENT IN CIVILIZATION

THERE came some time since to the person who may be described as the "present writer" in these columns, but who is just a plain I at home, the following letter. It speaks for itself.

NEW BOSTON, MASS., Sept. 11, 1897.

MY DEAR SIR:—I read your piece in the paper that a woman in our town takes, in which you spoke about the "Dead Level of Independence." I think it is so. I like your idea that people ought to know more about their intelligence, and that everybody knows something that he ought not to and that few men have the character to be ignorant, and when you said that every wide-awake village that had thoughtful people enough—people who were educated up to it, ought to organize an Ignoramus Club to defend the town from papers and books, I thought you would be glad to know that something has come of it, and that we have started the reform in our town. I'm president. I send you some of our by-laws and a programme.

Hoping that the good work may go on, I am,

Sincerely yours,

S. R. RUSSELL.

P. S.—The programme I send is not exactly as it was. The meetings are not as long. I have put some things from other programmes into it.

S. R. R.

That the public may have the benefit of this experiment in relieving the pressure upon the modern reader, I have copied from the by-laws and programme just mentioned what might prove suggestive.

BY-LAWS.

1. This Club shall be known as the Ignoramus Club of New Boston.

4. Every member shall be pledged not to read the latest book until people have stopped expecting it.

5. The Club shall have a Standing Committee that shall report at every meeting on New Things That People Do Not Need to Know.

6. It shall have a Public Library Committee, appointed every year, to look over the books in regular order and report on Old Things That People Do Not Need to Know. (Committee instructed to keep the library as small as possible.)

8. No member (vacations excepted) shall read any book that he would not read twice. In case he does he shall be obliged to read it three times or pay a fine (three times price of book *net*.)

11. The Club shall meet weekly.

12. Any person of suitable age shall be eligible for membership in the Club, who, after a written examination in his deficiencies, shall appear, in the opinion of the Examining Board, to have selected

his ignorance thoughtfully and conscientiously and for the protection of his mind.

13. All persons thus approved shall be voted upon at the next regular meeting of the Club—the vote to be taken by ballot (any candidate who has not read B., The B.B.B. or Trilby—by acclamation).

Perhaps we have quoted from the by-laws sufficiently to give an idea of the spirit and aim of the club. We append the order of the meeting.

1. Called to order.

2. Reports of Committees.

3. General Confession (what members have read during the week).

4. FINES.

5. Review. Books I Have Escaped.

6. Essay. Things Plato Did Not Need, to Know.

7. Omniscience. Helpful Hints. Remedies.

8. The Description Evil, followed by an illustration.

9. *Not* Traveling on the Nile. By One Who Has Been There.

10. Our Own Village Street. Stereopticon.

11. What Not to Know About Birds.

12. Myself Through an Opera Glass.

13. Sonnet. Botany.

14. Essay. Proper Treatment of Paupers, Insane, and Instructive People.

15. The Fad for Facts.

16. How to Organize a Club Against Clubs.

17. Paper. How to Humble Him Who Asks, "Have You Read ———?"

18. Essay, by youngest member. Infinity. An Appreciation.

19. Review. The Heavens in a Nutshell.

20. Useful Information. Causes and Effects.

21. Exercise in Silence. (Ten Minutes. Entire Club.)

22. Essay (Ten minutes). Encyclopedia Britannica. Summary.

23. Exercise in Wondering About Something. (Selected. Ten minutes. Entire Club.)

24. Debate. Which Is More Deadly, The Pen or the Sword?

25. Things Said To-Night That We Must Forget.

26. ADJOURNMENT (each member required to walk home alone looking at the stars).

GERALD STANLEY LEE.



MR. MEREDITH IN A
NEW GUISE

AT last Mr. George Meredith has placed himself among the compromisers—the questers for general favor. He has made a selection from his poems with the special purpose of conciliating a shiftily sceptical public, and has put together a volume that is guaranteed not to call a blush to the cheek of the most precise rhetorician. Superficially judged, his work as a poet has certainly gained by editing. What remains has little of that roughness, challenging self-involvement of thought, and spottiness of surface that Mr. Meredith at times indulges in. Long wayward pieces of didacticism like the *Empty Purse* and the *Comic Spirit* have disappeared, and such insinuating lyrics of nature as *Woodland Peace* and *Tardy Spring* have come to be delightfully prominent. The result is that the ordinary reader who holds by Shelley and Keats and Tennyson finds in this volume much more nearly what he is prone to look for in verse than he finds in Mr. Meredith's volumes taken in due course. He finds less that brings him up short with a gasp. The gambols of *Jump to Glory Jane* and the Galliambics of *Phaëton* have alike ceased from troubling and the reader is at rest.

But what of the cost at which this superficial charm is secured? This is the question that will give the adept in Mr. Meredith pause. After all, is not a course in Mr. Meredith's wayward didacticism necessary for the full appreciation of even his simplest lyrics? Is not *Youth in Memory* a necessary propædæutic to the *Thrush in February*?

Probably the Meredith-adept is right in suggesting these doubts. Anyone familiar with the *Selections* alone will not get the full scope of Mr. Meredith's poetical criticism of life, and, more surely still, he will not comprehend the spiritual casuistry by which Mr. Meredith reaches the serene confidence in nature and in human destiny that pervades all his poetry. Nevertheless the *Selections* are justified. They represent alluringly the peculiar quality of Mr. Meredith's intuition of spiritual beauty and truth. "Let knowledge grow from more to more;" let the general reader provide himself at once with a full set of Mr. Meredith's volumes.

As a criticism of life, the distinguishing excellences of Mr. Meredith's poetry are its frank acceptance of science, its contempt for sentimental fallacies and romantic rhodomontade, its discreet agnosticism, its courageous, idealistic realism. A "reading of Earth" is what Mr. Meredith gives us—a reading that blinks none of the essential cruelties that modern science in its emphasis on the struggle for existence reveals so uncompromisingly. Nor does Mr. Meredith seek an anodyne against the thought of these cruelties in dreams of a future life that shall be like the present, only more cunningly framed to minister to egoism.

"These are our sensual dreams;
Of the yearning to touch, to feel
The dark Impalpable sure."

The refuge alike from an overwhelming sense of the apparent enmity of Nature, from despair at the evanescence of life and the treachery of the moments, and from the corrupting grief that flows from individual mischance, is found in ardent human sympathy, in loyal devotion to humanity in its whole scope, present and future, in "our bond with the numbers." Any one who thus identifies himself with the race will find Nature streaming power to him; he will be borne steadily onward by the mighty tendency at the heart of things. The whole great drama, both of external nature and of human struggle and joy and sorrow, will come to him to seem a perpetually victorious scheme for the development of spiritual worth.

"From flesh unto spirit man grows
Even here on the sod under sun."

Such a frank acceptance, too, will bring with it carelessness of questions about the ultra-Beyond—questions of "the Whither whose echo is Whence"—"Questions that sow not nor spin." The Real—to this the wise man will devote himself; and he will then find that Nature seems favorable, without any need of mystically interpreting her with Carlyle into mere appearance.

The winged ratiocination by which Mr. Meredith reaches these conceptions of man and nature is contained in such long poems as *A Faith on Trial*, *Youth in Memory*, *Meditation under Stars*, and *The Empty Purse*,—poems not included in the *Selections*. Yet the mood to which these poems lead, is adequately represented,—for example, in *Woodland Peace*, *Outer and Inner*, *Hard Weather*, and *The Thrush in February*. These poems convey irresistibly "the individual bliss" that is Mr. Meredith's special achievement in his struggle to justify the ways of nature to man. Their spiritual beauty—their mood of high content—is something not easily matched elsewhere in modern poetry. They have a finer serenity, a more translucent atmosphere, an intenser æther, than Browning's optimistic poems, while they equal them in firmness of grasp on the actual and in vigor.

Like Browning, Mr. Meredith is scornful of romantic posing of all kinds, particularly of Hugoism and Byronism, and it seems perhaps unfortunate that this strain in his temper is so scantily represented in the *Selections*. Only one of his satirical pieces at the expense of cheap and showy sentiment is preserved,—namely, *The Whimper of Sympathy*, where the poet aspires to

"Dwell in yon dribble of dew . . .
And live the young life of a twinkle."

Hernani, delightful in its burlesque of "the horn," is omitted; so, too, is *Manfred* with its ridicule of "bile & buskin attitude" and of the

"duel hugeous" between "spinsterdom" and the Byronic "clatterjaw." Nevertheless, Mr. Meredith's relation to romanticism is clearly indicated even in the present volume, or at least is plain to those who are on the watch for its appearance. Not a few of the poems suggest parallel poems of Wordsworth's or Shelley's, and seem studies of the same subjects in the idiom of a new age. Mr. Meredith's *Lark Ascending* has the intense beauty and passion of Shelley's *Skylark* without its febrileness and unreality; as compared with Wordsworth's *Skylark*, it pours out for us audibly the passion of love for earth and for human life that Wordsworth only didactically recommends. *Juggling Jerry* recalls Wordsworth's *Leechgatherer*; but whereas in Wordsworth's poem we get only a transmogrified old man, chemically beautified by the poet's imagination for our moral behoof, Mr. Meredith's poem makes us in love with life simply by its honest and sympathetic portrayal of human quality. *Youth in Memory* is an answer to Coleridge's exquisitely inconsolable *Youth and Age*; Coleridge's mournful refrain *When I was Young* masquerades in the motley of Mr. Meredith's *When I had Legs*; and the modern poet's aim is to show how from the point of view even of old age life may be poetically conceived and found fair and rewarding, and this, too, without the aid of any "fervour drunk from mystic hierophants," who deem the present world mire and "Yonder shores" alone divine. It must be noted, however, that this latter poem, *Youth in Memory*, is absent from the *Selections*, probably because of its length and its technical shortcomings.

For indeed on technical finish Mr. Meredith has vigorously insisted in these selections. In nearly every one of them beauty of form is in some sort or other conspicuous. The poems have been judged as wholes, and mere imaginative vigor of phrase or passionate intensity of conception has not sufficed to secure for a poem acceptance; clearness and firmness of outline, harmonious subordination of detail, and forthrightness in the development of the subject—whether it be a mood or an action—have uniformly been required. As a consequence, there is little of the spottiness of surface that has so often disfigured Mr. Meredith's poetry; specific details and separate images are not worryingly eager for notice; jerkiness and irregularity of movement have almost disappeared.

Nevertheless, Mr. Meredith's temperamental restlessness may still be traced in his art,—in his rhythms, if nowhere else. When he is really on the scent of beauty or truth, he can never be content with the dilatory movement of the five-foot iambic line. He must flash along with the help of octosyllabics or of irregular anapaestic or dactylic measures. Nearly the only poems (apart from *Modern Love*) where he uses the decasyllabic line, are the idealistic and visionary *Hymn to Colour*, the playful *Ballad of Fair Ladies*, the mythical *Appeasement of*

Demeter, and the sonnets. In general, it may be questioned whether Mr. Meredith has command of long musical periods. Not that he has not a very sure musical ear; not that he does not give us exquisite collocations of sound and swift-fleeting rhythms that are full of subtle variability and shadows of turning. But breadth of musical effect and intricately prolonged harmonies are rarely found in his verse. The Sonnets, despite their superb imagery and their passionate compression of phrase, can hardly be deemed successful. Rhythmically, they are apt to fall to pieces; often they sin recklessly against the strict laws of the sonnet-form; and they usually seem either self-conscious and brilliant *tours-de-force* or somewhat halting pieces of amateurish sincerity. Of the imaginative beauty of *Lucifer in Starlight* no one is likely to doubt; and yet after all, the sonnet leaves the impression of being an immensely clever academic exercise.

On the other hand, in his ballads, Mr. Meredith's power seems almost savagely real, and his manner and progress inevitable. The three most important narrative poems in the *Selections* are *The Day of the Daughter of Hades*, *The Young Princess*, and *The Nuptials of Attila*. Verily, they march straight on, if poems ever so marched; their union of pageantry and sheer beauty with dramatic rapidity and with economy of phrase are remarkable indeed in these days of mock-ballads and psychological dramatic lyrics. Browning, when he purports to give us action, is prone to giving us merely the transverse section of a soul that is planning an action or recalling an action. Mr. Meredith gives us the veritable swift coursing past by act and incident with the flashing of sunlight upon them, and with the momentary glimpses of foreground and character that the onward sweep of the passion allows. The atmosphere, too, of each ballad is perfectly tempered to the fate at issue and to the historical setting. In the *Young Princess* we are in southern France in the days of the Courts of Love, and the air is full of the songs of nightingales, the fragrance of roses and orange-blossoms, and the silvery echoes of chivalry. In the *Nuptials of Attila* we are caught in the swirl of passion that in the fifth century swept whole tribes of barbarians from the steppes and plateaus of eastern Europe, west and south, over the civilization of the Roman empire. In both poems, despite the vividness and splendor of the glimpses that we get of the historical setting, there is never a moment of delay over mere description; the tragic action, with its absorbing personal interest, speeds on unerringly from first to last.

These ballads and his *Readings of Earth* seem what is most distinctively beautiful and significant in Mr. Meredith's verse; and it is difficult to doubt that at least these among his poems will, age in and age out, hold their own with lovers of literature, and that not even his greatness as a novelist will suffice to keep Mr. Meredith from fame as a poet.

LEWIS E. GATES.

EVENING

THE air is full of whisperings,
And gentle-voiced content to-day;
The vesper-sparrow lights and sings
A hymn of joy—an evening lay.

Sometimes the slumb'ring breeze awakes,
And waves the shadows of the trees;
Or moves along the thorny brakes;
Or shakes the daisies o'er the leas.

Soft valleys with sunny streams,
Where cardinal-flowers limn their plumes;
And Summer, full of golden dreams,
Nods by a bed of tansy blooms.

The flood of Evening's glory fills
The quiet places of a wood;
The hum of bees, the purling rills,
Speak a sweet faith, that life is good.

Tall meadow-rues, in green and white,
Toss their proud coronals in glee;
The sun has robbed them like the light
That graceful, lovely company.

And underneath a spreading tree
I saw the yarrow, hardly fair,—
Its bloom was dim, but oh! to see
What leafy beauty it could wear!

So still the scene, that it would seem
Soft clouds would ever float above
Bright with the glory of the dream
That joy is always; life is love.

JOHN STUART THOMSON.

THE WOLF IN SHEEP'S CLOTHING

THERE were once two young girls who lived with their parents in a flat, in Chicago.

Their father was an honorable but dishonest city-politician. He drew a large salary for sitting in his grimy office and smoking with brother-politicians on week days; and for marching to picnics and funerals with green ribbons tied around him, on Sundays.

Their mother read the woman's page in the newspaper and looked out of the window, in the morning; and in the afternoon, she shopped down town with her youngest daughter or with one of her own friends. She had a great many friends, and nearly all of them had not only the same tastes, but the same large bulk as herself.

The younger daughter had graduated from the grammar-school. She had not wished to enter the high-school, so she was now enjoying a halcyon freedom.

The elder daughter had also graduated from the

grammar-school, but, although she had then gone to a private school, she enjoyed almost as much freedom, for instead of studying, as before, the subtle and various arithmetics and Latin grammar, she now studied History of Art, Political Economy, and Literature. All these were treated with great uniformity in neatly classified text-books as easy to understand as a shoe-store's annual catalogue.

The younger daughter's name was Rosie. The elder daughter's name had been Clara; but she had changed it to Dorothy.

Rosie's hair was curled in thick bunches on either side of her face, and looped as low as possible in the back of her neck. Dorothy's hair was parted smoothly, and done in a neat coil at the back of her head.

One afternoon their mother came home from down-town bringing a new pink ribbon collar. She had snatched it from a bargain bin in a dry-goods store just in time to prevent a powerful Jewess next her from getting it.

As she flung herself into a chair scattering small parcels in every direction she exclaimed, "Girls, I brought home the cutest thing in a collar I've seen this spring. You can decide between you which is to have it. There it is—rolled under the instrument."

Rosie crept under the piano and opened the parcel. Although pink was her favorite colour, she was disappointed in the collar on account of an unexpected cascade of blue lace in the back. She had small hopes that her sister would want it, as she noticed her regarding it with a cold and lustreless eye. But as she saw her mother's face showing signs of alarm she exclaimed, "Is n't it stunning?" and as her sister continued silent she went on, "and so out of the common."

"Well, that colour of pink is n't becoming to me," said Dorothy, "so, if you like it, you can take it, Rosie."

"Of course I like it," said Rosie stoutly; "it's too pretty for anything," and she put it on and wore it that very evening to the great admiration of Judie Metzler who came with its acquaintance, Wallace Shepard, to go bicycle-riding.

Judie Metzler and Wallace Shepard had been in the same room in the public school with Rosie and Dorothy.

Judie Metzler was a German boy. He had been put into long trousers and Derby hats when he was only twelve years old. The hats were always too large for him and rested on the tops of his ears. After he had finished the grammar-school he burst upon the business world in the capacity of an errand-boy in a drug-store. He did not care for Dorothy and he openly characterized her change of name as stuck-up. He had admired Rosie from his tenderest years, and it was his magnificent custom to treat both her and her sister to soda-water at least three times a week, besides almost daily bicycle rides.

Wallace Shepard was the son of General Wallace Shepard, famed throughout the United States as "Shiloh Shepard." When he had worn knickerbockers his legs had always been the envy of all the boys in his dancing-class. He had a horse of his own and rode with his father on the Lake-shore drive before breakfast every morning; and at the college preparatory school, where he had gone from the grammar-school, he was the captain of the football team. In short, his life had been one long pageant, and it must be acknowledged that, even for Rosie, his presence lent to any occasion a tinge of gaiety that Judie Metzler's could never bestow.

Wallace Shepard regarded Dorothy's change of name as the struggle of a noble nature to rise toward higher things. He considered her a jewel in the dust-heap of her family, and he attributed all the refinement of her dress to delicacy of feeling. A dark tailor-made dress with a white collar and cuffs, and a calm, sharp-edged sailor hat, were evidences to him of a simple, lofty, and noble nature in their wearer; and it was with inward admiration for the wisdom of his judgment that he regarded the pettiness and frivolity of Rosie, as outwardly expressed in her pink and blue collar. He felt that to rescue Dorothy from the flat would be creditable both to his mental acuteness and his spiritual breadth.

In the course of two or three years, and many bicycle and skating expeditions, this feeling increased so rapidly that, as, on account of the hard times, Wallace Shepard did not go to college, but into the real-estate business—he married Dorothy soon after Rosie and Judie Metzler were engaged.

Mrs. Shepard was delighted with Dorothy. She considered her carriage and her spotless self alone a sign of the utmost superiority. When General Shepard said, "That little sister of hers is a sweet little thing," she felt that, if the influences of army life were broadening they were also degrading.

Dorothy's family took her engagement very lightly. As her mother had, at the time of her marriage to her husband, been engaged to six other gentlemen, it will be seen that she did not regard engagement as a soul-struggle.

Dorothy, herself, did not regard it in this way. She felt somewhat as George Fourth might under the same circumstances, complacent and stolidly satisfied. But as she was much thinner than that gentleman this passed for the restraint of sensibility.

Judie Metzler pitied Wallace. He might, with more justice, have pitied Dorothy, if he had considered that life for a wolf, in the most perfectly fitting sheep's clothing, among other sheep might be dull.

Certainly Dorothy became very much exhausted in spirit by the weight of the alien tasks she was obliged to assume. She listened to long orchestration-poems, and frequently alleged a preference for one called "Joseph," an endless architectural Ger-

man composition expressing the wandering in the desert. She took singing lessons, and learned many a Swedish lullaby and Moravian love-song, all by painstaking English-speaking authors. She threw herself, soul-and-body, into settlement work and the bridging of social chasms; and she spread her ignorance of Latin far-and-wide among the poor of the city. Under the burden of all these assumed delights she gradually fell into a comatose condition spiritually, in which she was unable to tell what really were her pleasures.

As for Rosie's pleasures, they were both intensified and varied when, through fortunate speculation on the Board of Trade, Judie Metzler grew very wealthy. He showered diamond rings and sealskin saccques upon her. She went to the most expensive summer-hotels, where she wore a new dress every day. She shot the chutes and sailed weekly to Milwaukee on the steamer. She drank all the soda-water she wanted, and she never ceased to laugh at the topical songs of the middle-aged uncle in spectacular plays; and so she lived happy ever afterward.

E. F. WYATT.

COBWEBS FROM A LIBRARY CORNER

I

AN OPEN LETTER

DEAR ANDREW LANG: I beg of you
To take a rest a week or two.
Go fishing in some Scottish burn,
Or at your golfing take a turn;

Please sleep a little every day,
And do not work so hard, I pray.
For I, dear Lang, have liked you much—
You have a very master's touch—
But, oh, you print so often that
I hardly know where you are at.
Your books flow in so fast that I
Cannot keep up, howe'er I try.
My shelves o'erflow, sir, with your wit,
And I'd be loath to part with it;
But many a page I cannot scan,
Because I am a busy man
And cannot read your wondrous art.
I've time to cut your leaves apart,
And nothing more—do n't look askance,
But give a busy man a chance!
Go off and rest a week or two,
Dear Andrew Lang, I beg of you.

II

THE GLOOMSTER

So much of gloom flows from your pen,
I cannot help but think
Your veins hold naught of blood; I ken
They're merely filled with ink.

JOHN KENDRICK BANGS.

A MODEST PROPOSAL TOUCHING THE NEWS- PAPERS AND AN AMER- ICAN ACADEMY

THAT modern journalism needs an antidote of sound literary correction for its grievous humors of mind and body is a contention easy for all but the aesthetically unambitious to concede. Though the critics of the newspapers, according to De Quincey in the once famous essay on *Style*, began with Lord Oxford in the last century, if not earlier with somebody else, the newspaper itself has prospered ever since in its sins. One difficulty undiminished by mere criticism, and excellent as a point of departure for the censor, is noted by De Quincey himself in his polysyllabic but well-meaning way. "Formerly," he says, "the natural impulse of every man was spontaneously to use the language of life; the language of books was a secondary attainment not made without effort. Now, on the contrary, the daily composers of newspapers have so long dealt in the professional idiom of books as to have brought it home to every reader in the nation who does not violently resist it by some domestic advantage. Time was, within our own remembrance, that if you should have heard in passing along the street, from any old apple-woman, such a phrase as 'I will *avail myself* of your kindness,' forthwith you would have shied like a skittish horse." I do not myself remember to have shied at this phrase from old apple-women, probably because in American old apple-women are more likely to use the idiom of Ireland or Italy, and the wives of people who sell apples by the wholesale, or chewing gum, or pork, if they do not themselves fix the idiom of the newspaper, talk in that idiom more and more. Whether newspaper English derive itself from the vulgar, or be itself responsible for the vulgar, it suffers equally from that pretentiousness which lacks the literary sense for homely things. For both readers and makers of newspapers in these days there is no "violent domestic advantage," no formative period between the language of childhood and that of books. American boys and girls, as most instructors in English realize, must be weaned carefully, not from the specific candor of childhood, but from bookishness. A list of phrases might be prepared (such as elevator for lift, subscribe to for take in, etc.), to show that the American idiom already lacks some of the simplicity of real English, because in most American homes the household idiom is obsolescent, and the great and powerful, but for this time perverted, newspaper is the pervasive influence. There has been no influence so pervasive since the days of that noblest of all man's achievements in prose, the English Bible: do the editors realize, I wonder—does Mr. Whitelaw Reid or does Mr. James Gor-

don Bennett realize that he exerts an influence infinitely greater than that of King James and all his translators?

Is it not a solemn apostrophe? Certainly it is not an impertinent one, for the editor and the academician, for whom I should like to speak, work in the same medium of English prose. Whether it is the copy of the reporter or the theme of the schoolboy, the business is the same: to make it grammatical and efficient. The newspaper's share of the business, though most of the newspaper's critics are not aware of it, is done with infinite pains. Every paper maintains a corps of "copy-editors," whose work consists solely in the correction and improvement of the "stories" which reporters bring in from their forays among us of the outer world. The task is sometimes excessively hard, for what with diffuseness arising from habits of grabbing for space, what with verbosity, perversity and ignorance of adequate and simple English the copy reader finds the reporter in most cases his unruly and inevitable enemy. With the writer of college themes and their correctors there is more likely to be cooperation and personal influence. It is the less fortunate editor who is driven to taking refuge in cast-iron rules, or in profanity,—and the inefficiency of one and the other is by turns pathetic or amusing. There is some attempt at persuasion, at exhortation,—as when the city-editor, when the reporters come to him from the "assignment-book," entreats with a good deal of rhetoric more or less wide of the mark, a "pleasant" half column on this, or a "sober" account of that. But too often the reporter's notions of pleasantries and sobriety are at variance with the city-editor's, and the city-editor falls back on his rules and his profanity.

The rules are for the most part eminently respectable: indeed the whole grammatic system, barring the profanity, is respectable. The point is that it should be considered a case for rules, that there are rules, and that the rules are formulated without some intelligent spirit at the back of them. There are rules, to the sorrow of many a copy-editor be it mentioned, which were respectable in the days of the *Evening Post* under Bryant, whose "index expurgatorius" (whether or no it was a spurious copy that caused the controversy) once, it may be recalled, excited the indignation of the philologist Mr. Fitzedward Hall. It is well Mr. Hall cannot see some of the index expurgatorius's still in vogue. All the newspaper-office rules which I have been able to examine contain clauses respectfully and ineffably effete. It is true that with the spirit of many of these rules nobody can quarrel; many of them are really sensible, as all those are, for instance, of which there are not a few, that make for brevity and simplicity of expression; many of them appear in the pages of most rhetorics. But it is a fact that they are apt to cling more pertinaciously in the pages of the newspaper "rules" than in the college rhet-

orics. The editor in most cases is the more conservative force. Curiously enough, it is always the editor who ends with the literary idiom and mediocrity. Not slang and not the commonplace, he cries; in vain, for he attempts to legislate disingenuously and uniformly. "Save in formal court reports," he says, for instance, "the words 'rape,' 'incest,' 'seduce,' and words of similar character should be avoided. Use rather the expressions 'felonious assault,' 'undue intimacy with a relative,' 'betrayed,' etc. With most of us the remedy might be a more radical matter. Again, I know one editor who in dealing with a very dreadful murder, objected to the word "shirt"; and there is a story, which, whether apocryphal or not, may serve to reduce the system to its absurdity, of a paper, in Boston, I think, which everywhere forbade the use of the word "blood." The extraordinary polysyllables resorted to for substitutes must have surprised its readers, even in Boston. The ultimate objection to the system is of course that the household idiom which De Quincey commends does, whether in one way or another, disappear. A reporter, once, with better instincts than many of his kind, asked a copy-editor, in my presence, "how do you spell 'hobble-de-hoy?'"—to which the copy-editor replied sententiously that it did not matter how you spelled hobble-de-hoy, since hobble-de-hoy would not "get through" the copy-desk anyhow. The collegian, the "copy-editor" of the college student's theses, would have welcomed hobble-de-hoy. The difference is that, in the more enlightened universities, there are nowadays not rules but simple principles, which from their very simplification are sometimes amazingly successful even with unpromising material.

Why can not the academician help the editor in this matter? Essentially there is no reason, except the editor's conservatism, why their coöperation should not be feasible. It is essentially an extension of the principle of skilled labor and of specialization. No city-editor is expected to master the principles on which the advertisements of the paper are solicited and apportioned; or to settle the principles on which a play is damned or puffed; or to know intimately the principles on which the Wall street news is gathered and written. But the old fallacy prevails that every man, over and above his other accomplishments, knows how to use properly, and how to teach other people to use properly that difficult and ticklish instrument, the English language. It is a fallacy that, until twenty years ago, kept English out of the curriculum of Harvard College, and makes it even at this day slow of introduction into some so-called universities. It has been shown to be none the less a fallacy that only by years of patience in the teaching of English something like efficiency has been evolved, and that only in our own day has it been almost demonstrated that something like style may be taught.

The coöperation of the editor and the academician—whom it might have been more sympathetic to call the humanist—suggests also this interesting synthesis: why should there not be here the nucleus of an American Academy? What the French Academy has done for French most persons admit; it has helped to make it terse and clear, an efficient instrument; it has developed form and repressed freaks. If it were a question of doing away with, or of conventionalizing, Burton or Sir Thomas Browne, or William Blake, we might insist rather on the contention that with an Academy English would have missed the free glories of English poetry and the growth of many an English oddity not the least considerable of its glories. It is not, however, a question of Blakes, or Montaignes or Mme. de Sévigné, but of the American reporter, and reporters are, or had better be, mediocrities. If a reporter is not, in the French sense, a mediocrity, he is troublesome; he hands in erratic copy or uses "editorial expressions." A reporter is not supposed to have an irrepressible opinion of his own; neither is he more valuable for having an unmistakable individuality. An Academy is the most efficient means for the correction of the average, and that the average reporter requires correction the whole system of newspaper-making goes to show.

Does not the idea, at any rate, of such an Academy of American editors and collegians present a picture of particular advantages? The growth of a literary conscience in Mr. Pulitzer, the reaction of Mr. Hearst upon Professor Barrett Wendell, Professor Hill and Mr. James Gordon Bennett arm in arm in Printing House Square, not to mention the arbitration of difficulties in "shall" and "will" and the improvement of the reportorial vocabulary, would be some of the edifications of the new regime. It is to be hoped at least that these suggestions may be looked upon favorably as offering an improvement on the system under which most papers now struggle, and from which the whole reading population of the country—the home, the college, and the papers themselves in their embryo reporters—receive the very doubtful benefits.

PITTS DUFFIELD.

YOU AND I

YOU for pleasure, I for pain,
I for trust and you for joy;
I for loss, but you for gain,
I build up that you destroy.

WILLIAM THEODORE PETERS.



SUPPLEMENT TO

The Chap-Book

Vol. VII, No. 12

Semi - Monthly

November 1, 1897

THE CHAP-BOOK

A MISCELLANY AND REVIEW OF BELLES-LETTRES. \$2.00 PER YEAR

The publishers desire to call attention to the following incomplete list of the contributors to late issues: The late Robert Louis Stevenson, Henry James, A. T. Quiller-Couch, Thomas Hardy, F. Frankfort Moore, Arthur Morrison, Kate Douglas Wiggin, John Davidson, Hamilton Wright Mable, Louise Chandler Moulton, Louise Imogen Guiney, Maurice Thompson, Joseph Pennell, Ruth McEnery Stuart, William Canton, Alice Morse Earle, Max Beerbohm.

SOME RECENT PRESS NOTICES

Considering the dimensions of the latest issue of the CHAP-BOOK, I assume this literary bi-monthly is a success. Without question, it is the only American publication which approaches in any way the standard of the English literary weeklies. The reviews are bright, smart and intelligent, though somewhat flippant at times, and the editorial notes have other virtues beside their frankness.—*San Francisco Wave*.

The CHAP-BOOK preserves its vigor and vivacity, and does not lose the peculiar tone which has characterized it from the first. Its merits are marked, and it seems to have outgrown its most conspicuous faults.—*The Congregationalist*.

I wish to commend the literary notes in the CHAP-BOOK to my readers. They seem to me to be exactly what literary notes ought to be: well-written, individual and aggressive. If one were to ask me if I always agreed with them, I should have to answer—sometimes. But whether one agrees or not is a subordinate matter; the main point is that they jog the imagination, cut unsparingly into conventionalities, and give one a new outlook on literature. In this connection I wish to note that the enlarged CHAP-BOOK is an admirable bi-monthly literary journal. I have no fault to find with it, save only, perhaps, that the list of signed contributors includes too many familiar names. I am on the outlook for "new talent," and I count on the CHAP-BOOK (in the future) to reveal it to me.—*Edward Bright in Illustrated American*.

The CHAP-BOOK is always fearless and unprejudiced in its criticism; its standard is its own, and for that reason its opinion is worth knowing.—*Los Angeles Times*.

It is devoted mainly to criticism—not mere book notices—something the reading-public has long needed and really wanted.—*Pittsburg Commercial-Gazette*.

The CHAP-BOOK is indispensable. In its new form as a literary review it fills an important place in our magazine literature.—*Rochester Post-Express*.

The magazine, since its enlargement, is as bright and brilliant as ever. For a miscellaneous review of belles letters treated in an original way, with a spicy vein, one must read this magazine. It is the dessert which comes after the hearty literary meal.—*Philadelphia Item*.

The new CHAP-BOOK is an imposing and inspiring production to take in the hands, and it is opened with an anticipatory zest that is rewarded simply by a reading of the contents.—*Providence News*.

The notes are vivacious and vigorous. The literary quality is what one has a right to expect from a literary journal, and we heartily welcome the new CHAP-BOOK to our table.—*The Watchman*.

One is pleased with the verve and range of the CHAP-BOOK's "Notes." They are not of the snappy, afterthought kind served by most periodicals, but of the well-rounded, wholesome order, so placed that they give zest to the literary least in their wake.—*Milwaukee Sentinel*.

That the CHAP-BOOK has an audience is due entirely to the fact that there is an audience worthy of it, for the Gadereo swine who compose the clientele of the ordinary magazine would be poor beasts before whom to cast the CHAP-BOOK pearls.

The CHAP-BOOK is doing good work in proving that it is not necessarily impossible for a purely literary magazine to exist in this country.—*Buffalo Enquirer*.

The CHAP-BOOK is too well known to need any particular description here. Sufficient to say that it has a decided literary policy, which consists in speaking the plain, unvarnished truth about books and authors, holding to its convictions unswervingly. It is indeed refreshing to take up so rational a magazine. Its criticisms and reviews are written for the purpose of giving the public information, and apparently without regard for the sale of the works therein mentioned.—*Kalamazoo Telegraph*.

The CHAP-BOOK has been cured of its radicalism by the same process that has been employed with so much success and skill in English politics, and is now a staid and respectable member of the literary House of Lords, and presents, I am bound to say, a most dignified appearance wrapped in its ermine of publishers' advertising.—*James L. Ford in New York Journal*.

In its enlarged form the magazine has taken on a somewhat more serious aspect, than it carried in its first estate, but it has lost none of its crispness and interest.—*Brooklyn Eagle*.

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The CHAP-BOOK

LITERARY SUPPLEMENT

Vol. VII, No. 12

November 1, 1897

THE LAST STEVENSON

ST. IVES.—By Robert Louis Stevenson. 12mo.
Charles Scribner's Sons. \$1.50.

RARELY is an author his own best critic; occasionally, however, he hits off a verdict so coincident with the opinion of more detached readers that it is worth while letting it stand. The best known case in point, perhaps, is that of Dr. Johnson, who, when one Pott declared *Irene* the finest tragedy of modern times, contented himself with grumbling, "If Pott says so, Pott lies." So Stevenson, in one of his letters to Mr. Sidney Colvin (dated June, 1894), characterises *St. Ives* so neatly that it is due him, in simple fairness, to quote it at length.

"I must not let you be disappointed in *St. I.*," he writes. "It is a mere tissue of adventures; the central figure not very well or very sharply drawn; no philosophy, no destiny, to it; some of the happenings very good in themselves, I believe, but none of them *bildende*, none of them constructive, except in so far perhaps as they make up a kind of sham picture of the time, all in italics and all out of drawing. Here and there, I think, it is well written; and here and there it's not. Some of the episodic characters are amusing, I do believe; others not, I suppose. However, they are the best of the kind, such as it is. If it has a merit to it, I should say it was a sort of deliberation and swing to the style, which seems to me to suit the mail-coaches and post-chaises with which it sounds all through. 'T is my most prosaic book."

Nothing could be more judicious, more phrased to a nicety. To pick flaws in the book would be largely to paraphrase Stevenson's own statements, and as that is a thankless task, much trouble is saved. But there are one or two omissions which we shall endeavor to supply, after which it will be a pleasant duty to enlarge on some merits the author modestly overlooked.

The chief trouble, apart from its being "a mere tissue of adventure," "a sham" (one wonders if Mr. Weyman could be so courageous), is that the book is, to a deplorable extent, a *réchauffé* of several others by the same eminent hand. La Belle Flora is the Stevensonian washed-out lady who, however thinly sprightly, only twice (in *Catriona* and *The Beach of Falesia*) became distinct; the Vicomte Anne de Kéronal de Saint Yves is at times David Balfour, Macaire, Beau Austin, the Young Man with the Cream Tarts; the plot is a perplexing composite in which "The Flight Through the Heather" is the

most recognisable feature; the scenery, delightful as ever, has all been used before, flies, cut-drop, and curtain. And, finally, the figure which the author cuts is that of a weedy, ghost-like Dumas, set up on thin, well-polished stilts.

All this, however, is taking the book too seriously: a mistake which here, at least, Stevenson obviously makes, and a mistake, moreover, which, when anything concerns this most exquisite and irresponsible of writers, nine people out of ten will continue to make till the end of all things. If Stevenson had only written as a motto to *St. Ives* the stage direction which he prefixed to *Macaire*—that it should be played in a vein of light patter—all would be well. Once consider the book on the plane of the lightest of high comedies, in the Meredithian sense, and it becomes delightful; the plot may go hang, and the characters join it. They are not real people, and should n't be considered as such: they are old stage friends, delightfully artificial,—supplied with new lives of a rare flavour and ordered about with an engaging deftness. Take, for example the episode in which the Comte de Kéronal, the Vicomte Alaïre, the Vicomte Anne, and the lawyer assure one another of their most distinguished consideration: there is nothing more successfully done, in this particular vein, in all Stevenson, except perhaps in *Prince Otto*. The parley between the attenuated *émigré* and his new heir is conducted with an exquisite amenity, an exaggerated courtesy, that would have delighted even Prince Florizel and the Spirited Old Lady,—and there could be no more competent critics. And the adventures of the claret-coloured chaise are sufficiently diverting to have enlisted the sympathy of the Maestro Jimson, who could of all men best afford to be captious. In short, *St. Ives* is in places so completely satisfactory an example of what is best in irresponsible high comedy, that one's only real regret is that the author was unable to secure a finer congruity of tone, but occasionally lapsed, instead, into the pudgily serious. Whether its publication was wise or not is another question, for it clearly shows the loosened grip of the author struggling with his last illness. But many will urge that there was here too much fine gold to be wasted in oblivion.

A discussion of the hundred pages which Mr. Quiller-Couch has written as a conclusion of *St. Ives* will undoubtedly be expected. It is a pity to be disappointing; but there is only to be said that Mr. Quiller-Couch's style has here, as ever, his sublimated journalistic touch; but that in spite of this, he has fulfilled his contract with *McClure's* with high credit. Indeed, his style is so near a complete imitation of Stevenson's that it sets one's teeth on edge to realize how subtly, yet completely, he has missed it,—and to see, with dread, what Stevenson's style might seem like if Mr. Quiller-Couch should ever take it into his head to burlesque the author of three-fourths of *St. Ives*.

WITH CLUB AND BRUSH

NEAR A WHOLE CITY FULL.—By Edward W. Townsend. 12mo. *The G. W. Dillingham Company.* \$1.25.

POSSIBLY the success with which Mr. Townsend avoids the literary manner should be held to justify the pains he takes to accomplish such a result. *Chimmie Fadden* is recalled as a dialect—*vox, et præterea nihil*; Major Max as of that class of writing to which the *New York Sun* might lend a name if it were of importance enough to have one; *A Daughter of the Tenements* as a melodramatic medley so indiscreet that a plea of "first offence" could not suffice—and now comes a collection of short stories. Through the medium of an illustrated slip which the publisher furnishes with this last, we are informed that "there are certain cities which speak with a compelling voice to certain writers; like Coleridge's *Ancient Mariner*, they seem to select the man who must hear them, and lay their spell upon him; thus Stendhal is impelled to tell of Florence, Coppée of Paris, Dickens of London. New York seems to have made a similar demand upon Mr. Townsend"—and, modest as this statement is, it still withholds half the truth, for the voice is New York's voice, but the hands are the hands of San Francisco.

It is in the very last of these stories that Mr. Townsend speaks of "my friend, Ambrose Bierce." Now, Mr. Bierce is a writer who sets his thoughts in order by means of two implements—or weapons,—either a large brush surcharged with color (his admirers are wont to cluster about where it splatters smallest, and cry "What fine effects!"), or a heavy club, by means of which he accomplishes feats of main strength—what the French call *force*. The marks of these utensils are everywhere apparent in the tales before us, as if to prove that Mr. Bierce is to Mr. Townsend what he has been for so many bewildered young writers from California—both friend and mentor.

It is not necessary to multiply instances of this: "I told you," says a brute made rich by infamous swindling, to his old father in *The Reward of Merit*, "I was above stealing small change from little crooks. I am a gentleman, I am." "You are, Larry, my boy, and I'm proud of you," the old father replies as the curtain falls. This is the large brush. In the first tale of them all a policeman comes to a millionaire, just as the latter has arranged for the prosperous future of his old friend's son across the square, saying, "Excuse me, but a young man has just killed himself, and your card was the only address found in his room." "My card? My God, man! Where?" "In a fourth-story back room in a house just across the square." This is the heavy club. In *By Whom the Offence Cometh*, the concluding words run: "Two men, turning to enter the building, held the skirts of their coats aside that

they might not touch the poor huddled figure. They were going in to a meeting of the Board of Foreign Missions to urge the sending forth of more men to teach in distant lands the gospel of Jesus Christ." In this the use of both club and brush, one in either hand, is apparent. The rest are all done with one or the other simply, except *The Night Elevator Man's Story*, which is a resuscitation of Chimmie Fadden in his most mawkish mood, and *Polly Slangue's Trouseau*, a further exhibition of Major Max as a gourmand in drink, victuals, and sentimentality. Nearly all are tales of that deeper depth beneath the slums, and, far from being flavored with the pathos of *The Bridge of Sighs*, as the title of the book seeks to imply, bring to mind nothing more delicate than that latest *chef d'œuvre* of the variety halls, *Tell Our Baby That I'm Dead*.

The book is printed on heavy, fine-coated paper which becomes adhesive at the approach of moisture. The illustrations, done not less plentifully than ill, are of the sort which the coarsest wood-pulp paper of the yellow dailies has never been able to injure. Finally, it is to be noted that a portrait of Mr. Townsend in a figured waistcoat forms the frontispiece of the volume.

A SENTENTIOUS ROMANCE

IN KEDAR'S TENTS.—By Henry Seton Merriman. 12mo. *Dodd, Mead & Co.*

IN *Kedar's Tents*—the title is a mere blind—reveals the same general characteristics as *The Sowers*; a good plot, an adroitness at putting two and two together, and an unfortunate superficiality. The story tells how Frederick Conyngham, a briefless young barrister, assumed the guilt of a homicide to shield a friend, went to Spain, and connected himself with episodes in the Carlist insurrection. He was made the unwitting bearer of a message menacing the peace of Europe, and the tale is principally devoted to an account of his efforts to recover this letter after having delivered it—efforts inspired less by a desire to avert a continental catastrophe than to prove to Estella Vincente—"his world held no other woman"—that it was not, as she suspected, a love-letter from another girl.

The author's industry and fertility in devising unexpected incidents and dramatic situations are undeniable, but for all that the story impresses one as a rather pretentious and shallow simulacrum of a novel. Except for the pitiful Geoffrey Homer, who is summarily dropped after the first chapter, the characters are not very real, and their actions are not governed half as much by Fate, to which Mr. Merriman constantly and darkly alludes, as by Mr. Merriman himself. The machinery is so often unconcealed. The women are colorless and uninteresting, the men are continually on parade, self-conscious in their valor, their hate, their love. When General Vincente is mor-

tally wounded, he says by way of comfort to the conscience-stricken girl who is indirectly responsible: "All these things are written down for us beforehand. We only add the punctuation, delaying a little or hurrying a little!" Just before dying he makes a grimace and adds deprecatingly: "'A twinge of pain,' as if apologizing for giving them the sorrow of seeing it." When a man is about to do something dangerous and fine, it is to be noticed that a "queer look" usually comes into his eyes. It is doubtless this taste for rather cheap and worn-out melodramatic effects which impelled the writer to choose for his hero a name containing a y and to assume, both on and off occasion, an impressive, didactic air, as of one deeply versed in the subtle springs of human action. One can fancy him saying between brisk, incisive puffs of a cigarette: "A well-born radical is one whom the world has refused to accept at his own valuation. A wise man is ready to strike a bargain with Fate. The wisest are those who ask much and then take half. It is the coward who asks too little and the fool who imagines that he will receive without demanding." It is submitted that these remarks—which occur in precisely this lump—are not profound, coherent, or suggestive. They offer a fair example of Mr. Merriman's manner.

But his story is better than his manner; and whoever begins it will finish it, and quickly. It never drags.

MR. FORD'S SENTIMENTAL JOURNEY

THE STORY OF AN UNTOLD LOVE.—By Paul Leicester Ford. 16mo. Houghton & Mifflin. \$1.25.

MR. FORD is versatile. *The Honorable Peter Sterling* is a political novel of excellence; *The Great K. & A. Train Robbery* a fair story of its kind; and now in his latest work Mr. Ford shows his ability to deal with sentiment. That the result is successful in proving the many-sidedness of his genius, no one, we take it, will deny. Its success as a novel, however, is by no means so certain. It is difficult nowadays to deal with sentiment, when the public, somewhat weary perhaps, demands more exciting novelty. There is something self-conscious in the modern, matter-of-fact reader of novels that renders him painfully quick to imagine that he is being imposed upon or laughed at. He prefers not to meet direct appeals; he dislikes to be forced to sympathize with the author. This, no doubt, makes the task of gaining approval doubly hard for the man who will touch hearts, not fancies. If Mr. Ford were conscious of the difficulties in his way, he is to be congratulated on his courage in choice, not only of subject, but of method. It were hard enough to succeed by any means, yet Mr. Ford has

chosen the most difficult. In a diary of letters addressed to the woman he loves, the hero tells his story. Obviously there must be much that he would not write that the reader has to know; much of reminiscence and hazy recollection that might be dreamed over, but never written. Admirably, if not satisfactorily, Mr. Ford has surmounted these obstacles and brought, with some evident effort, past and present curiously into one plane.

While for the most part the novel is intensely subjective in tone, the author has succeeded in interspersing, with the constant appeals to Maizie, much that relieves by its narrative or descriptive nature, the somewhat cheerless monotony of Maitland's resignation. Throughout we feel that he makes too little effort to explain misunderstanding, too much to repair a monetary wrong. It is not wholly unusual with impetuously practical men of to-day to deem Henry Esmond too good a man and his history stupid. However much is to be regretted a civilization that makes this point of view possible, it is, nevertheless, necessary to take account of it as a fact in any estimate of success. Donald Maitland, it seems likely, will be classed with those that are too good. Maizie is charming, then hard-hearted, finally feminine.

There are few novels that are better reading in serial than in book form, yet *The Story of an Untold Love* seems aptly to belong to this few.

The book is excellently and charmingly written, though the obvious ingenuity with which Mr. Ford has contrived to end each letter with "Good-night," jars slightly.

A KING OF DIAMONDS

AN AFRICAN MILLIONAIRE.—By Grant Allen. 12mo. Edward Arnold. \$1.50.

ALTHOUGH the signature of Sir Charles Vandrift is "the writing of a man who knows his worth, and is not afraid of drawing his cheque for five thousand," Sir Charles himself is neither the late Barney Barnato nor Mr. Cecil Rhodes. One's apprehension that the hero of Mr. Allen's latest story may be drawn from one or the other of these acquisitive gentlemen is effectually dispelled from the first by the profound lack of intelligence Sir Charles exhibits in his meeting with Colonel Cuthbert Clay, the apotheosized "bunco steerer" of the tale. If anything could lend interest to twelve "episodes" in the life of an African millionaire, that concern themselves, from the first to the last, with the attempts of a "confidence man" to obtain large sums of money by a variety of picturesque "skin games," it would be that the millionaire in question was possessed of the valuable intuition that bids one seek shelter in the event of a sudden shower. But Sir Charles Vandrift—the king of diamonds, between whose frown

and smile the London stock exchange oscillates like a pendulum—elaborately fails on every possible occasion to display a glimmer of the intellect he undoubtedly must have had concealed somewhere about him in order to have picked up so many diamonds while in Africa. It is small wonder that he is the dupe of as transparent a series of cheap conjuring tricks and country fair extortions as has been strung together in many a day. Of course he is at the mercy of the first swindler at whose head he throws himself—so completely at his mercy that one takes but feeble interest in standing by to watch the guileless gentleman fleeced.

Mr. Allen, realizing, perhaps, that as a detective story of the old school *An African Millionaire* might be regarded in the nature of a challenge by those of us who have seen the sun rise above the pages of Emile Gaboriau and de Boisgobey—to say nothing of Anna Katherine Green—disarms one quite, by constantly slapping his characters—and the reader—on the back (parenthetically) with the heavy hand of his distinctly British humor.

PUBLISHED—BY A HAIR'S BREADTH

BY A HAIR'S BREADTH.—By Headon Hill. 12mo.
Dodd, Mead & Co. \$1.25.

GIVEN a "well-groomed Russian gentleman of the modern 'Frenchified' type . . . starting on the first stage of the most terrible responsibility ever confided to man;" endow him with "an alertness that never slumbered, a swiftness that struck home" (whatever that may be), "and an inexorable disregard for feeling that never spared;" conduct him "some way down a corridor hung with priceless art gems to a curtained door," and then let him discover a princess with a Slavonic name and a "Parisian manner" who, "being to the manner born," moves in the very highest circle of Petersburg society—and you will have the nucleus of the maddest, saddest, baddest tale of nihilism and passion since—an account of the emotional strain—you resigned your position of *chargé d'affaires* in "the splendid, barbaric, northern capital by the ice-locked Neva." Let the princess possess a face that knows "how to vary its expression according to the feelings she wanted to show;" provide her with jewelled paper knives with which to toy and stab playfully the other characters (oh! that "Parisian manner"); put in her power an ingenuous "lady in waiting to the stately Alexandrovna," who "bites her ripe, red lips" until blood comes; stuff an infernal machine as far as your arm will reach up a bedroom chimney and let a "well-groomed" English girl pull it down again before it has had time to blow "le grand petit Nicholas" out of bed on the other side of the partition, and you will have—well, you will have "By a Hair's Breadth."

It would be just as well, perhaps, not to allow your English girl to speak of her young pretender as her "sucking ambassador"; your American colonel might, for once, break through the insular literary convention that prescribes his exclaiming:—"I reckon you've no call to do that, Miss; Colonel Deleval stands right here." The difference between *gourmand* and *gourmet* could with profit be looked into by one who has a *penchant* for giving a *chie Faubourg cachet* to his *entourage*. And under no circumstances should one say of the "stately Alexandrovna's" ladies in waiting when *en tour*, that, "travelling makes them nervous—and they scratch." Well-groomed ladies never scratch.

HUGH WYNNE, FREE QUAKER.

HUGH WYNNE, FREE QUAKER.—By S. Weir Mitchell. Two Volumes. 16mo. Illustrated. Century Co. \$2.00.

IF the critics of this land have any one thing in common, it is a wild and unreasoning desire to pitch upon some unfortunate author and fix upon him the responsibility for the Great American Novel. With convenient forgetfulness a new victim is discovered with every moon—and for thirty days he is hounded by the grovelling adoration of the newspapers. Superlatives fly up like sky-rockets on Fourth of July and from unsuspected corners. Masterpieces become more numerous than minor poets, and a novel which is anything short of a triumph for its author is utterly beneath notice. *The Damnation of Theron Ware* is undoubtedly the greatest American novel ever written; *The Choir Invisible* surpasses it at every point; and now—to complete our bewilderment—comes *Hugh Wynne, Free Quaker*, which, if "not the long-sought Great American Novel, it at least comes nearer to it than any novel of the decade."

Pray, are all American critics women and is hysteria their only qualification? With the mass of books they deal fairly, but let anything a trifle better come to their hands and they are promptly deranged—the critical faculty is gone. They treat it like some new saying of the Lord and metaphorically make the sign of the cross. And all to the delight of the publisher and the corruption of taste in themselves. *Hugh Wynne, Free Quaker*, is not prepossessing in title, and it is put forth in two small volumes in a box—like the later works of Mr. Marion Crawford and Mrs. Humphrey Ward. The announcements state that it contains "pictures by Howard Pyle" which—at most—is true. Out of the ten or more illustrations which Mr. Pyle made for the story only two are republished in the book, and these by no means the best. It is surely to be regretted—and not easily to be understood—that the beautiful drawing "In Aunt Gainer's Garden"

and an extremely interesting picture entitled "Arnold and his Wife" were not included.

Of the story itself much was written and said during its appearance in the *Century Magazine*. Serial reading is always misleading, and fitness for installment issue is generally a defect. For book publication a story should be re-written and the over-dramatic and suspenseful endings to chapters could be done away with to advantage. *Hugh Wynne* is a difficult book to speak of definitely. It is in no sense a great and undying contribution to English literature. It has, however, parts—indeed whole chapters—of such sustained excellence as to entitle Dr. Mitchell to a foremost place among contemporary American novelists. It is a work carefully and seriously put together and done with infinite pains and patience. It is a dignified and considerable performance, but it is not the Great American Novel.

Hugh Wynne, the son of a Quaker father and a French mother, was born in Philadelphia in the middle of the last century, when the colonists were being steadily pushed on to open resistance of the king's oppression. The creed of non-resistance made Tories of most of the Quakers, and John Wynne was no exception. Hugh, however, under the influence of his Aunt Gainer, was in strong sympathy with the colonists. His companion, Jack Warder, a shy, girlish boy, assimilated Hugh's ideas, and at the outbreak of the war was one of the first to go. Hugh, held back by consideration for his father, delayed for some time, but finally enlisted and had many daring adventures. In the mean time he had fallen in love with Miss Darthea Peniston, a young lady who had sat at his side in school and was now grown into a bewitching and flirtatious beauty. Indeed, she had half of the young gentlemen of Philadelphia on her string, including both Hugh and his chum. A rival—and for a time a favored one—was Captain Arthur Wynne, a cousin of Hugh's and an officer in the king's army.

In the end—of course—everything turns out happily. Miss Peniston's engagement to him is broken off, and after much conspiring on Aunt Gainer's part she marries Hugh. This, in barest outline, is the story. It is not, however,—as may be guessed—in the story that Dr. Mitchell's strength lies: it is in the character-drawing, and in the quick, vivid narration of dramatic incidents. The characterization is, in mere truth, wholly admirable. Aunt Gainer, Mrs. Wynne, John Wynne, Darthea, Jack Warder and his father, and "Cat" Ferguson are done to strictest taste. Nothing could be better than the sketch of Bessy Ferguson—it is not done directly and with description: it is implied and shown in the dialogue. Her remarks are always in character. The picture of Hugh's mother is the simplest, sweetest part of the book. She was a devoted, pathetic little figure, suppressed and half killed by the severities of her husband and his religion, but bright, cheerful, and loving through it

all. Her lighter instincts were always popping up, only to be rudely smothered by some word from John Wynne.

"We strolled across to the Schuylkill," says Hugh Wynne, "and there, sitting down, amused ourselves with making a little crown of twisted twigs and leaves of the red and yellow maples. This we set merrily on my mother's gray beaver, while Mr. Wilson declared it was most becoming. Just then Friend Pemberton and my father came upon us, and, as usual when the latter appeared, our laughter ceased.

"I shall want thee this afternoon, Hugh," he said. "And what foolishness is this on thy head, wife? Art thou going home in this guise?"

"It seems an innocent prettiness," said Pemberton, while my mother, in no wise dismayed, looked up with her big blue eyes.

"Thou wilt always be a child," said my father.

"*Je l'espère,*" said my mother, "must I be put in a corner? The *bon Dieu* has just changed the forest fashions. I wonder is He a Quaker, Friend Pemberton?"

And again, later on:

"Come, Gainer," she cried, seeing us, "help me to shell my peas. Thou shalt have some. They are come in a ship from the Bermudas. What a pretty pale green the pods are! I should like an apron of that colour."

"I have the very thing, dear. Shall it be the minuet pattern or plain?"

"Oh, plain. Am I not a Friend? *Une amie! Ciel!* but it is droll in French. Sarah Logan is twice as gay as I, but John does not love such vanities. *Quant à moi, je les adore.* It seems odd to have a colour to a religion. I wonder is drab goodness better than red goodness?"

She died while Hugh was still a boy: it was a mercy, too, for her life would have been a sad one.

John Wynne was a hard man—with no humanity and no sympathies. He was unflinching in the rigour of his belief and austere in his insistence on Hugh's acceptance of it. He was not a man to love or to be loved.

Aunt Gainer is truly a most enjoyable old lady. She is, perhaps, the real triumph of the book. Her likeness to her brother, Hugh's father, is perceptible and yet her way of life is so different as to change her entire point of view. She is a silly match-making old woman, attending invariably to other people's business, but always with the best intentions in the world.

Dr. Mitchell has shown much taste in the part the war plays in his story. He has never wearied the reader with too much of it and he has been very careful to select the interesting figures of the time: Major André and Arnold, Washington and Lafayette.

The use of Jack Warder's diary is somewhat overdone. One is bored by the constant introduc-

tion of that form of narrative, and it does not seem essential.

After all is said and done, Hugh Wynne is a remarkable book. It is far ahead of most books done in this country for some years. With slight editing—with more repression—it might have figured in time to come. As it is, one feels that it just misses being great: it tires you with its length, but its picture of the Philadelphia of the 1770's is excellent, and its story of the life of two boys at that time is all that one could ask. Dr. Mitchell made the mistake of writing a Thackeray novel, with much of the humour left out, forty years after date.

WHITE MAN'S AFRICA

WHITE MAN'S AFRICA.—By *Poultney Bigelow*.
Harper's. \$2.50.

A WRITER who blithely confesses to a blank ignorance of his subject puts himself rather beyond the reach of respectful criticism; and though we suspect Mr. Bigelow has only half faith in his own disclaimer and trusts that the ordinary reader will have none at all, we at least are not prepared to deny its truth. Its accuracy indeed, is more than once confirmed by an off-hand dogmatism which a writer of Mr. Bigelow's experience ought to have avoided as the obvious refuge of trenchant ignorance. For instance, we are told that "the balance of power in South Africa is to-day in the hands of the President of the Orange Free State." It would be just as sensible to say that the balance of power in North America is in British Columbia. The Orange Free State is a small half-Boer, half-British community of about 80,000 whites, surrounded on three sides by English colonies and on the fourth by the Transvaal. It has an exceptional geographical position, and beyond a few native wars has had very few troubles of its own. It is, in fact, a prosperous and, compared with the Transvaal, a fairly intelligent republic. But to speak of it as holding the balance of power in South Africa is ridiculous. Were the Portuguese and German possessions united into one confederacy with the Transvaal and the Orange Free State, Great Britain would still be the paramount authority south of the Zambesi. Indeed we find no meaning whatever in Mr. Bigelow's remarkable dictum. Almost as startling is his announcement that "had Jameson been shot at Krugersdorp by a drum-head court-martial, held by the Boers on the field of battle while their blood was boiling, the civilized world would have condoned the action." Mr. Bigelow apparently has yet to learn that the civilized world never condones a blunder. A writer of this unjudicial turn of mind cannot be expected to throw much light on the present or the future of South Africa; and this book, for all its three hundred odd pages, gives us less of an insight into the real

problems of that country than many an ordinary magazine article.

That much being said, we can add with pleasure that *White Man's Africa*, as a record of purely personal experiences, is in many ways a very interesting book. Not even a cumbrous, shambling style, and a native inability to think, can rub off the fascination of Mr. Bigelow's theme. And with all his patent defects, Mr. Bigelow has some qualifications for his task. He is evidently a wide traveler, and can sprinkle his narrative with the quickening salt of comparison and illustration. He can set down what he sees with force and accuracy, and is a capital hand at abstracting bits of native history from the usual books of reference. Baedeker himself might envy the form and spirit of Mr. Bigelow's digressions into the Portuguese wars with the natives, the life of Moshesh, and the story of Dingaan and Slaagter's Neck. An official guide-book to South Africa will never be complete without them. More human is Mr. Bigelow's account of President Krueger, quite one of the fullest and most enlightening descriptions of that gentleman we have ever read. And Mr. Bigelow is really readable when he gives us his impressions of Cape Town or Natal, or draws a graphic picture of the effect of Portuguese corruption on Delagoa Bay and Lorenzo Marquez. Nor, in spite of an obvious sympathy with the Boers, can anything be reasonably urged against the impartiality of his summing-up of the relations between England and the Transvaal. It is not by any means complete, but so far as it goes it is at least unbiased. Though if Mr. Bigelow had only taken the trouble to put all he had to say on this subject in one chapter we should have been far better pleased. As it is, the *disjecta membra* of his argument are scattered carelessly over the entire length of the book, in desultory paragraphs, without any cohesion. But this lack of proportion and sound composition is visible everywhere. What can be more anomalous in a book on South Africa than to give a long chapter to such a comparative mediocrity as President Steyn of the Orange Free State, and dismiss Mr. Cecil Rhodes with a couple of lines? Except in so far as he lays stress on the importance of American interests in South Africa, and the inability of our consuls to protect and forward them, Mr. Bigelow cannot be said to have achieved anything particularly useful. Still, South Africa is a puzzling and fascinating subject, and even Mr. Bigelow could hardly write on it without displaying some of its minor points in a fresh and interesting light. For the rest, he has provided the text for some first-rate illustrations.



MEN MUST WORK AND WOMEN MUST WRITE

THE REVOLT OF A DAUGHTER.—By *Ellen Olney Kirk*. 16mo. Houghton, Mifflin & Co.

DIANA VICTRIX.—By *Florence Converse*. 16mo. Houghton, Mifflin & Co.

A BROWNING COURTSHIP AND OTHER STORIES.—By *Eliza Orne White*. 16mo. Houghton, Mifflin & Co.

WOMEN in New England are as anxious to explain themselves, as are the lady novelists of Old England; but the American apologia is a very different affair from British hysterics. The atmosphere of Boston has made it impossible for the Messrs. Houghton, Mifflin & Co.'s little flock of story-tellers to write other than decorously, and the really extraordinarily cool blood of the American people has made our "advanced woman" progress along a very different path from that her English sister trod. Generalizing entirely from the fiction of the day, one would say that in England women felt increasingly the need of being loved and that in America they were gradually relegating man to the position of an interesting but unessential figure along the wayside. Miss White gives one phase of this in her story of a man who for years was unable to propose to a girl because every moment of her time was taken up with study and culture-clubs. One gets the best picture of the whole situation from Miss White, and incidentally much the best entertainment. She does not feel especially the seriousness of her task, but writes because she possesses a well-flavored, if not rich, sense of humor. Her mild satire is of life in Boston's suburbs with all the pathetic ineffectiveness of its culture and the very gentle stir of its occasional emotion of love.

The other two books are quite serious, neither badly written nor badly constructed, having no faults in short except that of sheer dullness. Why they are written it would be difficult to say. They are certainly made inevitable by no driving of the creative imagination, nor is the mere possession of leisure time a sufficient excuse for becoming a novelist. Indeed, Mrs. Kirk cannot have many idle moments, for she has already published ten other volumes, most of them better than her latest. It is extremely difficult to award to her a properly calculated damnation of faint praise. She is delightfully well-bred and never offends the taste; she has drawn some quite plausible characters; she has, not wholly without skill, pictured an existence presumably in Brookline; and she has devised for her plot a situation not unoriginal; yet she is dull—we cannot modify the word. An artistic and clever ne'er-do-well has thought for years that he loved with great faithfulness. Only when he finds himself in love with

his *inamorata's* daughter does he discover that the old affection had crumbled unawares. There seems to be here such an amount of loving and the need of love as would invalidate the theory which grouped these stories. But the passion is not very convincing and numerous minor characters are equally, with the heroines of Miss Converse's book, under the sway of *Diana Victrix*.

In this volume two virgins of New England try a winter in New Orleans, living in a French household. They are much impressed with the local color of the place, which we know from the contemporaneous evidence of other and better writers to be much more vivid than Miss Converse succeeds in making it. The two girls are sought in matrimony by the two sons of the house, one a worthy cotton-broker and the other an artistic musical villain. Both girls decide that love is not best for them, and that work, literature, and friendship suffice. This is the plot, lighted up somewhat luridly in its middle course by the actual combustion of the *ingenue* of the piece. Miss Converse starts out writing an acceptable style, but later, when flushed with confidence, and going ahead with some momentum and velocity, she emits rather cheap exclamatory clauses. "Ah, Jeanne, dear Jeanne!" she cries in her own person as author, "was anybody sorry you died? Anybody?"

It may seem romantic and highflown advice to offer to women thus scudding with full sail along a professional career in literature, but we cannot but hope that Mrs. Kirk and Miss Converse will wait before publishing again until the inner prompting is too strong for denial. They are women of too fine a grain to be sacrificed to the fetish of authorship. Miss White will serve as an agreeable commentary upon the doings of her more serious contemporaries.

HAMILTON GIBSON'S PAST

MY STUDIO NEIGHBORS.—By *William Hamilton Gibson*. Large 8vo. Illustrated. Harper & Bros. \$2.50.

PROBABLY the last book that will bear Hamilton Gibson's name is *My Studio Neighbors*, a collection of eight nature studies that appeared in *Harper's Magazine*, and that are now presented, with his original illustrations, a hundred or so of them, on heavy paper. This work is a companion for the nature lover. It is a book that exalts little things to the dignity of great ones, because the point of view is serious and affectionate. Why cannot science be taught as Mr. Gibson teaches it? Does it so greatly matter to the student that the femur of such and such an animal is of such and such a length or size as it does to know what the animal is, how he lives, what he does, and what he thinks? that the flower is of such and such an order, class, or family, as

that it is a wonder of color and perfume, and that it serves to perpetuate its species through an activity of insects, so adjusted to that purpose that, more than almost any other phenomena, it exemplifies design in nature? Science, which should be truth, is too often classification. To Mr. Gibson the plants and the flying, creeping things that people there are creatures of function worthy at least of study, and he does for us a service in hinting at the diversity and depth of interest to be found in our yards and on our door-steps. For his studio neighbors, though wonderful beings, are not strange. They are our neighbors, too. His town studio was in Brooklyn; his country studio was the little school-house where he had learned his *a-b, abs.* His advantage lay in seeing what flew in at his windows.

This gifted maker of books and pictures was first of all a naturalist, although from childhood his association with the bright, tuneful, beautiful things of wood and wayside had been as much that of the heart as of the intellect. He was not a gunner nor a man who went about with pins, scalpels, and chloroform. His method, exemplified in this, as in all his books, was to watch such creatures as came within his ken—they all appear in time—and report what they did. A convention of ants was more momentous to him than is a convention of men to many of his kind, because he lent to the proceedings a sympathy and understanding not to be imparted by the schools. As an observer—scientist, if you will—he was unique, for he had in high development the sense of beauty and the power to translate it into both word and line. He was not a rhapsodist, like Thoreau, nor the plodder that Gilbert White is, sometimes, nor the Dryasdust of museums and herbaria. To him nature lived and uttered loving messages. Animals trusted him, and birds alighted on his shoulder, and when he takes us to walk we feel that we, too, are his friends.

So we follow him through these pages as he makes his discoveries and observations. We find larval hornets in his paint brush covers; we watch the yellow warbler as she builds successive stories on her nest, to bury the eggs of an interloping cow-bird; we shudder at the perils attending the ant or caterpillar as he crosses the little space below the door-step, for it is filled with the pitfalls of the tiger beetle's grub, and we hold our fingers for the grub to snap at, when we have drawn him from his lair on a grass blade; we pick apart, with reluctant hands, the white mass of "cuckoo spit" or "cow spit," to find there the little green bug, the frog-hopper, that made the cuds; we smile as we discover on a stem of bittersweet a covey of microscopic quail, the plumpest of them a quarter of an inch long, and no quail, be sure, but a tree-hopper; we note the bee or moth bumping in at the portals of a flower, unconscious of the part he plays in its utilizing; we spend a pleasant minute in the contem-

plation of a "honey dew picnic"; we wade in a swamp and clamber among rocks to collect some native orchids; and we marvel at the murderous possibilities of a milkweed.

The accompaniment of pictures is helpful. They are often explanatory in their intention, but in several instances they are charged with the feeling that makes them art. The large plates of the orchids, for example, have the coolness, fragrance, and silence of the woods. With the brush, as with the pen, Mr. Gibson's work was clean, firm, and sympathetic. Such books as his have a higher function than that of diffusing knowledge; they awaken, rather than load the mind, stimulate habits of observation, and open sources of profit and enjoyment in unsuspected quarters.

THE BUSY BEE IN LITERATURE

VARIA.—By Agnes Repplier. 16mo. Houghton, Mifflin & Co. \$1.25.

MISS REPLIER'S function in literature is that of the busy bee. She hovers over and enters into books, some of them most unprepossessing in appearance, and she returns thence laden with stuff which is not by any means of Hymettus, but which will pass very well for honey. These gleanings are given to the world from time to time in small volumes and for all the world like a honeycomb—in more respects than one, for it is not easy to read more than one of these amiable essays at a sitting. But this present book does something more than provide mere richness. There is one paper which takes a most—we should like to write *manly*, but *womanly* will serve—determined stand against such "Sabbath-school Literature" as is usually given to defenceless children in the name of God. Taking a portion of her material from Mrs. Alice Morse Earle's *Customs and Fashions in Old New England*, Miss Repplier writes a rebuke under the fortunate name of *Little Pharisees in Fiction*, inflicting a deserved and unmerciful scoring upon the sickening religiosity, the mewling sentimentality of the average Sunday-school book. We have one before us now called *Six Little Mince Pies*, a tiny 32mo, which is yet spiritually more indigestible than the six biggest mince pies in the world ever were in the physical sense. We regret that Miss Repplier does not mention in this connection—and we hasten to remedy the lack—the admirable and largely disinterested efforts which Messrs. Charles Scribner's Sons are making to introduce into American church libraries a series of stories, which, if not ideally fitted for the purpose, can at least be assimilated by the healthy soul without an accompaniment of religious dyspepsia.

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THE WORLD, NEW YORK

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JED'S MINISTRY

THERE was an air of spaciousness about Jed's broad freckled face. From the end of his heavy chin to the roots of his red hair, growing low over an unwrinkled forehead, seemed but a wide and pleasant playground for the varying expressions of his unvarying good nature. The short lines at the corners of his mouth tended upward; his blue eyes were living springs of twinkling lights.

He was not handsome; his figure was far too short and blunt and coarse in texture. His life had been twenty-four years long, but in that span he had made few friends of mature years, for he was called dull of wit and slow of understanding. So he was. But children loved him; so did dogs and all dumb creatures. Dogs with confirmed pessimistic views on the knotty problems of life would yet come to him uninvited, snuggling their cool muzzles in his hand, looking wistfully into his eyes. And he found great happiness in sitting in the warm sunshine, with his favorites around him.

Not that he was lazy. The comforts he gave his mother cost much hard labor, and he must persevere work with his short red hands, rather than with his reason. For his reason would not always lead him as his conscience told him he should go; so he came to trust in it less and less.

Even his mother, when she indulged herself, as mothers may of right, in talking of her children, spoke most of Phil, Jed's tall elder brother, whose wit was keen and understanding good. Phil she had destined for God's ministry, and she spoke and thought and prayed of him as one day dealing the hard, white truth to men, who must listen and believe. Phil had tacitly agreed to her plans, for he was a lazy lover of domestic peace, but he kept deferring a beginning. At last he went to San Antonio for his health's sake, and the brutal story came back that he had been shot to death at a faro table, because of some slight disagreement with the dealer. His body was buried at home, and with it much of the brightness which had shone over the mother's simple life.

When that was all over, she turned the hopes of her aching heart upon Jed, who had gone on working about home at odd jobs. She thought about it a great deal before she spoke, for she believed implicitly in Jed's dullness. At last she told him that she wanted him to succeed to her hope of Phil's ministry.

Jed was dazed. But he listened while she talked, until he saw her unwavering earnestness.

"Shucks, mammy," he said; "I ain't fit to make a minister out of."

She had apprehended this, and had prepared herself to meet him with an attack upon his weakest point—his own great love of her.

"But, Jeddy," she said, "I've been livin'

years on the hope that a son of mine would do some good in the world, an' now there ain't but you left." It was not a delicate saying, but Jed was not discriminating.

"Just workin' an' takin' care of you is good enough for me, mammy," he argued. "An' what kind of a minister would I make, anyhow? Just look at me! It takes a scholar to preach, do n't it? I'd have to have more sense than I've got now, sure." That was the sore point—sorer with her than with him, for he had long known the deep content of a warm heart and a quiet mind.

"Of course," she agreed, "you won't make the kind of a minister Phil would 've. That ain't to be exactly expected. You're so—you're so different from Phil. But I've set my heart on it so. Try an' think about it, Jeddy, for me. I've spoke to the minister about it, here, an' he'll help you all he can. He'll show you how to go to work about it, an' what to do. You just think about it for mammy's sake."

In the afternoon Jed neglected his work, that he might go into the deep woods to think. His dog went with him—an ancient white bulldog, who hobbled along on three legs, carrying the scars of many valorous battles. With his back against a giant elm, Jed spoke to his companion.

"What do you think of that, Bull? Me preachin'! That's a good one, ain't it?" Bull closed his eyes and ruminated dreamily; then licked his heavy chops with an appearance of great relish.

"You mean the livin' would be good, you old sinner?" Jed cried. "Well, mebbe it would. But I've knowed preachers that was n't much overfed, by their looks. No, Bull; you'll have to talk harder sense than that." But Bull shook his stumpy tail and signified that he had no further arguments to offer. So Jed lay flat upon his back and listened to what the birds overhead had to say about it. He was on friendly terms with them, as with every living thing that knew how to value him. Noisy jays and quarrelsome woodpeckers were striving boisterously and boastfully in the elm's branches.

"You fellers seem to need preachin' bad enough; do n't they, Bull?" he said presently; "but I ain't fit to preach to jay-birds an' red-heads, let alone humans." He lay for a long time, his mind drifting idly and uncontrolled, only to come back to this at last:

"Shucks! Mammy wants me to. 'T won't do no great harm to try, will it, Bull?" He got to his feet and went toward home, by way of the Rev. Mr. White's. Him Jed found in a worn dressing-gown and red slippers, caring for a wailing baby. He was a diffident little man, filled with a strong desire to give no offense to any one.

"Your mother was speaking to me of your—of your wishes about your calling," he said, when he had taken Jed into his dingy little parlor. "Your aspirations do you great credit, and—" The

baby's cries swelled ominously, and the reverend gentleman began pacing the floor with his struggling burden. "Hu-u-sh, hu-u-sh," he said; then, "Mattie, come and take your little sister a moment, while I talk to the gentleman."

"Let me take the kid," Jed said; "I can mostly quiet 'em." He took the child in his arms tenderly, laying his red cheek against the pale little one, and walked the floor until the cries fell away to slow sobs and quiet sleep.

"That was kindly done," Mr. White said, deeply grateful; "now let me relieve you of her."

"No; let me tote her a while. I like 'em," Jed whispered. "I'll be careful of her, an' you go on talkin'."

"I was saying that your mother had explained your desire to me," the little man began, but Jed interrupted him.

"'Tain't my desire, it's her'n," he said. "It's mammy that's stuck on me preachin'. I wouldn't hav' had nothin' to do with it but for her."

"Yes," Mr. White echoed; "it was your mother's wish, and that—that does you the more credit. She is a good woman, your mother. I told her that I would gladly aid you as might—as might lie in my power."

"So she was tellin' me," Jed said softly, not to disturb his charge; "an' I thought I'd give it a try, anyhow. I thought I'd come to you to see how I'd have to begin. I reckon it'll be hard work, won't it?"

"Yes," the minister answered; "you would better make up your mind to that beforehand, then you will not be disappointed. I will give you some books for your reading from my shelves, and do what I can."

"How will they do?" Jed questioned; "will I be examined like in school?"

"That's it," Mr. White nodded. "When you are ready we will make application, and there will be a committee appointed to come down and examine into your qualifications and fitness."

"Qualifications and fitness," Jed repeated, with a quiet smile of enjoyment; "that sounds pretty good. I don't reckon they'll find much. But you give me the books an' I'll give her a try, anyhow, just to please mammy."

Mr. White went to his bookshelves and examined the dingy volumes with a puzzled expression, biting his lips and cracking the joints of his thin fingers.

"I suppose you have some familiarity with the bible itself?" he queried.

"Oh, sure," Jed answered; "I know the New Testament part mostly by heart, with mammy's readin' an' mine. I've got a good remembrance, if that's any help."

"You will find it a great help," the other said; "you will find much depending upon a good memory."

He took from his shelves a small black volume, blowing an accumulation of dust from its top.

"You can take this," he said; "and here is a commentary to aid you in your further reading of the Bible. You would better begin with this book, perhaps, reading it as carefully as you can. And if—and if you have an English grammar available, and a good rhetoric—"

"What's rhetoric?" Jed interrupted. The minister explained.

"Oh!" Jed said; "I reckon I can find one in Phil's books. Phil was great on that."

Relieved of the baby, he took up the volume tendered him. It was *The Problem of Religious Progress*. He found, with great satisfaction, that it would just fit into his coat pocket.

"I'll just pack that with me," he thought, "an', when I'm workin' I'll likely get a chance to look at it once in a while."

"I'm much obliged," he said aloud; "I'm goin' to give her a try, sure," and the little minister's thin hand ached under the genial pressure bestowed upon it.

It was late at night, when his work about home was done, that he found time, in the quiet of his bedroom, for his first glance within the charmed black covers of his books. He felt that he was walking on holy ground, treading paths which were to lead to life and light, and, most of all, to his mother's happiness. He looked here and there through the yellowing pages, his hand trembling, his heart beating fast. His dog was unused to this, and came snuffing for attention.

"Look out, Bull," Jed said; "you let me alone a minute, ole feller, till I get the hang of this a little." A vague uneasiness came upon him as he turned the fluttering leaves. It was half an hour before he spoke; then,

"Say, Bull, this is great!" he cried. "Listen here. Do you ketch on to this?" and he read aloud slowly:

"The Kantian philosophy, rising little later than German Rationalism, exerted an important and relatively ennobling influence upon rationalistic theology, and upon other currents of modern thought." Jerusalem, Bull! How's that?" The dog heaved a long sigh.

"Makes ye tired, does it?" Jed questioned. "Well, then, here's another: 'While the fundamental elements of Christianity have been so fully attested and vindicated by the best modern thought, and even by candid modern skepticism, on the other hand, radical unbelief has demonstrated its poverty and powerlessness for good.' Lordy! do n't that give you a belly-ache?" Bull did his best to signify assent.

Another hour went swiftly by, bringing him a throbbing headache. The deep-voiced old clock down stairs warned him of half-past eleven.

When he lay in bed, staring up into the darkness, he brought his scattered wits together.

"I reckon that ain't the way to begin, skippin' round like I done," he thought; "of course it ain't. I'll just have to go at it head first, an' get it. I can do that, I reckon, if I can't sense it all just yet."

The next day he must cut wood, two miles from home. His book was in the pocket of his coat, but he found no time for it through the long morning. At mid-day he ate his dinner hurriedly, then started to find a quiet spot where he might begin his labor of conquest. He had not gotten his book clear of his pocket, when a shaggy dog came up to him, holding one forefoot helplessly in air, whining.

"Hello, Sport, old boy," Jed saluted him, for they had acquaintance with one another. "What's the matter with your foot?" The beast held it higher toward him, and he took it tenderly in his hands. "Why, it's broke, Sport," he said, when he had examined it carefully; "we'll have to fix it, sure, if you'll hold still." He found some rude splints, and tore bandages from his handkerchief. When the operation was over, he sighed, for the woodchoppers were beginning their afternoon's work.

At night, as he drew near home, a bit of a boy hailed him excitedly.

"Say, Jed! Jed! Come along of me! Quick! There's a rabbit down here, in a ole log. Golly, he's a whopper! Bull's got him run in tight, an' he's just a-waitin' for us."

Jed's heart rose within him. "Come on, son!" he cried, "an' we'll snake him out in a jiffy, an' you can take him home an' keep him. Where is he? You go ahead." As he started to run, the book in his pocket bumped heavily against his side and brought him to a standstill.

"Hold on, youngster," he cried, "I forgot. I can't go. I've got to go home. I've got some work to do." He turned back into the road, leaving the boy in wonder. He laughed, as he muttered aloud:

"A pretty sight a minister of the gospel would make, snakin' a rabbit out of a holler log, with a kid an' a three-legged bull-dog dancin' around." Then presently he added: "'T won't do, Jed; you've got more things to learn than out of books, if you're goin' to make things go." While he sat at supper, Bull came home, swinging the dead rabbit in his stout-jaws.

"Oh, say, Bull; you ought n't to 've done that," Jed remonstrated. "Did n't you know no better 'n that, after all I've told ye? You would n't 've done it, neither, if I'd been along. What's the use, killin' things?" He had to take the little creature in his arms, stroking its disturbed coat back to softness, and then give it decent burial. All this took time. It was late when he could shut himself in his room with his new work. When that time came, he began doggedly at the first words of

his book, proceeded slowly, not assimilating, but engulfing. When his head nodded with sleep, he had a parrot's control of five dull pages.

There were other days like unto this. He went about his work, whatever it chanced to be, his brave heart beating time to the flow of heavy words which he recited over and over again, that they might not escape him between his hours of reading. And when his hours of work were done, his time was not always his own. A sick child in the neighborhood would cry for Jed to come and play, and then he must needs make long trips over the fields and through the depths of the woods, seeking out the fairest of summer flowers or the sweetest of ripening berries to lighten the child's burden of endurance. And he hardly remembered such an uninterrupted succession of accidents happening to his wards among the beasts. But by and by he took "The Problem of Religious Progress" back to its owner, stepping proudly.

"I've got that feller, sure," he said to Mr. White; "he can never get away from me, unless my remembrance fools me. Can you give me something else?"

The little man's face showed deep relief.

"Do you think you know it?" he asked. He thought, "Perhaps he is not the fool he looks." He had not wished to inflict the pain of discouragement, thinking that Jed would abandon his undertaking when he realized its difficulties.

"Sure!" Jed insisted. "Want to hear me say it?"

"No, no," Mr. White hastened to say. "Here are other works I have selected for you. And don't neglect the grammar."

There were two long years of this, years through whose dreary length Jed never wavered, though they brought the first anxious furrows to his forehead and the first lack of color to his cheeks. Oh, no; he never wavered; it was for his mother.

Not that he kept his old placid content. He could realize dully that he had no understanding of what was passing into the great dim cavern of his memory, and he had a vague idea that this should be otherwise.

"Say," he queried once of Mr. White; "will they—those committee fellers—will they examine me about the bible, too?"

"Surely," his director answered; "and they will want to know as much as possible of your convictions."

"Convictions?" Jed repeated; "I ain't never been convicted."

Mr. White flushed. "Your doctrinal convictions; your—your understanding of the doctrinal relations of the bible's teachings. They will want to be well satisfied upon that point."

Jed was silent for a few moments, with the dancing lights in his eyes overclouded.

"I mean," he said slowly—"I mean about what the bible says. You see, I can understand

that, 'specially the New Testament part, like when it says, 'Blessed are the pure in heart,' or something like that. Why, anybody can sense that—even me. It even seems sometimes, when I'm layin' on my back in the woods, like I could pretty near say them kind of things myself. But I'll be dogged if I can ketch on to what these fellers say in the books."

As his reading went on, his perplexity increased.

"Look here," he asked again, "how do you reckon them old fellers—Paul, an' Peter, an' Him—Christ. I mean—how do you reckon they preached before these books was wrote? That's what I do n't see."

"They were—they were led of God," Mr. White answered, as briefly as he could. He had gradually come to feel that he was not altogether at ease under the boy's questions.

"Of course," Jed assented; "I might have known that." Then he added, irrepressibly, "If a feller now could be led that way, he'd be right in it, would n't he?"

Then the fateful application for a committee was made. Mr. White was appointed, with two strippling pastors from neighboring towns. They were to meet Jed in the parlor of the village church.

He dressed himself in his poor best. His mother had to button his collar: his hand trembled so. And hers behaved hardly better. She laid her thin hands on his shoulders, looking down into his face, for she was taller than he. Jed hardly knew the look in her eyes: he had not seen it since Phil died. Her old eyes had always held kindness and warm affection for her younger son: now they gleamed with a fond pride.

"You 'll do the best you can, won't you, Jeddy, for mammy's sake?" she whispered. There was something the matter with Jed's speech; he could only grip her hand hard before he marched resolutely down the gravelled pathway toward the gate.

The visiting clergymen smiled perplexedly when they were introduced to their candidate. The three ministers talked among themselves, leaving Jed to his hopes and fears for a few minutes. Then the Reverend Mr. Lathrop, from Whitesville, just up the river, squared his shoulders and voice.

"Perhaps we would do well," he said, "to discover first what has been the character and direction of your preparatory studies. What general acquaintance have you, my boy, with the writers on homiletics?" He was perhaps two years Jed's senior.

"Homy—" Jed said; then his voice clogged in his throat.

"Homiletics," Mr. Lathrop repeated, and fixed his confident eyes on Jed's paling face.

Jed's lips were hot and dry, his brain a confused whirl, and his heart throbbled so wildly that he could feel its jarring movement through his whole body.

"Shucks!" he gasped at last, "I dunno what you mean."

The pause was awkward. Then the other member of the committee said smoothly:

"Take your time. There is no hurry. We can get at this slowly. Rational theology, now. We can save time by finding what you have been reading, so we may know how to examine you. What have you read upon rational theology?"

Jed's groping brain caught at the words.

"The Kantian philosophy, rising little later than German Rationalism, exerted an important and relatively ennobling influence upon rationalistic theology, and upon other currents of modern thought," he quoted from a division heading of his first book.

Never mind all that followed. The visitors thought it a comedy. Mr. White, knowing of what had gone before, knew it to be tragic. When it was over, the committee held a brief consultation.

"That's a quaint specimen you have there, Brother White," Mr. Lathrop laughed; "where did you pick him up?"

Mr. White blushed scarlet. He had not thought of the ridiculous figure he would cut, fostering Jed's aspirations before his cultured brethren.

"He—his convictions appear to be sincere," he apologized.

"Of course he is quite—what would you say—impossible," Mr. Lathrop said, glancing at the third member, who nodded assent. "You would better break it to him, knowing him as you do. Tell him that we recommend another year's careful reading."

"How can I go home to mammy?" was Jed's dim thought. He sought the depths of the woods, whose cool healing he knew so well. He could find no peace until he had seen his mother.

She held the door open as he came up the pathway. A glance at his haggard face told her the dreaded worst.

"Jeddy—you—" she began. Then she kept her peace, holding his head upon her breast.

"They said another year," he said presently. "I do n't care for myself; not a bit, but it's a long time for you, ain't it, mammy, a year?" Then his firm jaws grew fixed, and the blow of his fist upon the table made the house tremble, "But I'll do it. By God! I'll do it!"

Then in another year he failed again. He was so hopelessly dull and slow of understanding.

His mother had grown thinner and paler through the slow passage of time. She had never been strong since Phil's death. Soon after that she died, speaking much of Phil as the end drew near.

When a week was gone, giving him time to think, Jed sat one night beside the new grave, with Bull's thick head under his caressing hand.

"It's just us now, Bull," he said. The current of his thoughts was in the old channel. After a while

he said: "Why don't you try preachin', Bull? You could do it quicker'n me, an' we'd have a preacher in the family, anyhow!" He sat for a long time, picking bits of earth from the heaped grave and shooting them into the air with his thumb. He was thinking as deeply as he knew.

"I'm goin' to give her another try, Bull," he announced. "I ain't got no monument to put up for her, an' I reckon if she could see me preachin', after all, that'd be pretty near like a monument; would'n't it; eh?" So he went back and began again.

Late in the fall there was a scourge of diphtheria among the children; such a trial as the village had never known. Jed laid aside his books. He could nurse a sick child, at least. But that is so different from preaching.

The work grew more than the volunteer nurses of the village could do, and one day Jed rode to Whitesville to see Mr. Lathrop.

"Ah! my ambitious young friend from down the river," Mr. Lathrop greeted him at his door; "what can I do for you? Come in."

"We want help down below," Jed said; "there's diphtheria terrible bad. I been nursin' —"

"Wait! wait!" the minister cried; "you ought not to come into the house in this careless way. Stand outside on the porch. You are endangering other lives." So Jed stood outside.

"I did n't know anybody nearer than you," he said, "an' I reckoned you'd come, knowin' you was a minister. I've got a horse ready to take you back."

"But, my dear boy," Mr. Lathrop said, with pale lips, "I can't go with you. I have children of my own here. My first duty is to them." There was more of such argument. Then Jed rode over to Julesburg, where his other acquaintance had his charge. Him Jed found deeply regretful at having to attend a conference of his church. So Jed went home.

He went about his work with all the energy which his love for the little sufferers could arouse in his great heart. Some he helped back to life: others he held against his breast while death settled upon them. Then one day he said to Mr. White, who stood at his side:

"Here; you give this medicine. My—things is goin' round so, I can't see."

In four days more Bull dug madly with his old paws at another mound under the elms in the graveyard, howling dismally, wondering what ailed Jed.

WILLIAM R. LIGHTON.



REVIEWS

A SEALED BOTTLE OF RIPE WINE

ENGLISH LANDS, LETTERS AND KINGS. THE LATER
GEORGES TO VICTORIA.—By Donald G. Mitchell.
12mo. Charles Scribner's Sons. \$1.50.

MR. MITCHELL'S last volume, the fourth of its series of English Lands and Letters, is a first-hand book, racy of the soil and the library—in manner neither conventionally literary nor obsequiously journalistic. One feels that to its author the tomes of the past are merely the expression of life—personality. He browses among them at will, and in proportion as he has ceased to study systematically, is able, apparently, as Symonds said of himself, to think and feel originally. Yet he does not welter in a dreary dream-jumble. His impressions and opinions are clean-cut and incisive. He realizes that the world wants the outside as well as the inside of things. He revels in color and metaphor—the more homely and intelligible the better. Keats's *Endymion*, he says, is "a gushing, wavy, wandering poem, . . . with some bony under-structure of Greek fable—loose and vague—and serving only as the caulking-pins to hold together the rich, sensuous sway, and the temper and roll of his language." After quoting from one of Macaulay's *Lays*, he remarks:

This does not sound like those verses of Shelley, which we lately encountered. Those went through the empyrean of song like Aurora's chariot of the morning, with cherubs, and garlands, and flashing torches. This, in the comparison, is like some well-appointed dump-cart, with sleek, well-groomed Percheron horses—up to their work, and accomplishing what they are set to do absolutely well.

Compared with Byron, Moore seems to him "only a little important-looking, kindly pug—nicely combed, with ribbons about the neck—in an embroidered blanket, with jingling bells at its corners." Hazlitt—his Bohemian hack-writing—the seething of his prejudices—here receives a distinctly fresh touch. Of De Quincey he says, rather infelicitously, that he "utilized even his vices" in the *Confessions*. He is not so sure as is Mr. Maurice Thompson that De Quincey will "live," though he believes that a century or two more will pass before people of discernment will cease to read and to enjoy Scott. That the latter worked from the outside—in, he reluctantly admits, adding, charitably rather than irrelevantly:

He lived in times when men fell straightforwardly in love, without counting the palpitations of the heart; and when heroes struck honest blows without reckoning in advance upon the probable contractile power of their biceps muscles.

Mr. Mitchell alludes to "that seamy, shining, wonderful residue of dirty stories, and of brilliant phosphorescence, which we call *Don Juan*," and

elsewhere speaks of Byron as defying "priests and traditions, and order, and law, and decency." If there be harshness, it is only here. One gains from every page the impression that books are as real to him as life itself. Indeed, the boundaries of fiction and fact fade away. Beau Power, Lady Blessington's father, was "an Irish country gentleman of the Lucius O'Trigger sort"; and Dandie Dinmont with his pow-wow of Pepper and Mustard, and "patient, prudent, excellent Jeanie Deans," leave no doubt as to the author's appropriation of them. With him criticism is far from "something not ourselves making for paradox." It was Dr. Goldwin Smith who called Scott's marriage one of "intellectual disparagement,"—which means, Mr. Mitchell supposes, that "Mrs. Scott was not learned and bookish . . . —but honest, true-hearted, and domestic." Uncommon sense predominates. There is nothing to forgive, within the province of *res judicata*, beyond the mention of "poor Charles Lamb." Has there not been enough cant about "poor Charles Lamb," Mr. Mitchell, that you should join in transmitting it? Charles Lamb was about as "poor" as Don Quixote, who said to his squire, on leaving the court of the duchess: "Freedom, my friend Sancho, is one of the most precious possessions of man, and happy is he to whom Heaven has given a bit of bread, and who need not be indebted to any one."

Call it biography, criticism, talk, or what you will, the charm of such a book lies in the author's being handicapped by no theory. It is not butterflies, nor birds' eggs, nor four-leaf clovers he sets his heart on in advance, though we know that he will be likely to have a good collection of all of these before he returns. He does not specialize his walk, nor dictate terms to Providence as to the game he shall bag. He goes out with his quick Connecticut eyes to see what there is. If he were on a still hunt for ethics here, and psychology or humor there, or in the frame of mind to blackball an author for using a cleft infinitive, he would be liable to disappointment, and thus defeat his main object, which is enjoyment. To this end he nestles up close to what authors and localities he chooses, intending to get all the solid, human comfort out of each he can. Perhaps this is why he does not allot the conventional amount of space to every famous writer or historical personage. One may write volumes about an author—even be regarded as an authority upon him—and have missed *him*, the real man, altogether; whereas many a paragraph in a newspaper or magazine, unsigned or untrumpeted, rings true—reveals a kindred and understanding spirit. Such are Mr. Mitchell's observations—delivered off-hand, but often embodying the genial reflections of years.

How far the repose and good cheer of Mr. Mitchell's later books have proceeded from his life-long residence in New England it would be difficult to say. One cannot imagine him writing from any

other place than "Edgewood." Was it Mr. Howells who last dilated on the obliteration of a sense of neighborhood in big cities? Somehow, East and West Rock, the arbutus—and chestnuts and *nutmegs*, we were about to say—of New Haven County get into Mr. Mitchell's inkstand. He has the sunshine and blue sky, the "breeze upon his face," and "turf beneath his feet," of Longfellow's recipe. Mr. Harte in Glasgow, Mark Twain in Hartford, and Mr. Kipling in Vermont—what incongruities! One might as easily picture Henry Fielding in Boston, or Walter Pater in Chicago. But Mr. Mitchell belongs within a ten-mile radius of Yale as truly as Gray belonged in Cambridge or Charles Lamb in London. He is the lucky cosmopolitan who has settled down in the place endeared to him by associations. Europe got into him early enough to fructify in his heart and mind. He kept close to nature, read widely and meditatively, lived genuinely, with no secret shred of time-serving or hypocrisy, and retaining his early sentiment and faith, grew year by year in grasp of reality, in breadth of view, and in sense of humor. With such a constitution and with such by-laws, he can now cope with the tornado of modern life, as the Old Buccaneer said, "happy as a sealed bottle of ripe wine."

"NONE NAME THEE BUT TO PRAISE."

MEN I HAVE KNOWN.—By the Very Reverend Frederick W. Farrar, D.D. 8vo. T. Y. Crowell & Co. \$1.75.

A GREAT many distinguished gentlemen number the Dean of Canterbury among their most cherished friends, and are permitted to disclose the esteem in which they hold him in these rather artless pages. There are also a few distinguished gentlemen who have, with little reason, denied themselves the pleasure of the Dean's acquaintance, though this does not by any means deter him from including their names in the roll of honor which goes to form his table of contents. Thus in the chapter named *A Group of Eminent Americans* the name of Ralph Waldo Emerson leads all the rest. Turning to the page designated one reads: "Ralph Waldo Emerson I never saw. He is known to me solely by his brilliant essays, his poetry, the interesting records of his intercourse with Carlyle, and the careful appreciation of his genius by Mr. Matthew Arnold." Yet, great as must have been the loss of Emerson, he can rest quite as contentedly as that other American of distinction "whom I visited," Dr. Farrar's account runs, "and who died soon after."

Despite the success which crowned Dean Farrar's visit to this country,—and, as he reminds us, there would have been no Browning Society in Boston

but for him,—his pages show him to be vastly better pleased at home. Some of his experiences will make the reason for this quite apparent. "It will always be a pleasant recollection that as I left Lord Beaconsfield he rose, took me by the arm, walked with me across the great reception-room and . . . said very genially, 'Dr. Farrar, I have always felt a sincere regard for you.' They were the last words I heard him speak." Nor is this an isolated instance. When Dean Stanley heard of Dr. Farrar's appointment to a canonry at Westminster he wrote straightway: "My dear Farrar,—I shall indeed be delighted to welcome so great an accession to our Abbey staff." In this case the Dean's delighted friend lived to say many other pleasant things; which are duly repeated. Charles Darwin, here described as "the most epoch-making man of science in our age," Dean Farrar knew chiefly by letter. "I had sent him my *Origin of Languages*," he observes, "in which he had been greatly interested." One soon comes to feel that there are few men of real note, time not forbidding, who have not been eager to lay their tribute of praise at his feet. As a necessary result there is considerable monotony in the narrative, some of it being quite as flat as a Chinese landscape, for all the I's are very tall.

Yet Dean Farrar undoubtedly knows his audience and is right when he publishes his own portrait twice, and observes "Every man or woman takes an interest in even seeing men of unquestioned greatness"; and he rightly asks us to recall in this connection "how deep was the interest with which Robert Browning looked on a man who had talked with Shelley." These considerations should make him, in spite of all his little fondnesses for praise, not such bad reading, especially if we adopt his suggestion "in order to get rid," as he phrases it, "*in limine*, of the notion there is anything necessarily vulgar or trivial in such a refined and modified Boswellism as may seem to be involved in slight reminiscences."

The book abounds in illustrative anecdotes of the autobiographer and all that is his, going back as far as "my celebrated ancestor, the Marian martyr—Farrar, Bishop of St. David's, who was burnt alive at Caermarthen in 1555." Many of these have been extensively copied since their first publication and are doubtless familiar to most readers. In collected form, however, they cannot fail to leave a better impression of their compiler's many virtues, though the humor of the book is not as well-managed as the rest of it. One reads of Dr. Short, Bishop of Sodor and Man, who so delighted in the oral questioning of children in the national schools that on one occasion he asked them "What they supposed his besetting sin to be?" With one acclaim they shouted "Drunkenness!" but he explained that they were wrong: it was "Pride." A companion piece to this is Dean Farrar's *naïve* admis-

sion, "I was very diffident about myself—as a boy at King's College." But best of all is this—with which to close:

"I remember once being told by a friend that he happened to visit Carlyle just after a brilliant man of genius had left him, whom my friend had met on his way to Carlyle's door.

"'Ah,' said the visitor, 'I have just been visiting poor Carlyle. He is a mere wreck! a mere wreck!'

"'So you have just had Mr. — with you,' said my friend to Carlyle.

"'Yes,' was the answer of the 'mere wreck,' and he thinks God Almighty never made such another!'

Mr. — did not know Dean Farrar.

INVERTED DEMAGOGISM

THIS COUNTRY OF OURS.—By Benjamin Harrison. 12mo. Charles Scribner's Sons. \$1.50.

IN permitting Mr. Harrison to write and a grateful country to read these undisturbing essays on "the machinery of our National government in motion," *The Ladies' Home Journal* has gone far toward solving a question as vexed if not as old as the Bermoothes. Genius is needed to find for an ex-president a compatible employment in which ease waits on dignity, and, let us hope, affluence on both. Mere gratitude, therefore, compels a search for the aroma which should linger about essays so conceived and published—and it is not far to seek. The *Introduction* itself contains this: "If a boy were asked to give his reasons for loving his mother, he would be likely to say, with the sweetest disregard of logic and catalogues, 'Well, I just love her.' And," the eminent essayist proceeds to argue, equally regardless of logic and catalogues (why catalogues?), "we must not be too hard on the young citizen who 'just loves' his country, however instructed he may be." Having thus sought to restrain the ferocity of his countrymen toward their young, even while paying tribute to the literary manner of the periodical in which his essays were born, Mr. Harrison goes on to instruct us all in the reasons for loving our native land.

Regarding the question of a tariff, prohibitive of imports and revenue or otherwise, he maintains a masterly silence. But pensions, just such pensions as this country is giving and no other, excite his hearty admiration. The present power of the Speaker of the House of Representatives is another of our institutions which brings forth the meed of praise, though not to the extent to which everything connected with the federal judiciary as it is at present constituted excites delight. The government and its judges, it seems, like the king in Blackstone's *Commentaries*, can do no wrong. The people, however, may be blameworthy. "A greater

reverence for law is a sore need in this land of ours," is an important statement coming from a man who has not only made law his life study and the enforcement of law his official duty, but has himself added to our stock of legislation. But why does he, except through inadvertence, confound cause and effect to make so grave a reflection upon our lawmakers?

There are men in this country, devotees of the "American" idea, and fully convinced of greatness of the nation's future, who do not believe that patriotism necessarily leads us into the blind acceptance of this government in all its existing details as the one best calculated to ensure for its people "life, liberty, and the pursuit of happiness." Even though these men are students of comparative legislation, who suffer pain when our legislative bodies perpetuate crass errors where they might be following examples not less obvious than good, they find neither place nor sympathy in Mr. Harrison's optimistic scheme. It is idle to search for adverse criticism, intelligent or otherwise, of the government of these United States in *This Country of Ours*. Far from suggesting remedies for existing abuses, there is no suggestion that abuses exist. Great are our rulers, and Benjamin Harrison is—or was—their prophet; this is the tenor, placid and serene, of every chapter in the book with one exception. Here the ghosts of personal disquietude will not come.

When Mr. Harrison comes to speak of *The President* his eloquence rises quite to the point of peevishness. "For the first three weeks of an administration the President shakes hands with from forty to fifty thousand persons. The physical drain of this is very great." "It is a rare piece of good fortune during the early months of an administration if the President gets one wholly uninterrupted hour at his desk each day." "There is not a square foot of ground, not a bush nor a shade-tree, that the President or his family can use in privacy." Ill-mannered, inconsiderate folk, these Americans, and Mr. Harrison quotes Dickens to prove it! But in respect of their government, he neither praises times gone by nor prophesies good times to come, but stands immutably upon matters as they are to be found now, to-day. There will be some students of affairs who will hold that this attitude of complacency does not accord well with Mr. Harrison's wide experience; that to be a mere sayer of smooth things at this hour is not to be patriotic, is not to be statesmanlike, is not even to be glowing with the health of manly partisanship, but is another attempt to substitute sickly infatuation over "Old Glory" for honest efforts to keep the flag unspotted from its subtlest and most determined enemies. To such critics *This Country of Ours* will be no less mischievous and far more wheedling than demagogism open and avouched—it is itself, in a phrase, inverted demagogism. And in any light the only lessons this highly favored American seems to have for his

fellow-citizens are these: You might, by a little thoughtfulness, have made my official life much happier; and, To be perfectly satisfied with everything as it is, it is only necessary to be as much like me as possible. Yet few are called to write for *The Ladies' Home Journal*.

TWO WOMEN OF THE LAST CENTURY

MARTHA WASHINGTON.—By Anne Hollingsworth Wharton. 16mo.

CATHERINE SCHUYLER.—By Mary Gay Humphreys. 16mo. Charles Scribner's Sons. \$1.25 each.

IN the new volumes of Scribner's prettily bound series, *Women of Colonial and Revolutionary Times*, Anne Hollingsworth Wharton and Mary Gay Humphreys, respectively and elaborately, have set before us the lives of Martha Washington and Catherine Schuyler. There seems every reason why Miss Wharton's book should have been written, but poor Mrs. Schuyler should have been left unmolested among the happy shadows, or else a less conscientious biographer than Miss Humphreys should have been chosen to picture the homely life of the good, little Dutch housewife.

Miss Humphreys asserts truthfully—her painstaking honesty is everywhere apparent—that the details of Mrs. Schuyler's life have been discovered with difficulty. Miss Humphreys has labored with extreme energy;—we know that Mrs. Schuyler, as Kitty Van Rensselaer, sat in pew 35 of the tiny, quaint church in Albany—Miss Humphreys does not tell us it is quaint, but the imagination eagerly surmises it—we are further told that Mrs. Schuyler paid four pence for her beef and six pence for her fowls. We can picture pretty Catherine S. trudging home from market, the necks of those six-penny fowls dangling disconsolately over the edge of her basket. Such examples show the minute industry with which Miss Humphreys has collected her facts. Our quarrel is only with the manner in which she has used them, and the comparative unimportance of the figure which serves her as an excuse for such elaboration about old Albany. Only after chapters of minute description of everybody in Albany and New York, on page 154, with a suddenness that is shocking, Catherine Schuyler bursts upon our view. It must be unintentional—Miss Humphreys turned her back for a moment. We will give her the benefit of the doubt; momentarily she forgot herself, and poor, handsome, little Catherine insisted on jumping out of the box and being heard.

From this point the book shows some improvement. Mrs. Schuyler brings up a family, wayward and entertaining—just retribution for such a mother. There is handsome Margaret, who dashed through the flames and the whistling tomahawks to save her sister's baby-girl; and haughty Cornelia, who slid

down a rope to meet the penniless young New York lawyer beneath her window, and drove off in the true coach-and-four style, with dusty postillions and the irate father spurring behind.

But all this is not Catherine Schuyler. She acted like a heroine on the one-hundred and fifty-fourth page, but Miss Humphreys clapped her back in the box, where she lived a retired, if happy, life for the remainder of her days, dying quietly and respectably all in due time. Perhaps it is not quite all the fault of Miss Humphreys. It would be hard for the cleverest biographer to idealize good, sensible, uninteresting Catherine Schuyler. It is true she lived in a stirring period, but her character did not influence the times, and Miss Humphreys has not had the ingenuity, perhaps the daring, for she hedges herself behind mountains of facts, to create instead of to portray.

It is a pleasure to turn from Catherine Schuyler to Miss Wharton's real biography—Martha Washington. Miss Wharton may be more fortunate in her choice of subject, but we imagine that it is the adept hand of the biographer, her wise selection of scenes, her tasteful use of facts, that goes far toward giving the vivid and graceful picture of little Martha Dandridge, afterwards Custis, afterward Washington. Miss Wharton has chosen many charming bits of contemporary description and criticism to aid her in drawing Mrs. Washington. Yet, even where facts have failed, she touches with a convincing hand the tiny, embarrassed figure of Mistress Martha on the night of her first ball at the Court in Williamsburg. Miss Wharton, first and foremost, has the happy art of picturing people and things with extreme vividness. Where Miss Humphreys was seriously uninteresting, Miss Wharton is humorously amusing. She chooses just those traits of character which entertain, as well as teach. She avoids tedious details, and, above all, never fails to keep her principal figure well in the foreground.

Martha Washington fortunately left occasional letters which go far toward bringing her personality before the reader's eyes. Would that Catherine Schuyler had forsaken her knitting long enough to do the same! In her preface, Miss Wharton apologizes for the fact that the character of Washington himself, necessarily and often, must overshadow the kindly qualities of his wife. It might seem impossible to obviate this, but Miss Wharton has massed her characters so skillfully that it is always the wife who holds the centre of the book's stage. The other figures, great and small, serve only as a shifting background, a charming scene.

A NEW CONCORDANCE

A CONCORDANCE OF THE GREEK TESTAMENT ACCORDING TO THE TEXTS OF WESTCOTT AND HORT, TISDIENDORF AND THE ENGLISH REVISION.—*Edited by W. F. Moulton, M. A., and Rev. N. S. Geden, M. A. Edinburgh: T. & T. Clark. New York: Chas. Scribner's Sons. 4to. \$7.00.*

FOR sheer laboriousness and tediousness few tasks can exceed that of the construction of a complete concordance of any book or author, especially if the work be in a foreign language. But few works are more necessary than a concordance for exact study of any literature, or more useless for any study which is not minute and exact. The publication of the book before us is, therefore, an evidence alike of the thoroughness with which biblical study is pursued to-day, and of the zeal of those who are seeking to promote such study. Indeed, the very idea of a concordance is one which apparently sprang out of the study of the Bible. Probably the first concordance of any considerable scope ever compiled was one of the Latin Bible, which five hundred Dominican monks prepared under the direction of Hugo de S. Caro in the year 1245, and which, after several enlargements and revisions, was published in 1470. The first concordance of the English Bible was published about 1540. To-day we have not only concordances of the Bible in we know not how many languages, but concordances of the ancient classical writers, Homer, Herodotus, Thucydides, Xenophon, Plato, Cicero, Cæsar, etc., and of the moderns as well, Milton, Shakespeare, and Tennyson. Indeed, it is recognized now that lexicography and interpretation can build with safety only upon the exhaustive induction for which a concordance furnishes the data.

The first concordance of the Greek Testament of which we have definite knowledge—certainly the first that was published, is that of Sixtus Birken, prepared at the expense of eight years of labor, and published in 1546. The famous printer, Henry Stephens, published another in 1594. Erasmus Schmid issued one in 1638. In 1842 appeared the first edition of the book which, until the present year, has been recognized as the standard work, that of Karl Hermann Bruder. But New Testament scholars have long felt the need of a better book. The plan of Bruder was admirable, and its execution almost all that could have been expected in 1842. Then the *textus receptus* of the New Testament was in part the standard text, and it was only natural that Bruder's concordance should have been based upon it. But the labor of Tisdiendorf, Tregelles, Westcott and Hort, and others, together with the publication of the revised version of 1881, itself based on a revised text, have greatly changed the situation and created an urgent demand for a concordance which should show the occurrences of



the Greek words in the texts now known to be far more correct than the old *textus receptus*. Bruder's successive editions attempted to meet this demand, but have, in fact, done so very imperfectly and unsatisfactorily. There was ample room, therefore, for a new Concordance of the Greek Testament, and Professors Moulton and Geden undertook a necessary work. They have adopted the Greek text of Westcott and Hort, as the standard, comparing with it, however, the text of Tisdiendorf's eighth edition and the English Revision, and exhibiting all the readings of these texts, including those the margin, which affect the form or construction of the index word. All words are indexed except *xaí* and *δέ*, and the passages themselves are, as a rule, not merely cited by chapter and verse figures, but printed with sufficient fullness to show the sense. The exceptions to this latter rule are: (1) The most commonly recurring particles; (2) the article (in part); and (3) prepositions governing but one case. It could have been wished that these exceptions had been fewer. So far as can be judged without such an examination as would involve almost the same labor as the original preparation of the book, the work has been accurately done. The little expedients for increasing the usefulness of the book, such as the printing in Hebrew of passages which, as they appear in the New Testament, are quotations from the Old Testament, the classification of meanings and constructions by means of index figures, are excellent. All who are interested in the exact and thorough exegetical study of the New Testament, owe the compilers of this book hearty thanks for giving them this long-desired and exceedingly useful tool for their work. By the way, in view of Dr. Moulton's generous statement in the preface that the bulk of the work was done by Mr. Geden, ought it not to be known as Geden's Concordance?

ECHOES FROM THE BRONTEON

THE BRONTES: FACT AND FICTION.—By Angus M. MacKay, B. A. 12mo. Dodd, Mead & Co.

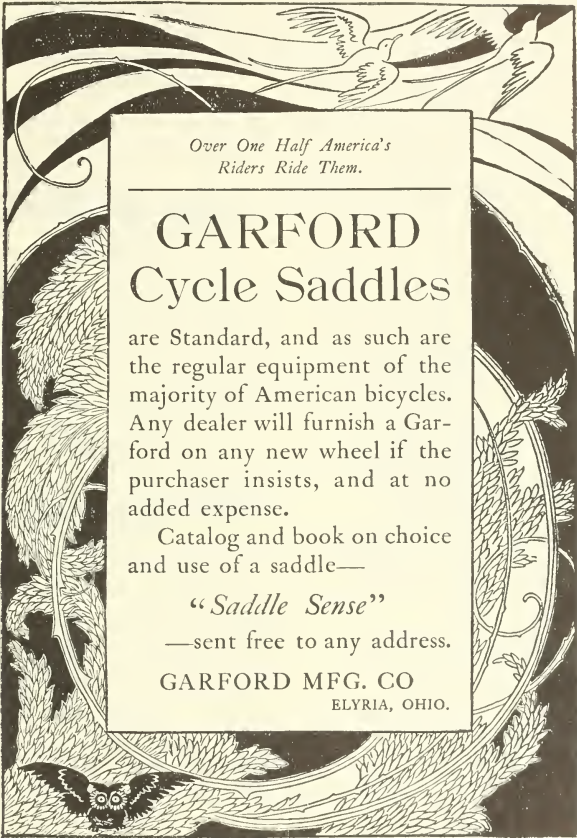
VERY fit, without a doubt, but as certainly very few will always be the initiates of the Emily Brontë cult. Many will still read *Wuthering Heights* with interest, even with admiration, but very small will always be the number of those who are rapt away by the fascination of the author into ecstatic contemplation of the inscrutable mystery of the lonely soul which could flash out into so wonderful an expression of absolute passion and poignant sincerity. Still, it is a worthy cult, as cults go, and does not bother the profane very much, so that there must have been many outsiders who felt a thrill of sympathetic indignation a year or so ago at

the well-meant but perverse attempt of Dr. William Wright to explain away the sphinx-like genius by the simple means of family tradition. The originals of *Wuthering Heights*, he held, were, not the Yorkshire "moors, and the sunshine, the clouds, the winds, the storms upon them," but merely persons in early Brontë family history. Emily Brontë was merely relating tales of her grandfather. It is pleasant to record that Dr. Wright has now not a leg left to stand on. Mr. Angus M. MacKay has knocked him into a cocked-up hat. Emily Brontë is once more unexplainable.

Cults are not the best things in literature. They are degrading to those who profess them and exasperating to those who do not. But this is an age of professionalism in art as well as in athletics, and if one must be devoted to something, a literary cult has advantages as well as disadvantages. Cults have multiplied of late. The general Brontë cult is more recent than the Emily Brontë cult and much less select. It is perhaps only a dozen years ago that we first began to hear of "Brontë students" and "Brontë literature," "Brontë biography," and "Brontë bibliography." But especially in the past twelve months has there been a great revival in Brontëism, and to-day Mr. MacKay's book will find many more competent readers than it would have found a year ago. But its great excellence is that it may be recommended to Brontë outsiders.

The discussion of Dr. Wright's *Brontës in Ireland* is certainly worth reading. It really might almost be said that it does not matter what the facts may be. It is most amusing to see Dr. Wright jostled about among the remnants of his extraordinary Brontë myths and Mr. MacKay pelting him with great masses of Brontë chronology. But, of course, the facts do really matter, and cults and all aside, Mr. MacKay's argument is that of the sound and sane literary student against the literary enthusiast of irresponsible imagination and chance conjecture. Books like this should do a real service, should help to make it clear that although genius may spurn the dull clods of fact in its creations, yet genius, and its creations, too, are themselves facts and capable of being known to some extent, and, if known at all, known rightly.

Mr. MacKay's book is not entirely critical. In his second part he demolishes the "facts" that Dr. Wright thought stranger than fiction. In his first part he has facts of his own. These will be of greater interest to the close Brontë student than to the general reader. And yet perhaps we do wrong to mention lightly in any way an honest effort to understand adequately that brave-hearted woman who has made an epoch in so many lives. Mr. MacKay has sought the secret of an epoch in her own, of that epoch in which experience matured the power which she afterward exerted over so very many. We hope Dr. Wright will get after him. If he does we shall predict the issue with confidence.



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